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OFFERING



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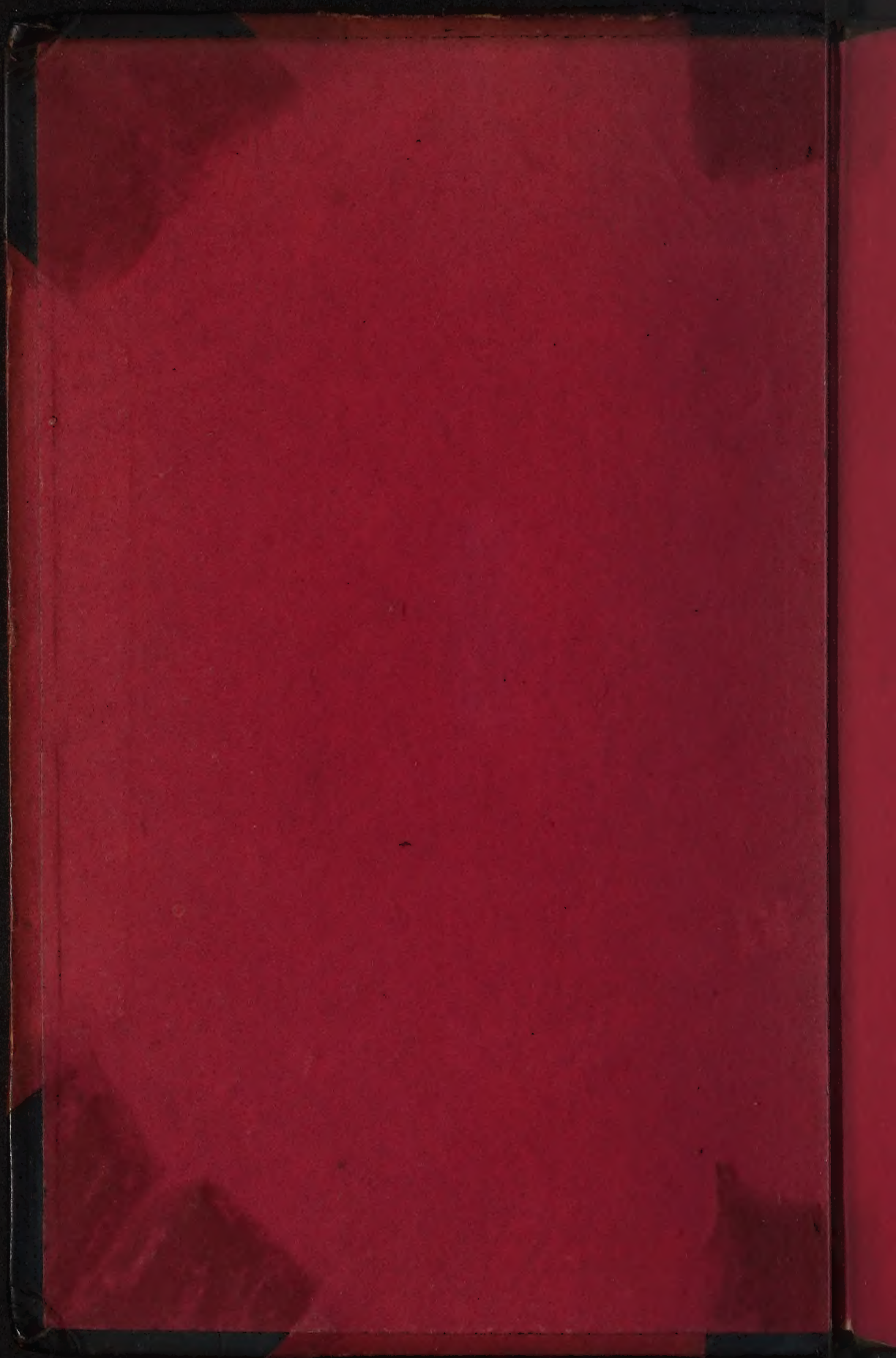








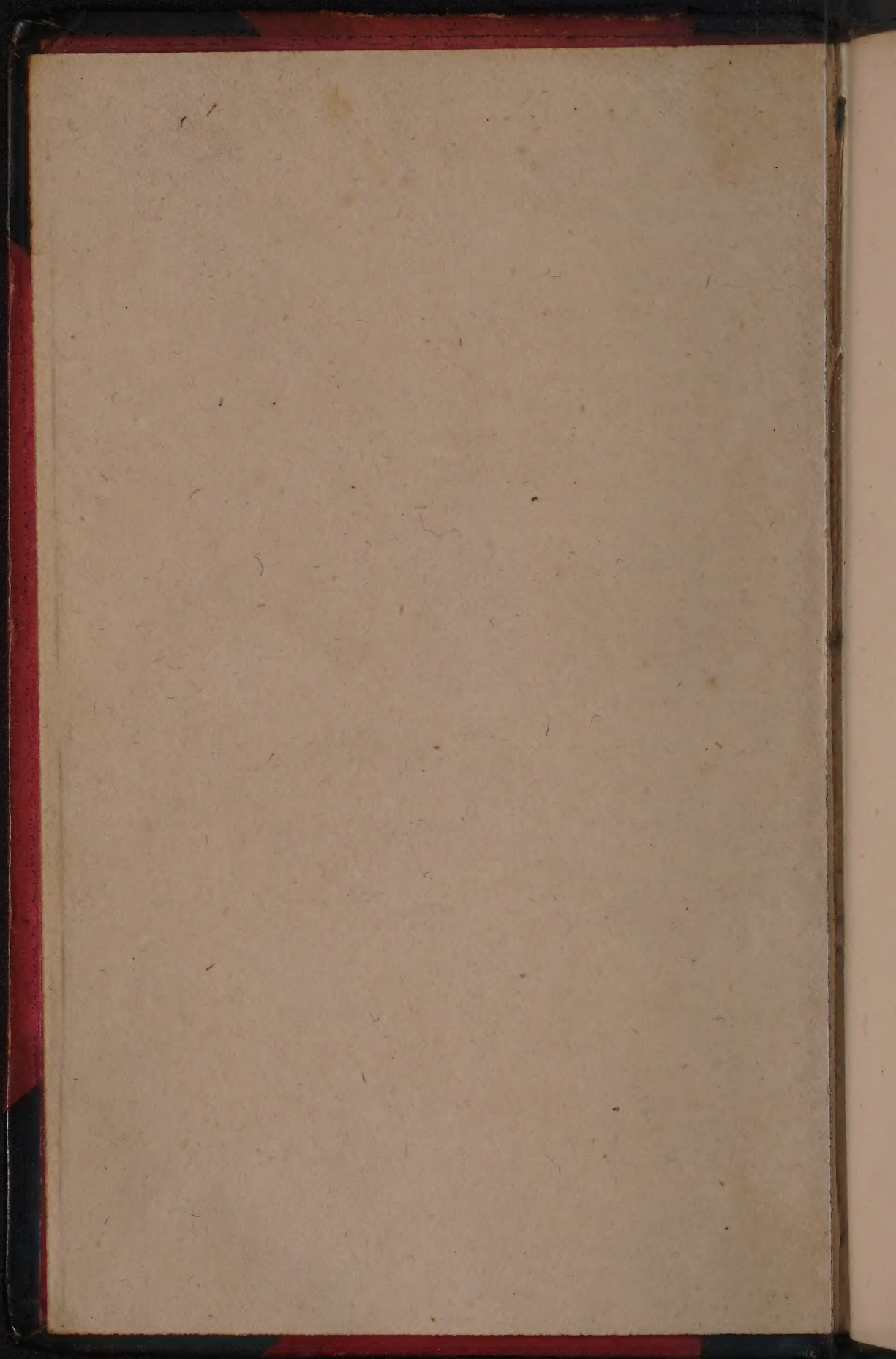






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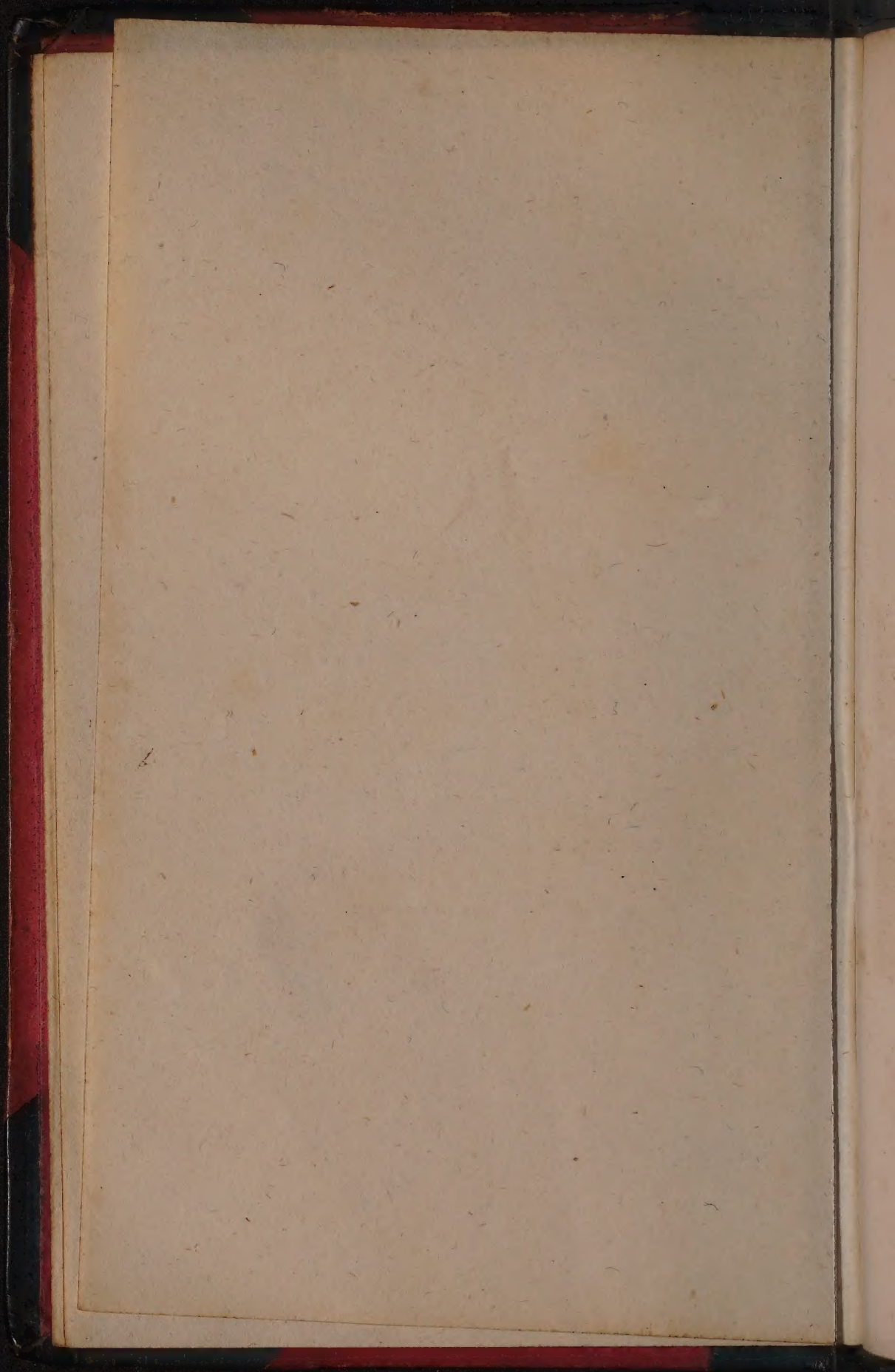




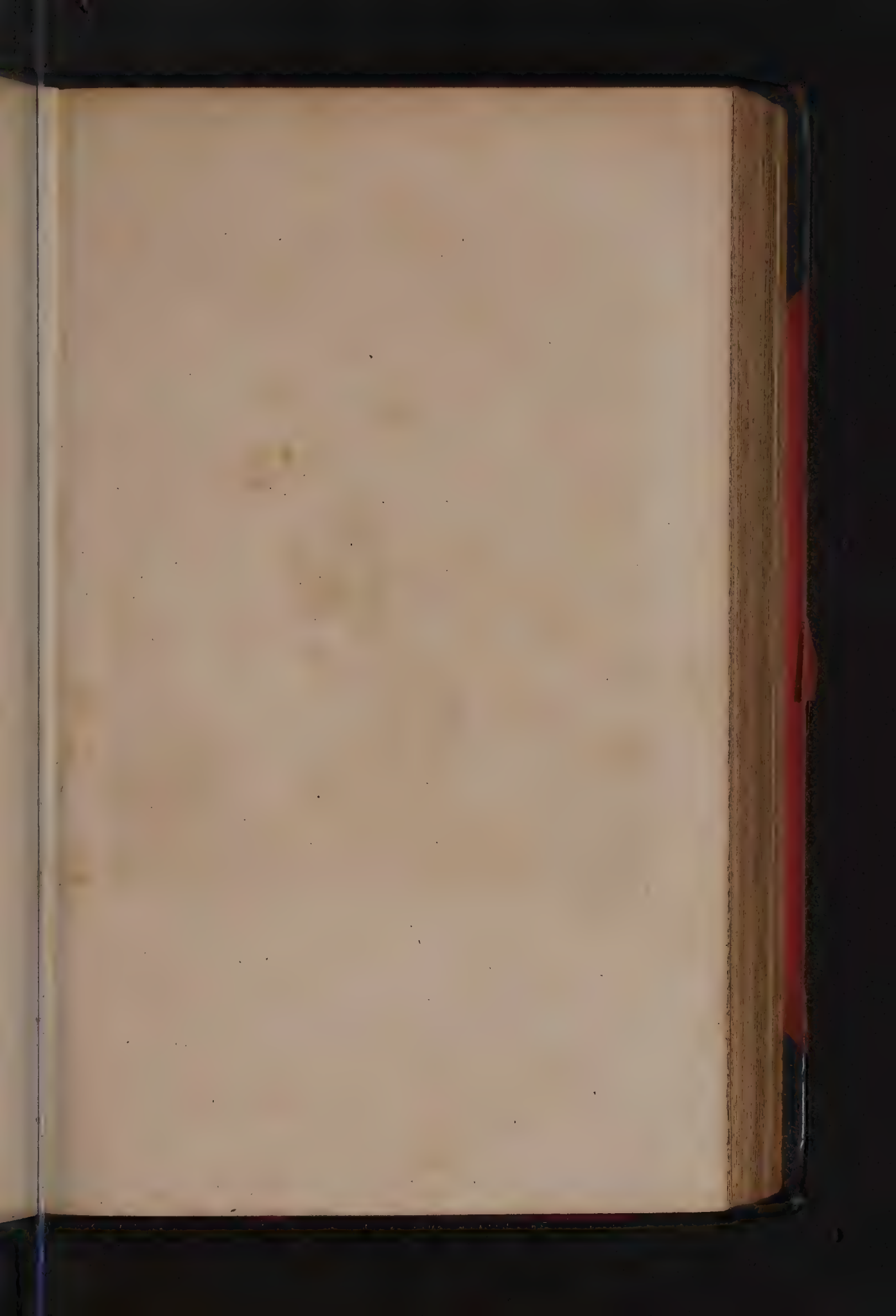
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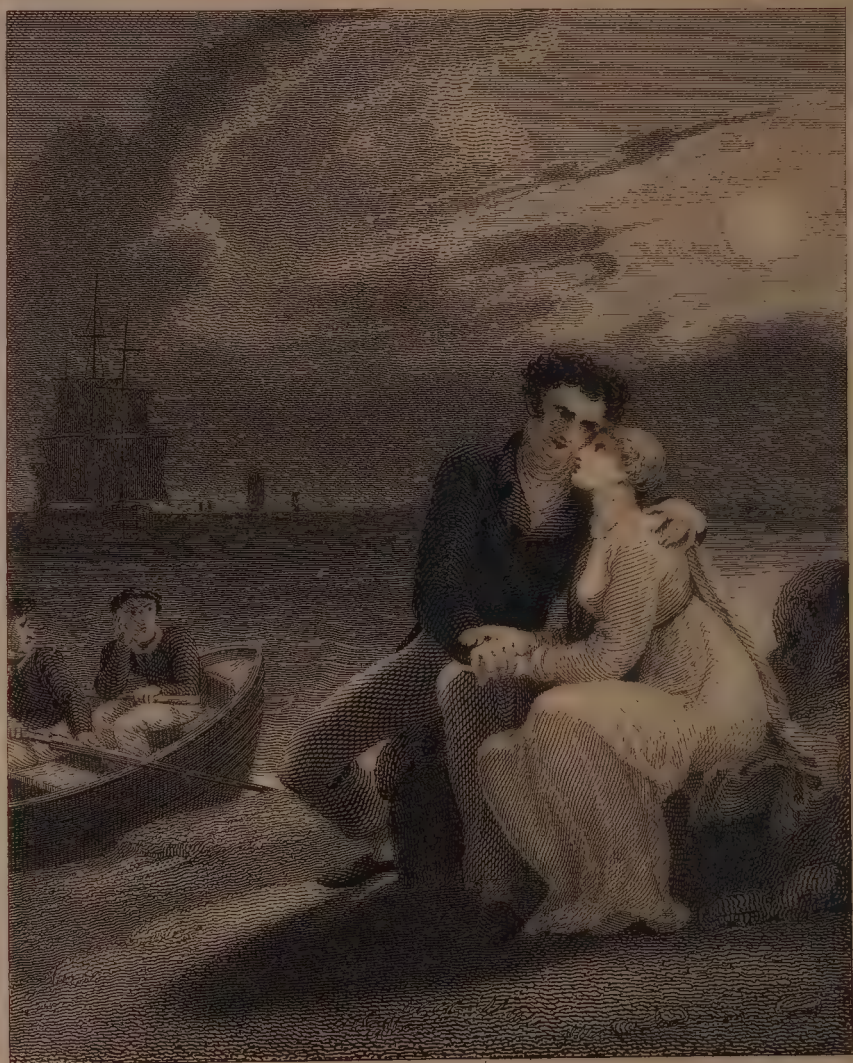
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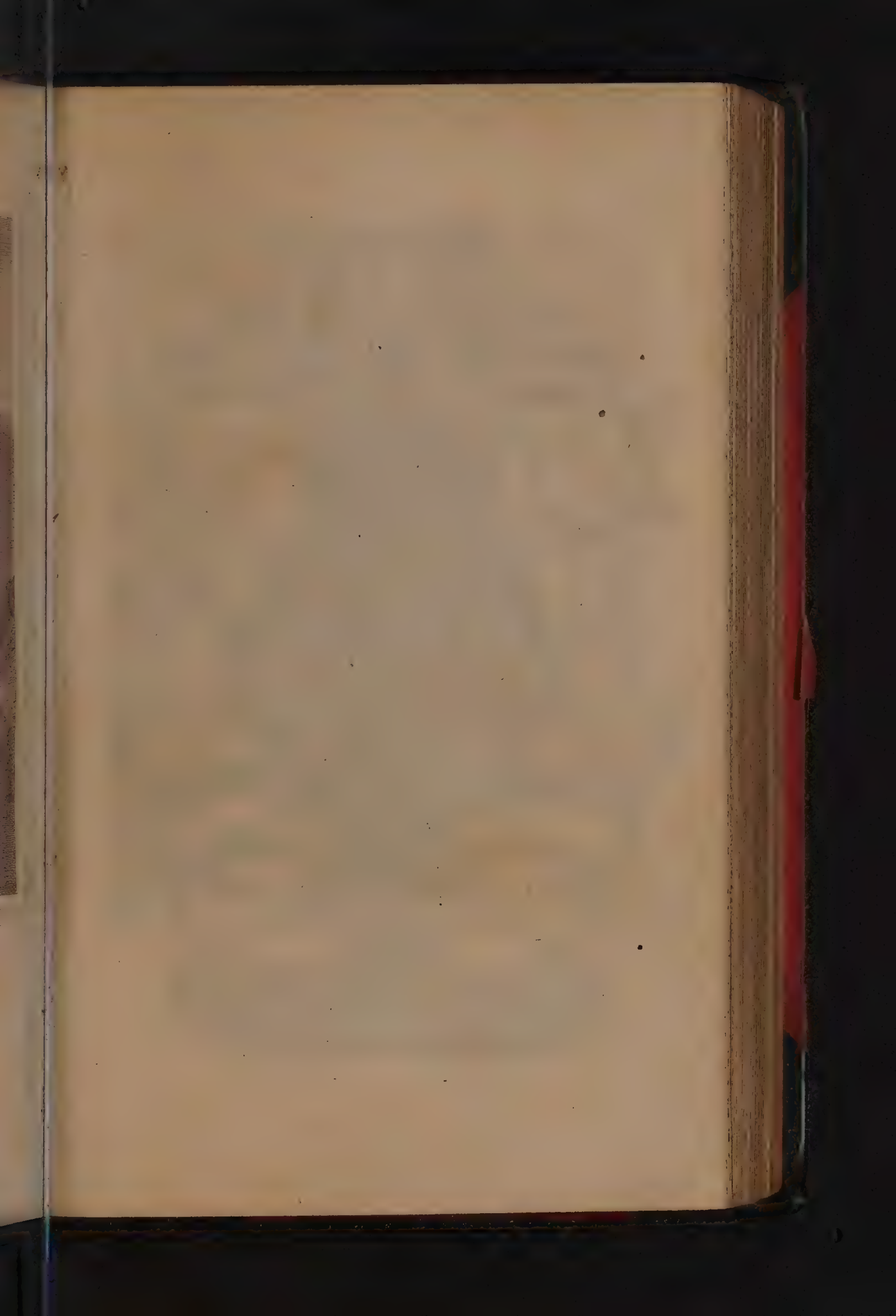


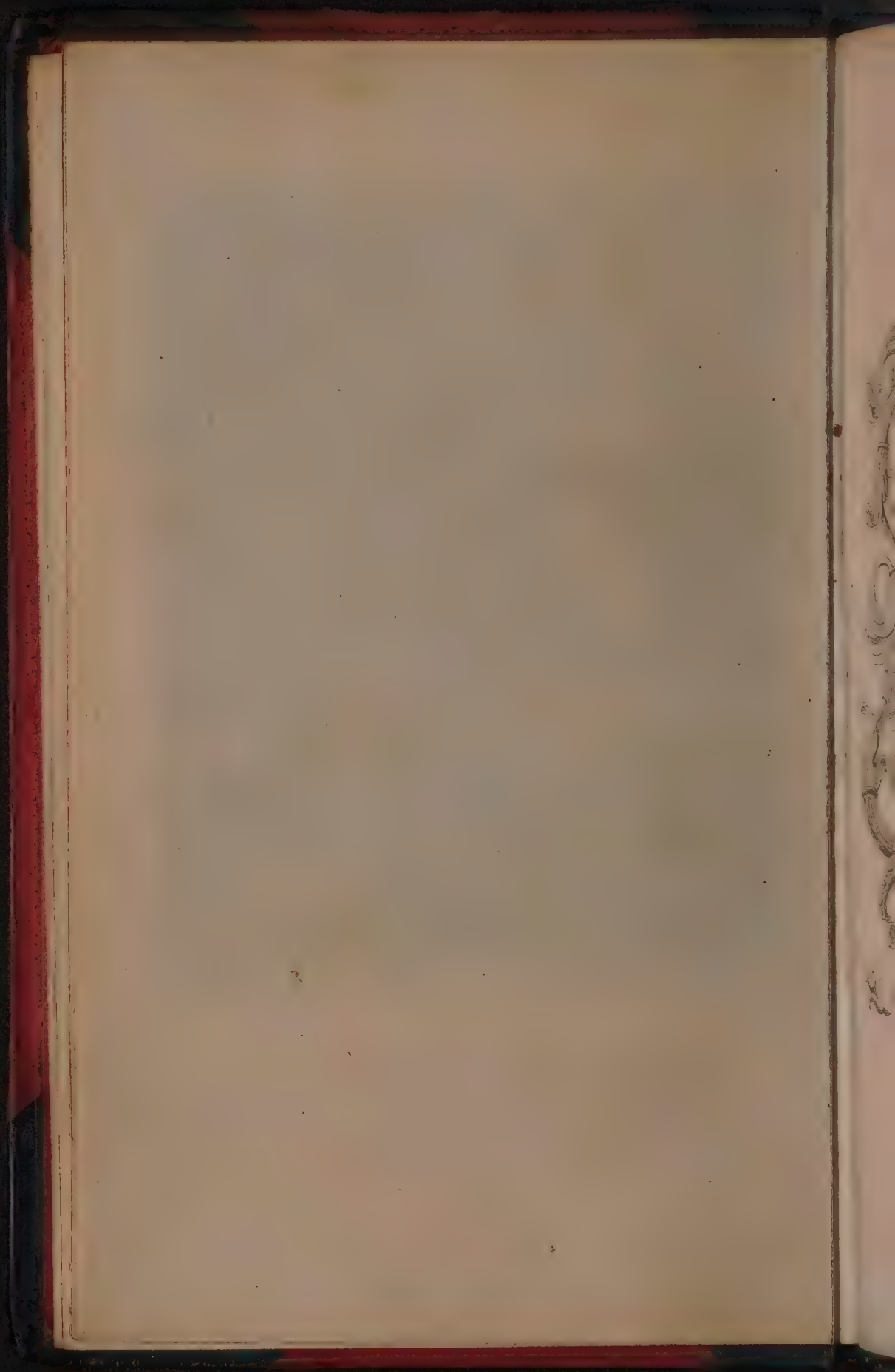
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LUSTON REEF, B. CORNWALL

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# FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

A

LITERARY ALBUM.

EDITED BY

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Each minstrel's tributary lay  
Paid homage to the festal day.

LORD OF THE ISLES.

LONDON :

LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL.

1826.

**LONDON :**  
**Printed by D. S. Maurice, Fenchurch-street.**



TO THE KING'S  
MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

*This Volume*

IS,

WITH PERMISSION,

HUMBLY INSCRIBED.

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## PREFACE.

THE present Volume of the "FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING" is presented to the public, under circumstances which render a few observations necessary. It has, very recently, come into its present Editor's hands, with a view to an entire change in its character and plan; and, under the disadvantage of that fact, he has, of course, found it impossible to avail himself of all those sources which he has reason to believe are open to him, next year, for giving interest to its pages. The difficulties of his situation have, however, been greatly relieved, by the kindness and promptitude with which assistance has been given to him, in almost every quarter in which the limited time permitted an application:—and, whilst he has thus been enabled to present to the public, on the present occasion, a very splendid assemblage

of names and talent,—the promises which he has received of continued and additional assistance, next year, afford reason to hope that it will have still increased claims to popularity.

The readers of the “FRIENDSHIP’S OFFERING” will perceive that the alterations in its plan consist in the removal of all those features which marked it as more peculiarly adapted for one season of the year than another ; and in the dismissal of its more toy-like attributes, for the purpose of combining, with the increased beauty of its embellishments, a high literary character.

Whilst acknowledging his obligations to the many friends who have given him the use of their names and talents, the Editor may escape the imputation of personal vanity, in expressing his confidence that the Work has attained the character at which it aimed ; because little merit can be due to him, for the moral or literary excellence of a miscellany, which has been fortunate enough to obtain such contributions as those which fill the pages of this Volume.

The Editor must not omit a more particular expression of his obligations to one or two individuals,



to whom he is indebted for peculiar exertions of kindness, in the compilation of the work.

TO MISS EDGEWORTH, (although circumstances have, for the present year, deprived him of the aid of her high talents,) for the sketch from the pen of her late Father; and for her steady and persevering kindness, in promoting the interests of the Publication.

TO MR. WASHINGTON IRVING, for the Stanzas at page 102, from the pen of the late LORD BYRON, extracted by that gentleman from the Album of CAPTAIN MEDWIN; and, with the omission of a single stanza, inserted here, (though evidently a very hasty production of their Author,)—because the spirit which breathes through them cannot, now, give pain to any one to whom they may be supposed to allude,—and because the high value which death has stamped upon every unpublished line from his Lordship's pen, leaves its possessor scarcely at liberty to withhold it from the eye of the public. There are some other Poems, from the pen of his Lordship, bearing the same date with these Stanzas; which are, of course, familiar to our readers.

TO LADY CAROLINE LAMB, for the verses at page

230 ; taken from the note-book of her Ladyship, and addressed to her, by Lord Byron, sixteen years ago. They form a singular contrast to the memorable and bitter lines preserved by Captain Medwin, in his recent publication. To LADY CAROLINE LAMB the Editor is, also, indebted for a beautiful miniature drawing of his Lordship, taken by herself, about the same time ; which has been engraved in Mezzotint, by Turner, and will be published, in a few days, by the publisher of this work.

The very splendid and characteristic Ode, on the death of Lord Byron, from the pen of the Rev. C. C. COLTON, has been lately printed, and privately circulated by the author, in Paris ; and may, therefore, have been seen by some of our readers. It is translated into these pages, from one of the printed copies, received from Mr. COLTON himself. The following stanza has, since, been added by Mr. COLTON, for insertion betwixt the ninth and tenth verses.

What was thy talent ? not the beam  
That gilds and glads the sky ;  
But the dim curtain's fiery gleam,  
When storms and wrecks are nigh,



Shrouded in darkness,—like the red right arm  
That cleaves the vault of Heaven,  
Engendered but to dazzle and alarm,  
Brief, brilliant torch for bright destruction given,  
But not to guide to good, or refuge point from harm !

It is right to add that the Fragment, at page 138, from the pen of BARRY CORNWALL, was not furnished to this Work by its author, but transferred from the Album of a friend.

The Editor is in possession of some other lines, by the late Mr. MATURIN, derived from the same source as those printed at page 148 ; which will, in all probability, form part of the next year's volume.

The four original Poems by THOMSON, the author of "The Seasons," have been long in the possession of the Earl of Buchan ; from whose custody they passed into the hands of the gentleman who has communicated them to this Work. They are in the hand writing of the Poet,—the productions of his very early years,—and are printed here, in strict adherence to the MSS. They are inserted, for their curiosity.

The Editor has only to add, that there are a few individuals who have afforded him the use of their

talents, withholding, (from particular circumstances, which will not operate next year,) that of their names. They are fully included in his acknowledgments of obligation ; and would, in one or two instances, be entitled to more particular notice, if the absence of their names did not prevent individual mention.

LONDON,

10th Nov. 1825.

PREFACE  
A Mon  
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## CONTENTS.

	Page.
PREFACE .....	iii.
A Monarch's Death-bed, by F. H. ....	1
An Adventure among the Alps, by the Author of "Gilbert Earle".....	3
The Parting, by T. K. HERVEY.....	23
Hindoo Girl, by an Urn,—from a Group, by Westmacott, by L. E. L.....	25
Timanthe: a Dramatic Scene, by LAURENCE YOUNG, Esq. ....	28
Song.—"Here's to thee, my Scottish Lassie!" by JOHN MOULTRIE, Esq. ....	32
Stage Coach Physiognomists, by the late RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, Esq. ....	36
Old Lithuanian Song, translated by JOHN BOWRING, Esq. ..	45
"Am I, too, in Arcadia?" by BERNARD BARTON .....	47
The Dream: a Tale, by MISS ROBERTS.....	49
Questions and Answers, by JAMES MONTGOMERY, Esq. ....	60

	Page.
Discretion the better part of Valour, by HORATIO SMITH,	
Esq. one of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses." . . .	62
Glastonbury Abbey and Wells Cathedral, by the Rev. W. L.	
BOWLES . . . . .	64
A Woman's Pride, by MONA . . . . .	66
To the Departed, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE . . . . .	67
Stanzas to a Lady, by T. K. HERVEY . . . . .	69
Raphael's Death-bed, by L. E. L. . . . .	73
The Idiot Boy: a Mountain Adventure, by MONA . . . . .	76
The Comet, by HENRY NEELE, Esq. . . . .	85
From the German, by P. . . . .	86
A Mother's Grief, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE . . . . .	88
On an Hour Glass, by J. M'C. . . . .	90
The Lady of Beechgrove: a Sketch, by MISS MITFORD . . .	91
Stanzas to her who best can understand them, by LORD BYRON	102
To the Owl . . . . .	106
The Laughing Horseman: a Tale . . . . .	109
To the Picture of a Dead Girl, by T. K. HERVEY . . . . .	135
Rosamund Gray: a Fragment, by BARRY CORNWALL, Esq.	138
Sapphics, from Cassimir Sarbievius, by J. BOWRING, Esq. . .	139
Ode to the Turtle, by W. . . . .	140
From the Italian, by R. S. . . . .	144
St. Cecilia, by T. K. HERVEY . . . . .	145
Wellington, by the late Rev. C. R. MATURIN . . . . .	148
The Conscript: a Tale, by MONA . . . . .	150
Inscription for a Tablet, at Banavie, by R. SOUTHEY, Esq. .	167
Persian Song, by P. . . . .	168
A Prayer and a Promise to Cupid, by WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq.	170
A Sea-side Reverie, by BERNARD BARTON . . . . .	171
Impromptu to Oriana, by THOMAS GENT, Esq. . . . .	176



# CONTENTS.

xiii

	Page.
Lines addressed to Sir Walter Scott, Bart. on the publication of "Marmion," by J. GALT, Esq.....	177
Epitaph on a Dog, by WILLIAM SOTHEY, Esq. ....	178
To Inis,—from the Spanish .....	180
The Child's Last Sleep, by F. H. ....	181
Stanzas, by T. K. HERVEY .....	183
The Emigrants: a Tale, by L. E. L. ....	185
Stanzas for Music, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE .....	191
The Two Hussars: a Tale, by MISS ROBERTS .....	193
The Love of God: Two Sonnets, by the Rev. H. H. MILMAN. ....	206
Verses to the Hon. W. Lamb, by LADY CAROLINE LAMB. ....	208
The Dying Girl: a Poetic Sketch, by ELIZA .....	209
The Wife: a Tale, by MONA .....	211
The Soldier and his Dog: a Poetic Sketch, by T. K. HERVEY .....	223
Irregular Ode on the Death of Lord Byron, by the Rev. C. C. COLTON .....	225
Lines addressed to Lady Caroline Lamb, sixteen years ago, by the late LORD BYRON .....	230
Beauty, Wealth, and Love: a Romance, by Mrs. C. B. WILSON .....	233
Legendary Stanzas, by J. B. THOMPSON, Esq. ....	235
The Lover on the Field of Battle,—from the German ....	237
To an Infant, by F. H. ....	239
Forgiveness: a Tale. ....	240
The Banquet: a Dramatic Scene, by LAURENCE YOUNG, Esq. ....	248
A Tale of Ispahan, by MISS JANE PORTER. ....	253
Stanzas composed during a Tempest, by BERNARD BARTON .....	279
Friendship's Offering, by J. M. ....	280
Spain: an Invocation, by LORD DILLON .....	281
To a Wreath of Dead Flowers, by MONA .....	283

	Page.
The Exile: a Poetic Fragment .....	284
From the Spanish of Francisco de la Torre, by W. ....	286
Constance: a Tale, by MISS ROBERTS .....	287
The Dead Trumpeter, by T. K. HERVEY .....	303
Cœur de Lion's Adieu to Palestine.....	305
Written at Silchester, the ancient Calleva, by the Rev. W. L. BOWLES .....	308
The Last Wish, by F. H. ....	311
An Address to the Garden Roll: a Mock Heroic, by Mrs. OPIE	314
Marian Seaforth: a Tale of America .....	318
Æneas and Dido, by T. K. HERVEY .....	347
The Broken Vow, by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.....	349
The Mourner, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE .....	351
Welsh Melody, by W. ....	353
Widowed Love, by T. GENT, Esq. ....	354
Lucalpine, by LORD PORCHESTER .....	355
Epitaph on William Hayley, by Mrs. OPIE .....	357
Sonnet on Autumn, by DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, Esq.	359
Country and Town, by HORATIO SMITH, Esq. ....	360
Autumn, by T. HOOD, Esq. ....	362
Rouen, by T. K. HERVEY.....	363
The Astrologer, by LORD PORCHESTER .....	365
Reichter and his Staghounds: a Tale .....	369
Stanzas for Music, by CHEVIOT TICHBURN, Esq. ....	387
Four unpublished Poems, by the late JAMES THOMSON, Author of "The Seasons"—	
Poetical Epistle to the late Sir William Bennet ....	388
A Hymn to God's Power.....	389
Upon May.....	390
Morning in the Country.....	391



# CONTENTS.

XV

	Page.
Sonnet—Sunrise, by DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, Esq. . .	392
“Go, beautiful and gentle Dove,” by the Rev. W. L.	
BOWLES .....	393
Stanzas, by T. HOOD, Esq. ....	395
The New Year.....	397

## LIST OF EMBELLISHMENTS.

Illustrated Title.....	H. CORBOULD.
The Parting.....	R. WESTALL.
The Honours paid to Raphael, after his Death .....	BERJERET.
Sleeping Infant, after Chantrey .....	H. CORBOULD.
The Marriage of Rebecca .....	CLAUDE.
The Laughing Horseman .....	R. WESTALL.
Æneas relating his Adventures .....	GUERIN.
The Dog of the Regiment.....	H. VERNET.
A Hindoo Girl, after Westmacott .....	H. CORBOULD.
St. Cecilia .....	MIGNARD.
View of Ispahan.....	SIR R. K. PORTER.
The Dead Trumpeter .....	H. VERNET.
View of Rouen .....	R. P. BONNINGTON.



## A MONARCH'S DEATH-BED.

---

The Emperor Albert First, assassinated by his nephew, John, surnamed the Parricide, expired on the banks of the river Reuss, in the field afterwards called Königsfelden, supported only by a female peasant, who was accidentally passing at the time.

---

A MONARCH in his death-pangs lay—  
Did censers breathe perfume,  
And soft lamps pour their silvery ray,  
Through his proud chamber's gloom?—  
He lay upon a greensward bed,  
Beneath a darkening sky,  
A lone tree waving o'er his head,  
A swift stream rolling by.

Had he then fallen as warriors fall,  
Where spear strikes fire with spear?

Was there a banner for his pall,  
A buckler for his bier?  
Not so:—nor cloven shields nor helms  
Had strewn the bloody sod,  
Where he, the helpless lord of realms,  
Yielded his soul to God!

Were there not friends with words of cheer,  
And princely vassals nigh?  
And priests, the crucifix to rear  
Before the fading eye?—  
A peasant girl that royal head  
Upon her bosom laid,  
And, shrinking not for woman's dread,  
The face of death surveyed.

Alone she sat:—from hill and wood  
Red sank the mournful sun;  
Fast gushed the fount of noble blood,  
Treason its worst had done.  
With her long hair she vainly prest  
The wounds, to staunch their tide;—  
Unknown, on that meek, humble breast,  
Imperial Albert died!

F. H.



# AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GILBERT EARLE."

---

[The following letter is taken from a correspondence, which was kept up, for many years, between the gentleman by whom it was written, and one of his most intimate friends. We have every reason to believe the reality of the occurrence which it relates.]

*Berne, October.*

MY DEAR —,

I HAVE been wandering among the Alps, for the last three weeks, which has been the occasion of my not writing to you, during that time. Even now, you must expect from me no particular account of my peregrinations; for, during the last five days, I have been able to think, only, upon one subject; and am too eager to vent it upon you, to be inclined to talk about any thing else.

I had been above a fortnight out, and had visited most of the usual points in the tour of the Alps; and

had, already, begun to turn my face towards my headquarters, here. I had slept, the night before, at the hospice on the Great St. Bernard; and had set off, early in the morning, to have day-light to take me into the Valais, intending to get to Martigny that night, if I could. I had loitered, however, in the earlier part of the day; and, as it advanced, I began to fear I should not get clear of the mountains before night-fall. I was on foot, and alone; for, as I had, already, passed the road I purposed to go, I had not thought it necessary to take a guide; not doubting that I should arrive, in good time, at my inn. As the day advanced, however, I found I had, yet, several miles to go, and did not much relish the idea of performing the latter part of my journey in the dark, in a region sufficiently desolate and difficult, and with which, as the fogs of the evening drew around me, I began to find I had not so perfect an acquaintance as, in the bright sunshine of the morning, I had thought. The autumn wind, too, blew chill from the mountains, and added to the discomfort of the autumn twilight. I was exceedingly hungry, very cold, a little cross, and not quite at ease as to how I was to pass the night; when, shortly before it got dark, I heard a voice singing merrily behind me, and, on looking back, perceived a peasant trudging stoutly down the mountain, carolling as he came. He had a mountain-staff in his hand, and a dog trotting by his side. He came on at a pace which shewed he was well acquainted with the road and the



country ; and, besides his singing so gaily, his whole air and manner betrayed a certain joy and lightness of heart, which, when they exist in the breast of one of these frank and open peasants, are sure to beam on their countenance, correspondingly.

I slackened my pace, that he might the sooner come up with me ; (he would have done so shortly, at all events :) he accosted me civilly ; and we proceeded on our way together. I told him whence I came, and whither I was going. On hearing the latter piece of information, he said that it was still several miles off, that the night was fast closing in, that it threatened to be a rough one, that I might very possibly lose my way ; in short, that, if I would honour him so far, I had much better stop at his village, about a mile farther on ; that he would ensure me a hospitable welcome, and good cheer,—for he was going to be married the next day, and all the village was merry with the wedding. I, at first, hinted some fear of being *de trop* on such an occasion ; but he would not listen to such an objection, for a moment. He was the happiest man in the world, he said ; and it would be hard, indeed, if Monsieur should deny him the gratification of giving him a night's lodging, which he would not deny to the poorest goat-herd in the Canton. If, he added, more timidly, I could be prevailed upon to stay for the *nôce*, the next day, he should be more gratified still. He had been, he said, to the next village, to engage the priest to come down the mountain, the

following day, and was thus far on his way back, when he overtook me.

I need scarcely say that, under the circumstances, I accepted the invitation, as frankly as it was given. The man's appearance bespoke, undeniably, easy means; and I had no scruple in profiting by the rencontre. My new friend was a stout, well-built fellow, of about five or six and twenty, with a face of comely features, and peculiar good humour and openness of expression. Before we got to his village, I was master of his whole history. It was an old attachment, he told me, which was to be crowned the next day. When he was twenty, he had wanted to marry his bride, but her parents would not consent; for, they were tolerably opulent, and he had nothing but a stout pair of legs, and a sanguine heart; "so," he added, "like many of my neighbours among these vallies, I buckled my knapsack on my back, broke a bit of silver with my betrothed, and, with an empty purse, a full heart, and my dog, (looking, affectionately, at him, as he spoke,) I set off on the tour of Europe, to seek my fortune. I never doubted Aline's faith, sir," he continued, "but, still, I was always glad to hear, from any of my countrymen who came from this neighbourhood, that she was, still, single; and I took care to let her hear, through the same means, the same thing, occasionally, of me. 'If she thinks I forget her,' said I, 'it is the likeliest thing in the world to make her forget me.' I went through great part of Germany,



and the Low Countries, and France, and as far as London. And I throve, and was frugal and prudent; for, I had the best spur to make me active, and the best curb to make me cautious—the thought of for whom and for what I was working and sparing. I should scarcely, however, have come back so soon, if it had not been for some news I heard concerning Aline's health, which made me feel somewhat uneasy. A young man of our village, whom I chanced to fall in with, told me that Aline seemed to be growing thin and pale—fading away, by degrees, as it were, under the influence of deferred hope, and uncertain prospect. Her parents were growing old, her father was in feeble health, and it was uncertain when I might be able to return, to be a prop and a comfort to her and them. I determined to do so, at once; for I thought it was better to marry, with a little less wealth, now that I had sufficient for comfort, than to wait till youth, and youthful health, and youthful spirits were gone from both of us. So, I set off for home, and arrived about a month ago. I found Aline reduced and weakly, but as beautiful and affectionate as ever; and, since I have been back, and every thing has been going on smoothly and happily, she has been growing stronger and better every day. And I have bought and stocked a little snug farm, a short distance down the valley; and we are to be married to-morrow; and, the day after, we are to go there."

Such was the substance of what this honest fellow



told me; and, in truth, he seemed to be, as he said, the happiest man in the world. An irrepressible joy seemed, still further, to exhilarate a disposition naturally gay. He never seemed to have doubted, even at the gloomiest moment, of the ultimate clearing of his fortunes; and now, that they had shone out with such warmth and brightness, he appeared to enjoy them as much as though the consummation had been unexpected.

He had just finished his story, and was, at once gaily and fondly, patting the head of his dog *Turco*, who, he said, had followed him, from first to last, throughout all his wanderings, when we reached the village. It was ensconced in a secluded nook—a sheltered elbow, as it were, of a narrow valley, which ran up into the mountain; protected from the colder winds by the mountain itself, and opening towards a fairer and milder prospect of cultivated grounds, stretching to the Rhone. The Canton of the Valais is, for the most part, sterile, and something gloomy; for, although the Rhone runs throughout its whole length, it possesses, before it enters the Lake of Geneva, the character of a mountain torrent, rather than of a fertilizing stream. There are, however, here and there, spots of rich and cultivated beauty, surrounding, generally, and supplying the clusters of villages inhabited by the herdsmen of this country, so essentially pastoral.

“Yonder’s the village,” exclaimed my companion, as the last gleam of the sun streamed along the

valley, upon it. "It's a charming spot," he said, "and I love it dearly." He did not overrate it; it is, in truth, of very great natural beauty; partaking both of the grandeur of mountain scenery, and of the peaceful and gentle character of a pastoral and agricultural village. As we approached it, we could see the long lines of cows gathering towards the homestead, each guided by their herdsman, whose voice or whose pipe they knew, and whose call they obeyed. We heard, too, somewhat farther, a pipe, breathing that celebrated air which has become almost the national emblem of the whole country—the epitome and the climax of the love of the absent for their native hills and home. "I recollect," said my friend, Pierre, with whom, by this time, I was become pretty familiarly acquainted, "I recollect, when I was in England, about eighteen months ago, hearing that Ranz des Vaches played by a young gentleman, on his flute, to a young lady, for her piano; and my heart swelled, till I thought it would have choked me, as I listened. It is with delight that I listen to it now. What then gave me so much pain, gives me exquisite pleasure now; for I recollect when I heard it in exile, and I feel that I need never be in exile again."

As we neared the village, we seemed to have left the mists and the rough weather on the hills behind us; for they had cleared away, and softened into a rich, still, and beautiful autumnal sunset. The meadows and the gardens breathed, richly, of the



fresh and scented air; and the village, as the last ray of the sun dwelt upon it, seemed a spot chosen for seclusion, and softness, and repose; yet, it had a tinge of sadness upon it, too.

You will think, dear —, I am growing wofully sentimental; but, I speak of this place more from the influence of subsequent feelings, than from what struck me when I saw it first. You know, my letters are not often of the lachrymose order; I am rather past that sort of thing, by this time; but, really, you yourself, unromantic as you are, would have been bitten with a slight tinge of it, if you had witnessed, at this village, what I did. You will please to bear in mind that it lay among the Alps, which, naturally, incline one to a serious turn of mind; and, consequently, confer a diploma upon one to be a little high-flown for the duration of one's wanderings. But, in sober truth, this is no jesting matter, as you will find presently.

When we arrived at the village, we went straight to the house of the bride's father, where the bridegroom had been staying, since his return. The new-married couple were, the day after their wedding, to go into their new dwelling; some of the fields adjoining which Pierre pointed out to me, as we descended the hill. When we reached the house, his bride came to the door, to meet him, with that expression of frank and unreserved affection and kind nature, which is, perhaps, the most winning of all the appearances, moods, seasons, and degrees of womanly



beauty. We all think so, naturally enough, when the expression is directed towards ourselves ; but he must be a man of very close selfishness, indeed, who does not, in *all* cases, see and acknowledge the influence of this, the real cestus which love lends to beauty. Pierre explained, in a few words, the circumstances under which he had met me ; and *M. l'Anglais* was received, accordingly, with abundance of cordiality and kindness. You may guess, it was not long before he had promised to stay for the *nôce*, the next day.

The family in which I thus found myself, suddenly, and so familiarly, domesticated, was that of a cultivator ; in circumstances easy, if not opulent, and abounding in all those indications and productions of rustic wealth, which, naturally, exist in a country where the means of disposing of them are neither many, nor easy, nor frequent. I mean, every thing arising from flocks and herds was in richness and abundance ; more than in proportion, as it seemed to me, with the house itself, and its furniture ;—though these, if not refined, were, to say the least, in the highest degree, indicative of our English word, *comfort*.

But, I am sure you are impatient to hear something of the bride ; and you, dear —, who know me so well, will, already, have discovered that there must exist some reason which makes me feel reluctant to speak of her, or, I should not have talked of her gowns, and cloaks, and chairs, and tables, before I had duly described herself. But,

truth to speak, from the first moment I saw her, I was, painfully, struck with the fallacy of the hopes of long happiness, which poor Pierre had formed to himself; and I pitied him, from my heart, for that blindness which affection, so proverbially, spreads over the very eyes which it might be supposed to be the readiest and surest to open. She must, indeed, have been weakly and reduced, a month ago, if “she had been growing stronger and better every day,” said I to myself, quoting her lover’s words, when I first saw her. If he had exaggerated her health, however, he had not her beauty;—for, in this respect, she as far surpassed my expectation, as, in the other, she fell beneath it. She was not only much handsomer than, but altogether of a different order of beauty from, any of her countrywomen whom I had seen.

The costumes of the Swiss peasantry are far prettier than themselves,—they are, singularly, varied and picturesque, as you and every body know; but, the wearers of these dresses are, for the most part, square, thick, coarse, and hard, as the women you see in Tenier’s pictures,—the nearest likeness I can find for them. But Aline was very different from all this. The dress of the Valais is plainer and less peculiar than that of most of the other Cantons; chiefly distinguishable, indeed, by the peculiar and by no means becoming hat, which Aline, being within doors, had not, then, upon her. She appeared to me to be about two and twenty—the age, probably, when female beauty has arrived at its most



perfect point,—when it has reached, that is, its full ripeness and developement, but while the freshness of youth still, to the full, remains. The colour of the fruit has received the full richness of mature beauty; but the bloom is, in no degree, brushed off. But this is not applicable to Aline. She was of this age, indeed; but its richness had, in her, faded into delicacy of colour, and thinness of form. Death was, to my view, plainly stamped upon her cheek; but he was arrayed in false beauty,—not in revolting or disagreeable sickness, or squalor. In plain words, it was evident to me that this interesting and very lovely girl was dying of a consumption,—to which the excitement given to her heart and spirits, during the last few weeks, had, probably, given a deeper hectic flush, deceitful to others, from its beauty, and, perhaps, to herself, from the false strength and feverish spirits to which it gave rise.

Her old father was in the chimney corner; and her mother, a hearty and kind old woman, bustled about, in the usual joy of a bride's mother. We supped all together; there were three or four younger children,—brothers and sisters of Aline,—the elder of which, blooming and lively, though not nearly so lovely as her sister, had a happy Hebe look, which did but make the contrast more apparent, to my eyes, of the colour which spread upon her sister's cheek. The younger was brown, and strong, and healthy;—the elder was exquisitely fair in complexion, and



delicate in form, but she appeared to me fated for the grave.

As the evening advanced, her eyes seemed to grow heavy; and, though she appeared most unwilling to complain, she, at last, did complain of feeling tired and exhausted; and, as she rose to retire, she said, "I will go to rest early, that I may be refreshed in the morning; I have had a busy day, to-day, but I shall be as fresh as a lark to-morrow, Pierre,—don't doubt it.—Good night." I recollected, as she spoke, an old nursery song, which my nurse used to sing to me, when I was a child, of a boy who died, from eating snakes, by mistake, for eels,—not a very poetical cause of death;—but of which the ever-recurring burthen, sung, as it was, to a wild melancholy cadence, used to make me cry bitterly,—

"Haste mother, haste mother, make my bed soon,  
For I am sick, and I fain would lie down."

I little thought, at the moment, how far the parallel was about to extend.

The next morning, when I left my room, instead of seeing the bright faces, and hearing the merry voices, natural to a wedding, I met nothing but hurried steps, and clouded faces; and no one spoke but in a hurried and under tone. The cause of this soon occurred to me, and the mother speedily confirmed me in my belief. Aline was much, and suddenly, worse, and could not leave her bed. Pierre had set off, two hours before, for the nearest medical

man; but he lived at a very considerable distance,—St. Maurice, I think they said,—and he could not be back before noon. I enquired into the particulars of the attack, and, from what I learned, I believed a blood-vessel to have broken on the lungs; in which case, weak as she seemed to me to be, I feared for the worst. I could not, I confess, reconcile it to myself to leave the place, till I had heard the report of the doctor. I had become strongly, perhaps strangely, interested in this young couple. There had appeared to me to be so much good-heartedness and right feeling about Pierre;—he seemed so open, so honest, so affectionate;—he had striven so hard, and persevered so long, to enable him to be united to the object of his early love;—she, above all, was, in every way, so calculated to inspire interest,—so lovely, so delicate, so fond of him;—they had been so long true to each other, under such trying circumstances;—and their love and their trials had seemed now, at last, so happily about to receive their completion and their reward;—that it struck me—I will say, deeply—to think that this long-expected, this well-merited happiness was, probably, on the point of being marred for ever, in a manner so tragical and shocking.

At length, Pierre returned, with the doctor. I question whether, with the exception of the lover and the parents, any one awaited the result of the interview with more anxiety than I did. It was as I had anticipated;—a blood-vessel had broken



during the night; and the hemorrhage, which was, in great part, internal, had left Aline exhausted to extremity: the surgeon pronounced, positively, that she could not survive five hours. I questioned him myself. He seemed a person of skill in his profession, and, certainly, was one of sense and feeling. He was much touched with the peculiarity of situation of his patient; and promised, partly at my entreaty, to remain till all was over. He visited her, again, in about an hour, and repeated his former opinion. Her hours were numbered,—the scene was about to close.

I have seen many scenes of grief in my time, and I have undergone, as you know, at least, my share of those afflictions which fall to the lot of humanity; but, I do assure you, I have scarcely ever witnessed any thing which affected me more deeply,—certainly, *never* any thing in which I had not personal concern,—than the grief of poor Pierre. Fine manly fellow that he was, he was totally unmanned. “We were to have been married to-day!” he kept saying, “we were to have been married to-day!”

When the surgeon, next, visited his patient, he remained with her longer than he had done before; and I began to hope that some favourable turn had taken place in her disorder. When, at last, however, he came out, he was brushing off the tears which had risen into his eyes,—a circumstance so extraordinary with men of his profession, accustomed, both from habit and from duty, to have



the strongest and sternest command over their feelings, as, at the moment, to make me suppose that his predictions had been verified, even sooner than he had expected. I was wrong in both ideas. No change had taken place, either for the better, or the worse, except the gradual declension, as death drew nigh. The surgeon's emotion was caused by something very different. He had communicated, as was his duty, to the poor girl, the truth as to her condition. She bore the sudden reverse, he said, of what was to have been her bridal day, with far more fortitude and composure than he could have conceived to be possible. But,—till the return of her lover had given so strong an excitation to her system,—she had, (as she let fall,) been fully alive to the dangerous condition of her health, and had thought often, and long, and deeply, on the probable result. This, in a mind so well regulated as hers, had greatly tended to disarm death of his terrors, and to enable her to view his approach, now, at the last, so sudden, and in such sad contrast with her more recent hope, with resignation and tranquillity. But, she said, her chief source of regret formerly, and of joy of late, was the fear then, and the hope now, as to being united to the chosen of her youth,—to the tried and beloved object of all the stronger passions of her soul.

“It has always been,” the surgeon told me she said to him, “it has always been the first, the chief, the ONE object and wish, and hope of my

life and heart, that I should live to be the wife of Pierre. Many obstacles and difficulties lay between me and the accomplishment of that hope, but they have all been removed, through his active love and steady constancy; and now, when, after long years of exertion on his part, and of endurance on mine, we were to have been united, this day, I am about to be snatched from him, and to leave him widowed in heart,—though only his betrothed, not his wedded, bride. Sir, let us yet be united. You say, a few hours must close my life;—let me die, the wife of Pierre. The clergyman will be, shortly, here, who was to have joined us,—alas, how differently!—he shall join us still. Exert, sir, your influence with my parents. Your sanction, I know, will carry, with it, their's." "What could I say?" continued the surgeon,—“it was but too clear that she was at that point where my only medicine must be to soothe the path of death, as much as might be possible. Her wish appeared to me to be as innocent and just, as it was natural. Pierre was there, also, divided between his agony at her fate being inevitable, and his fond affection, at hearing her thus speak of him,—with more unreservedness of attachment, perhaps, than she had ever spoken before. I sent for her mother; to her she repeated her last request. I not only sanctioned it, but joined my voice to hers. It has been agreed, sir, that they shall be married, as soon as the priest arrives; and I only hope that he may come soon.”



In effect, I found it was as the surgeon said. Her two favourite companions in the village, who were to have joined her sister in being her bride's-maids, were sent for. They, and the priest, arrived at the same moment. He seemed a mild, amiable, benevolent man, who came prepared to join, with subdued, and yet encouraging, mirth, in the merriment of the house of feasting;—he was proportionately shocked, at finding it changed into the house of death. The circumstances were explained to him. He immediately gave his consent, and hastened to commence the ceremony; that there might be sufficient time for the performance of those other offices of the Catholic religion, which so seldom follow, in such rapid succession, to the ritual of marriage.

We were all invited into the room of the dying bride, to witness the wedding-service. She was sitting up in her bed, supported by pillows. A white night-gown was thrown across her shoulders, and fastened upon her bosom. Her neck and face were of a marble whiteness; which contrasted, strongly, with her dark eye-lashes, and her brown hair, plainly parted upon her brow.

There is something in the aspect of a person immediately about to die,—aware of, and preparing for, the transition,—which is inexpressibly solemn,—I had almost said awful. Their position, as a human being about for ever to cast off humanity, wholly outweighs, and throws into shade, their conventional position in society. We look upon the virtuous



death-bed of the humble, with equal reverence, and learn, as deeply, the lesson which a death-bed never should, and seldom does, for a time, at least, fail to teach, as though the spirit of one of the magnates of the earth were passing. In the present instance, every thing tended to keep up, and to increase, this feeling. There were none of those circumstances of squalidity, wretchedness, or ignorance, which, in despite of ourselves, will, in some degree, jar across the unity of our state of mind. Aline, as I now saw her, was, more than ever, freed from any of the coarser appearances or attributes common to her rank in life. She looked eminently lovely,—but it was the loveliness almost of death,—the calm, pale, beauty of the tenement of humanity, from which the super-human essence has flitted. But when all were gathered round her, for the service to begin, the look which she turned on Pierre, as she placed her hand in his, lighted up her face with the radiance of pure and perfected affection,—human passion, in its noblest and least earthly form; sublimated by the grave, which was opening to receive her, from all its grosser particles, and rendered pure and excellent,—almost as the spirit which was, so soon, to awake to heavenly love. Her beauty was no longer the beauty of death,—the still, fixed loveliness of inanimate and pallid clay. It was like a full, rich sunset, among her own Alps; rendering, for the time, warm and brilliant, the condensation and acmé of all that is colourless in nature.

I was so occupied in gazing upon this lovely and interesting object, that I had scarcely time, or opportunity, to pay much attention to the rest of the group. I did just look at them, however. The old father seemed, perhaps, to exhibit the fewest signs of emotion. Old age, beyond a certain point, has, I am convinced, the faculty, like winter, of freezing the "genial current of the soul." It is, probably, a wise and benevolent provision of Nature,—thus, in proportion as we are the more likely to outlive our early and old friends, to render the heart less sensible to their loss. I do not mean to say that the old man appeared, wholly, regardless of what was passing; but he did not seem to suffer keenly. The mother sobbed deeply and audibly; and the tears coursed each other down her cheeks. *She* did seem to suffer very keenly. The young girls appeared *shocked*, in its stricter sense. The change and the revulsion had been so sudden and so strong, that they scarcely, as it were, had had time to analyze their sensations. They seemed almost as much *mentally stunned*, as sorrowful. Pierre,—worthy, kind, affectionate, Pierre,—who had risen in my esteem and regard, by the degree to which he had excited affection, and *such* affection, in one like Aline,—his grief I will not attempt to describe; he seemed heart-broken.

When the blessing had been given, Aline threw her head upon Pierre's bosom. "At last," said she, "I die your's." Sobs were his only answer. We,



then, all quitted the room, to enable the priest to fulfil the other, and more solemn rites of his church, to which I have before alluded.

I never saw Aline again. I kept, purposely, aloof, as—being an heretic, as they would say—I would not, for the world, have given the least jar to their slightest prejudice, at such a moment.—I did not finally leave the house, however, till *all was over*.

About two hours after the marriage ceremony was over, the surgeon told me, Aline breathed her last—a gentle sigh—upon her *husband's* bosom. I accompanied him on his way homeward. “I have, of course, sir,” he said, “witnessed, in the discharge of my professional duties, many scenes of most poignant sorrow. Death-beds, of every shade and description of distress, are familiar to me. I only hope I may never witness such another *wedding*! The bridal flowers will be, still, fresh, to be woven into garlands for the bride’s grave!”



## THE PARTING.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

THE night is lowering, dull and dark,  
He holds her to his heavy heart;  
Her eye is on the fatal bark,—  
And must they—must they part!  
Oh! that a wish could chain the gales,  
How long that dreary calm should last,  
Or ere a breath should swell the sails,  
That flap around the mast!  
Oh! that no ray might ever rise,  
To light her latest sacrifice!

There are they met—the young and fond—  
That such should ever meet to part!  
One hour is theirs, and all beyond  
A chaos of the heart:—  
She hears him yet—his softest sigh—  
The breathing of his lowest word—  
Sounds that, by her, beneath the sky,  
Shall never more be heard;  
Form, voice, that hour—all, save its sorrow—  
Shall be but *memories* on the morrow!

He is her all who bends above,  
Her hope—the brightest, and the last;—

Oh! that the days life gives to love  
Should ever be *the past*!  
What gleam upon their startled eyes  
Breaks, like the flash from angry heaven?  
Lo, where the clouds, in yonder skies,  
Before the gale are driven!  
And, o'er their spirits, all grows night,  
Beneath that burst of life and light.

The moon is forth,—but sad and pale,  
As though she wept, and waited, still,  
For him she never more shall hail,  
Upon the Latmos hill:  
The breeze is up,—the sail unfurled;—  
Oh! for one hour of respite, yet!  
In vain!—'Tis moonlight in the world,  
But Ellen's light is set;  
The bark is tossing in the bay,—  
The streamers point away—away!

One kiss—of lips as wan and cold  
As life to them shall, henceforth, be;  
One glance—the glance that makes us old,  
Of utter agony;  
One throb—the bitterest and the last,  
Awaking, but to deaden, pain,  
In hearts that, when that pang is past,  
Shall never ache again;—  
And the loosed cord,—the broken bowl,  
Lie at hope's fountain, in the soul.







Drawn by R. Corbould

Engraved by J. Thoms.

HINDOO GIRL.  
FROM A GROUP BY WESTMACOTT.



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## HINDOO GIRL, BY AN URN.

FROM A GROUP, BY WESTMACOTT.

BY L. E. L.

SHE leant beneath an alma tree, which flung  
A shower of leaves and blossoms o'er her head,—  
But faded all of them: this made the place  
A fitting temple for her; like her joys,  
The fresh sweet flowers grew far above her reach;  
But, like her griefs, the withered ones were strewed  
Beneath her feet, and mingled with her hair,  
Her long black hair, which swept round like a cloud,  
And had no other wreath than those sad leaves.  
Her brow was bowed upon a marble urn,  
Pale as its cold, white pillow; on her cheek  
Lingered the grace which beauty ever leaves,  
Although herself be gone; her large dark eye  
Was as a picture's, fixed and motionless,  
With only one expression.—There are griefs  
That hunt, like hounds, our happiness away;  
And cares that, ivy-like, fix on our hopes.  
But these are nothing—though they waste the heart—  
To when one single sorrow, like the rod,  
The serpent rod, has swallowed up the rest.

Her history was on every lip; they told,

At first, a common tale ;—she loved, was loved,  
And love was destiny and happiness.  
But red war was abroad ; and there are charms  
In the bright sabre, flashing to the sun,  
The banner, crimson as the morning sky  
It seems to meet, the thunder of the drum,  
The clashing atabal, the haughty steed  
Impatient for the battle, and the ranks,  
Glittering and glorious in their armed array :  
Aye, these have charms—but not for woman's dreams.  
The youth went to the warfare, where he fell,  
Unknown, unnamed, unmissed ;—it is the fate  
Of thousands, swept away like autumn leaves,  
Young, brave, with heart and hand, and all that makes  
The hero,—but in vain. And where is she,  
His lovely, lonely one ? Not in her bower,  
Not in her father's hall ; no more they see  
Her white veil floating on the evening air,  
The moon-light shining on the mystic bark  
She watched so anxiously. Again she came ;  
But not the same, as when, with summer flowers  
And scented lamp, she sought the river side ;  
But pale and silent, like a shadowy thing  
That has looked on the other world, and known  
The secrets of the grave, but forced, awhile,  
To linger on the earth it loathes. She held  
Within her arms an urn ; beneath the shade  
Of the tree which had been the favourite haunt  
Of her young lover, at the twilight hour—  
For then they met—she placed her treasure down.

It was a tale of wonder, and soon spread.  
She had been to the distant battle field,  
And wandered 'mid the dying and the dead,  
Gazing on many a ghastly face; at last,  
She found her lover, and this was his urn.—  
And leaning on that urn is her employ:  
And still, at the lone hour, when the first star  
Rises o'er the blue Ganges, will she sing  
A low and plaining melancholy song.  
At other times, she leans beside the urn,  
As she were but a statue placed by grief  
In memory of love!



# TIMANTHE.

A DRAMATIC SCENE,

*In the manner of Dryden,*

BY LAURENCE YOUNG, ESQ.

---

LINDA. MONTALTO.

*Linda.* O, rare philosophy!—

Eyes—nose—and mouth!—Tut, thou dost pay more  
honour

Unto the house's walls, than to its master.

Bating the outside fashioning of form,

Timanthe stands a wonder among women!

A mass of excellence—a cunning piece-work

Of divers virtues woven into one!

And yet, no sexless angel she, I ween;

She hath a loving spirit, and a loveable;

She hath her beauty in her soul, Montalto!

*Montalto.* Go to, go to—I never saw her soul,

The gate to the heart's mansion is the eye;

Love must be born of beauty, my fair coz!

No fable that makes Cupid Venus' son.

*Linda.* Are there not answering fires then—love for  
love?

A flame can ne'er be wanting a reflexion:

Oh! could you see Timanthe's mighty anguish,—

The unsung, unpictured battle of the bosom,

Where weakness is the strongest in the fight,—

Mark all the gradual mastery of passion !  
 —For woman's heart has throbbings of its own ;  
 Feelings, man's sterner nature never felt ;  
 Pulses of pain that beat without an echo !—  
 Read, here, this scroll, obtained from 'neath her pillow.

*Love rages fiercest in the bravest minds,  
 As trees are shaken most that dare the winds ;  
 Ah ! who can guess, or who, by guessing, know  
 What woman's pride, unthroned, must undergo !*

*Montalto.* Thunder and storm !—I hate these coming  
 women,

Their saucy passion rings a bell before it ;  
 Give me the maid whose soul sits still within her,  
 Less full of life, than full of consciousness ;  
 Her love shall seem a night-mare of the heart ;  
 Her voice compose the ear in measured murmurs,  
 Like distant ocean's breathing, in its sleep ;  
 Her cheek a pale transparency, revealing  
 The fitful flashing of the light within ;  
 Her broad blue eye the drowsy lid shall curtain—

*Linda.* No more of this !—Say of my suit—Ti-  
 manthe ;

Her wit — her worth — her wealth — her boundless  
 riches !

*Montalto.* Ay, that's a story worth the listening to ;  
 A wealthy widow is a beggar's bargain,  
 And many a thriftless wight shall court her coffers ;  
 But for me,—

Whose all of fortune's gifts have been her graces,  
 Lord only of my loving looking-glass,—  
 Nor woman's wit nor wealth will I pursue;  
 For when the maid is coy—your hint to woo—  
 Turn from her, and she'll, sure, turn after you:  
 My sweet-mouthed moralist! art answer'd now?  
 Nay, never frown—farewell, my pretty coz! *Exit.*

*Linda.* Oh, why will woman condescend to love!

*Enter TIMANTHE.*

Hah! how is this?—Timanthe here!—my friend!

*Timanthe.* Aye, Linda, I am here!—

Shall I confess my shame?

Unwittingly, yet scarce against my will,  
 I've overheard it all—heard all he said—  
 And, think ye not 'twas bitter sweet to hear?  
 But, I will be revenged—I'll doat upon him,—  
 Forsake, renounce myself—be mad with love;  
 Reason shall, henceforth, have no part in me,  
 Take, take your prey—passion, cry havock here!  
 And, as the captive, for his liberty,  
 Demolishes his prison-house, by fire,  
 My eager soul, that cannot kill itself,  
 Shall scorch and fret its fleshy cage, with fever,  
 Till it fall scathed to earth, and set me free!

*Linda.* Be more advised—I pray—soft, sweet Timanthe!

And time may win ye to forget Montalto.

*Timanthe.* Time!—and forget!—a calendar for woe!

Bid my heart suffer by an almanack!



Thou dost deride me. Oh, unkind Montalto !  
What though these eyes shall never more behold him !  
My spirit, still, shall cleave unto his being,  
Shall drink his sorrow—taste his every joy ;—  
He shall not dream a dream but I'll perceive it !—  
I'll hover round his path, and o'er his bed ;  
As he but smiles or frowns, be grave or gay ;—  
My soul shall be the sensitive acacia,  
That trembles to the passing of a shadow !—  
Filling the avenue of every sense,  
All I shall see, or hear, or touch, or taste,  
Shall seem Montalto !  
I'll hate his hate, and whom he deigns to love,  
Hear it, all heaven and earth !—*I'll love her too !*  
Ah, Linda, Linda ! what's the despair that kills ?  
The torment of the damned most surely lies  
In viewing heaven, afar, with hopeless eyes !

*Rushes out.*

## SONG.

“ HERE’S TO THEE, MY SCOTTISH LASSIE.”

BY JOHN MOULTRIE, ESQ.

HERE’S to thee, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty  
health to thee,  
For thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step  
so firm and free;  
For all thine artless elegance, and all thy native grace,  
For the music of thy mirthful voice, and the sunshine  
of thy face;  
For thy guileless look and speech sincere, yet sweet  
as speech can be,  
Here’s a health, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty  
health to thee!

Here’s to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though my glow  
of youth is o’er,  
And I, as once I felt and dreamed, must feel and dream  
no more;  
Though the world, with all its frosts and storms, has  
chilled my soul at last,  
And genius, with the foodful looks of youthful friend-  
ship past;  
Though my path is dark and lonely, now, o’er this  
world’s dreary sea,—  
Here’s a health, my Scottish lassie! here’s a hearty  
health to thee!

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—though I know  
that not for me  
Is thine eye so bright, thy form so light, and thy step  
so firm and free ;  
Though thou, with cold and careless looks, wilt often  
pass me by,  
Unconscious of my swelling heart, and of my wistful  
eye ;  
Though thou wilt wed some Highland love, nor waste  
one thought on me,—  
Here's a health, my Scottish lassie!—here's a hearty  
health to thee !

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—when I meet thee  
in the throng  
Of merry youths and maidens, dancing lightsomely  
along,  
I'll dream away an hour or twain, still gazing on thy  
form,  
As it flashes through the baser crowd, like lightning  
through a storm ;  
And I, perhaps, shall touch thy hand, and share thy  
looks of glee,  
And for once, my Scottish lassie! dance a giddy dance  
with thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie!—I shall think of  
thee at even,  
When I see its first and fairest star come smiling up  
through Heaven ;



I shall hear thy sweet and touching voice, in every wind  
that grieves,  
As it whirls from the abandoned oak its withered  
autumn leaves;  
In the gloom of the wild forest, in the stillness of the  
sea,  
I shall think, my Scottish lassie ! I shall often think of  
thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie !—in my sad and  
lonely hours,  
The thought of thee comes o'er me, like the breath of  
distant flowers ;  
Like the music that enchants mine ear, the sights that  
bless mine eye,  
Like the verdure of the meadow, like the azure of the  
sky,  
Like the rainbow in the evening, like the blossom on  
the tree,  
Is the thought, my Scottish lassie ! is the lonely thought  
of thee.

Here's to thee, my Scottish lassie !—though my muse  
must soon be dumb,  
(For graver thoughts and duties, with my graver years,  
are come,)  
Though my soul must burst the bonds of earth, and  
learn to soar on high,  
And to look on this world's follies with a calm and  
sober eye,

Though the merry wine must seldom flow, the revel  
cease for me,—

Still to thee, my Scottish lassie ! still I'll drink a health  
to thee.

Here's a health, my Scottish lassie ! here's a parting  
health to thee ;

May thine be still a cloudless lot, though it be far from  
me !

May still thy laughing eye be bright, and open still thy  
brow,

Thy thoughts as pure, thy speech as free, thy heart as  
light as now !

And, whatsoe'er my after fate, my dearest toast shall  
be,—

Still a health, my Scottish lassie ! still a hearty health  
to thee !

## STAGE-COACH PHYSIOGNOMISTS.

BY THE LATE RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH, ESQ.

I LIVE upon the edge of a small common, through which a great road leads to the metropolis. Nearly twenty stage coaches pass near my door, every day ; and it is one of my favourite amusements, when I have leisure, to get into one of these vehicles, if I like the looks of the passengers, and to proceed with them, as long as I find any thing in their conversation that is either new or agreeable. I have, sometimes, changed my coach ten times in one day, without meeting a single person that afforded any materials for observation, or any circumstances worth remembering. I was, however, uncommonly fortunate in one of my late excursions.

On a fine day, in the beginning of summer, when the weather was neither too hot nor too cold, when the glasses on both sides of the coach were, by tacit consent, left open, and when neither the weather nor the roads were such as to occupy the attention of my fellow travellers, they, by degrees, entered into conversation, and, amongst various subjects, at last, we fell upon that of physiognomy. A thin, pale



man, who had the air of a traveller, told us that he had lately been at Zurich, where he had been well acquainted with the famous Lavater. He spoke of him, and of his art, with so much warmth that I, at first, began to suspect that we had got Lavater, himself, in the coach. I, however, soon perceived, by the accent with which he pronounced French, that he was an Englishman. He mentioned various strange opinions, which his master had not ventured to put in his book, but, which were still more absurd than his attributing a character to a dish of tea, and physiognomy to a cockchaffer. At these ridiculous fancies, a fat, fair lady, who sat in one corner of the coach, laughed most heartily. "How is it possible," said she, "that a dish of tea can have a character? I have heard say that a cup of coffee may have virtue in fortune-telling—indeed I, once, had a cup of coffee turned upon myself, and it, certainly, was not much out as to my fortune :—and then, a cockchaffer! Lord bless me! who ever looked at the features of a cockchaffer!—for my part, I can't tell whether he has eyes, nose, and mouth, or not."

"Ma'am," replied the traveller, "the cockchaffer is a species of beetle; you have, I suppose, ma'am, seen a beetle?"—"Surely, sir."—"And, ma'am, as the immortal Shakespeare says,

‘ The poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies!’

Now, madam, don't you think when this poor beetle feels this corporeal pang, he shews his feelings in his countenance, like any other creature?" This speech was uttered with much emphasis, and with such an air of triumph as plainly shewed that the speaker was much pleased with his own eloquence. A corpulent gentleman, dressed in a snuff-coloured coat, with gilt buttons, with a well-combed bob-wig on his head, and a gold-headed cane in his hand, who sat in the corner of the coach, diagonally opposite to the lady, exclaimed, with much vehemence, "the countenance of a cockchaffer!" As I happened to sit opposite to this sententious disputant, my foot narrowly escaped feeling the full force of his argument; for, as he spoke, he struck his gold-headed cane, with great violence, against the bottom of the coach, between my feet, which were not half an inch asunder. From this moment of the debate, whenever the red cheeks of my opposite neighbour began to puff, I kept my eye, steadily, upon his cane, that I might escape the blow with which he, regularly, finished his argument. I could not help observing to the company, that the extraordinary pretensions of Dr. Lavater and his followers were highly prejudicial to the art which they wished to recommend—that the reasonable claims of true physiognomists had, by these means, lost their just credit—and that, when a man now talked of forming an opinion of the characters of strangers from their countenances and manners, he was, immediately,



suspected of belonging to a school which he disclaimed.

A middle-sized, middle-aged officer, now, for the first time, opened his lips : " I agree with you, entirely," said he ; " a man who has seen the world, necessarily, learns those marks, by which the occupations and characters of individuals may, with some certainty, be discovered." A young gentleman of genteel appearance, who was the fifth passenger, and who was wedged in between the traveller and the gentleman with the cane, smiled such a dissent to the assertions of the last speaker, that, without waiting for a direct answer, the officer confirmed his own opinion, by offering to put it to immediate trial, if the company would give him leave, provided the gentleman who was Lavater's pupil would give a previous specimen of his skill.

Our fellow-travellers, with great good humour, agreed to this proposal ; and we all promised that we would, without disguise, acknowledge the truth of any successful discovery which either of the physiognomists should make. The traveller, as I call him, very gravely requested the lady to throw aside her handsome silk cloak, and let him see the shape of the *olicranon*, or tip of her elbow : to this she, cheerfully, consented ; but, upon his desiring to see the bones of her head, beyond the precincts of her nice laced cap, she became refractory, and it was with much difficulty that she was persuaded to show a glimpse of the *os temporum*. The owner of the



gold-headed cane was next persuaded to push back his wig, a couple of inches, to shew the configuration of his skull. The gentleman who sat between the traveller and this important person, turned his head all manner of ways, to satisfy the anatomical curiosity of the disciple of Lavater—and I, also, submitted my *occiput* and *sinciput* to every investigation that he required. But in no one instance did he give satisfaction. He determined, from the conformation of the lady's elbow and temples, that she was of West Indian extraction;—that the well-bred sensible young man, who sat next him, had a most choleric disposition, indicated by the *ossa bregmatis*;—and that, from my osteology, I must, necessarily, be of the most profoundly melancholy temperament.

After having laughed heartily at the failure of this physiognomist of bones, the officer, with a mild countenance, free from all the airs of superior wisdom, addressed himself to the lady, whose sex required his first attentions. “Madam,” said he, “I don’t pretend to make any discovery, when I say that you are of a good-humoured and good-natured disposition; *that* every child could immediately perceive, in your countenance. I pretend to know, only, what have been your ordinary occupations, and what has been the general course of your life; but, in doing so, I fear to offend. If you will promise to forgive me, with your usual good-nature, if I guess right, I will submit to be upbraided as much as you please if I am wrong.” The lady having pro-

mised all that was required, the officer told her that she had been the mistress of some public-house,—whether of a coffee-house, inn, or tavern, he could not precisely tell, but he supposed the former. “Well, sir,” says she, “and suppose I have! I hope there is no harm in that! I don’t see why people should be so curious about other people’s affairs. I suppose, sir, you took care to inquire who we all were, before you got into the coach.” From this, the gentleman readily exculpated himself, by calling to our recollection his having been taken up at Kensington turnpike. The lady continued to vent her displeasure, in angry tones, notwithstanding we all reminded her of our unanimous engagement not to be offended with the truth. At length, the comely landlady, whose costly clothes and genteel address entitled her to pass at least for the wife of a justice of the peace, consented to be pacified, on condition that the officer should tell the means by which he had discovered her occupation.

“Why, madam, I formed my opinion from a very trifling circumstance: I observed that, whenever you began to speak, your right hand immediately applied itself to one particular spot, near your pocket-hole, upon which place your fingers moved, incessantly, during your discourse. I perceived that your fingers, from habit, moved as if they were fumbling amongst a bunch of keys.”

“Sir,” says the lady, recovering her good humour, “I acknowledge that you are right; I, for



many years, carried a bunch of keys under my apron, (when aprons were the fashion,) and it is likely enough that I should get the custom of feeling for the key that would, probably, be wanted."

We were, all, pleased with this successful effort of rational physiognomy; particularly, the gentleman with the cane, who seemed delighted at the discomfiture of the landlady. "I will be hanged," says he, "if you discover who I am; I think I am a bit of a judge upon these subjects, and I do not know a single point, about me, from which you could make a good hit."

"Sir," says the officer, "what you have, first, said would make me suspect that you were upon the turf, notwithstanding your dress and deportment, which would lead me to think that you were a rich merchant, or perhaps an alderman; but, a physiognomist depends more upon the category of accident than that of dress. If my art does not deceive me, sir, you are an auctioneer."

"And so I am, sir; but how, the devil! did you find that out? you have not heard me utter twenty sentences, since we met, and not one word in *my way* has escaped my lips."

"That is very true," replied the officer; "but, whenever you thought you had a conclusive argument, you, always, knocked down the prize in dispute to yourself, with your cane, instead of the usual hammer of business. I appeal to the gentleman opposite to you, who has parried many of your blows



with great dexterity." This observation I, readily, confirmed; and the company joined with me in admiring the sagacity of our fellow-traveller. He passed me over, very slightly, observing that, like most idle gentlemen, there was nothing peculiar in my manners. The genteel young man, whom I have described as the fifth passenger, smiled at this remark, and, offering himself to the inquiring eyes of his judge, demanded what he supposed him to be.

"Sir," said the wary officer, "I acknowledge that, for a long time, I was at fault with respect to you; your knowledge of literature, and easy deportment, led me to believe that you were a gentleman of fortune, who lived in the best company; but, I am inclined to pronounce that you are a haberdasher or silk-mercier."

"I am, most certainly," said the young man, blushing, "son to Mr. —, the silk-mercier, on Ludgate-hill; and I shall, now, be much obliged to you, if you will let me know by what signs and tokens you discovered my occupation."

"Sir," said our hero, "whenever you talked eagerly, you drew the slight switch that is in your hands, through your fingers and thumb, precisely to the length of a yard; and the accuracy with which this motion was repeated convinced me that long practice, alone, could have made you so expert."

The young mercier was much pleased with this explanation; he was more flattered by being known

to be a merchant, and, at the same time, to be taken notice of for good manners and good sense, than to pass for a man of the *ton*, without being supposed to have cultivated his mind. The anatomical physiognomist was the only person, in the company, who felt mortification : by pretending to knowledge beyond the true bounds of his art, he over-looked the obvious indications of character which would have occurred to a common observer; and, though he might not have discovered the occupations of the landlady, the mercer, and the auctioneer, by a bunch of keys, a switch, and a gold-headed cane, he might have divined that the lady was not a West Indian, that the mercer was not remarkably choleric, and that I was not of the melancholic temperament.

I am aware that what I have written may appear extravagant and improbable—a fate that often befalls the relation of real incidents, in works of entertainment. The physiognomical anecdotes which are preserved in the foregoing pages are, however, *true*.

## OLD LITHUANIAN SONG.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

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Przez lasy iodfowe

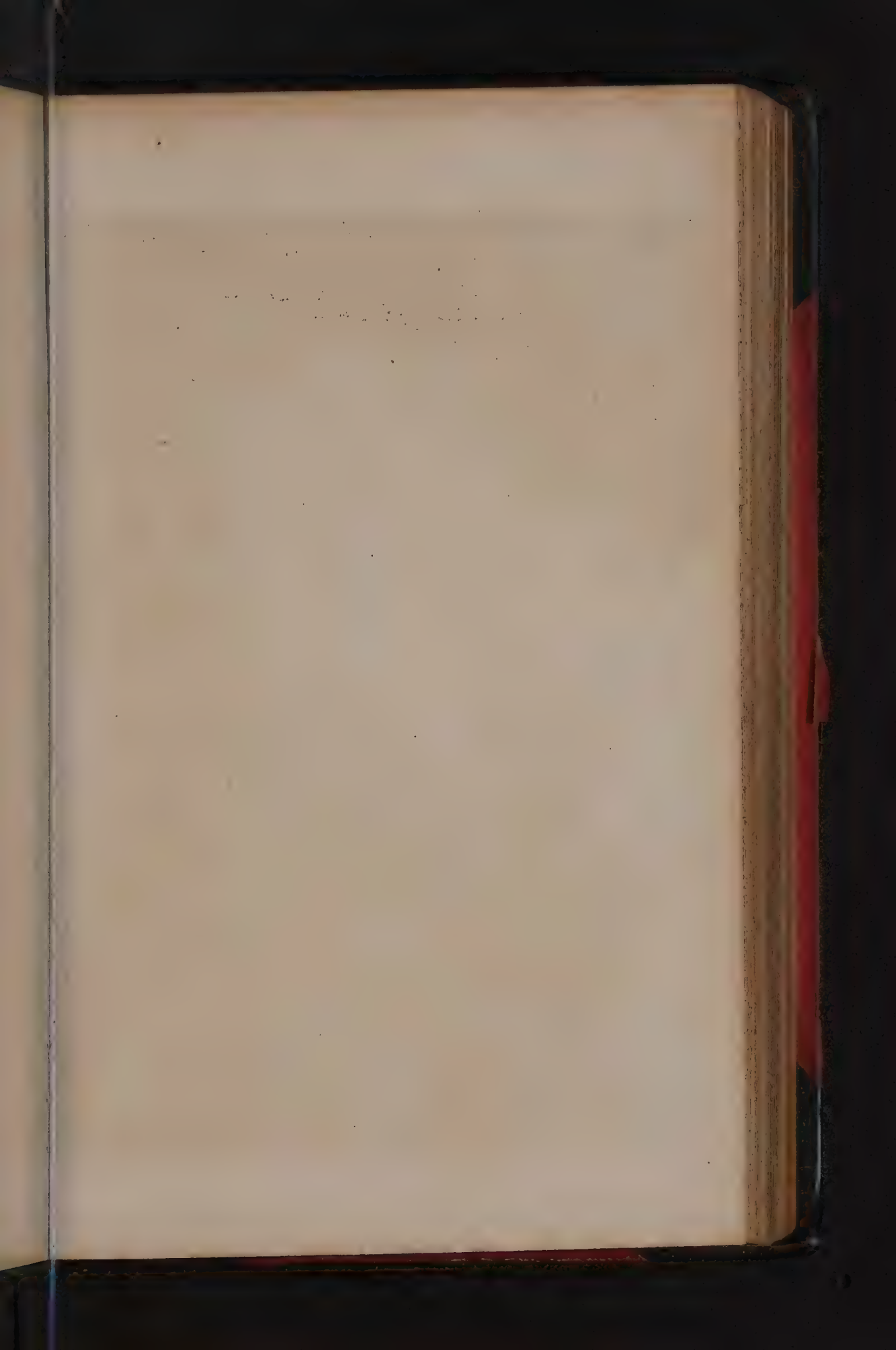
Przez lasy swierkowe.

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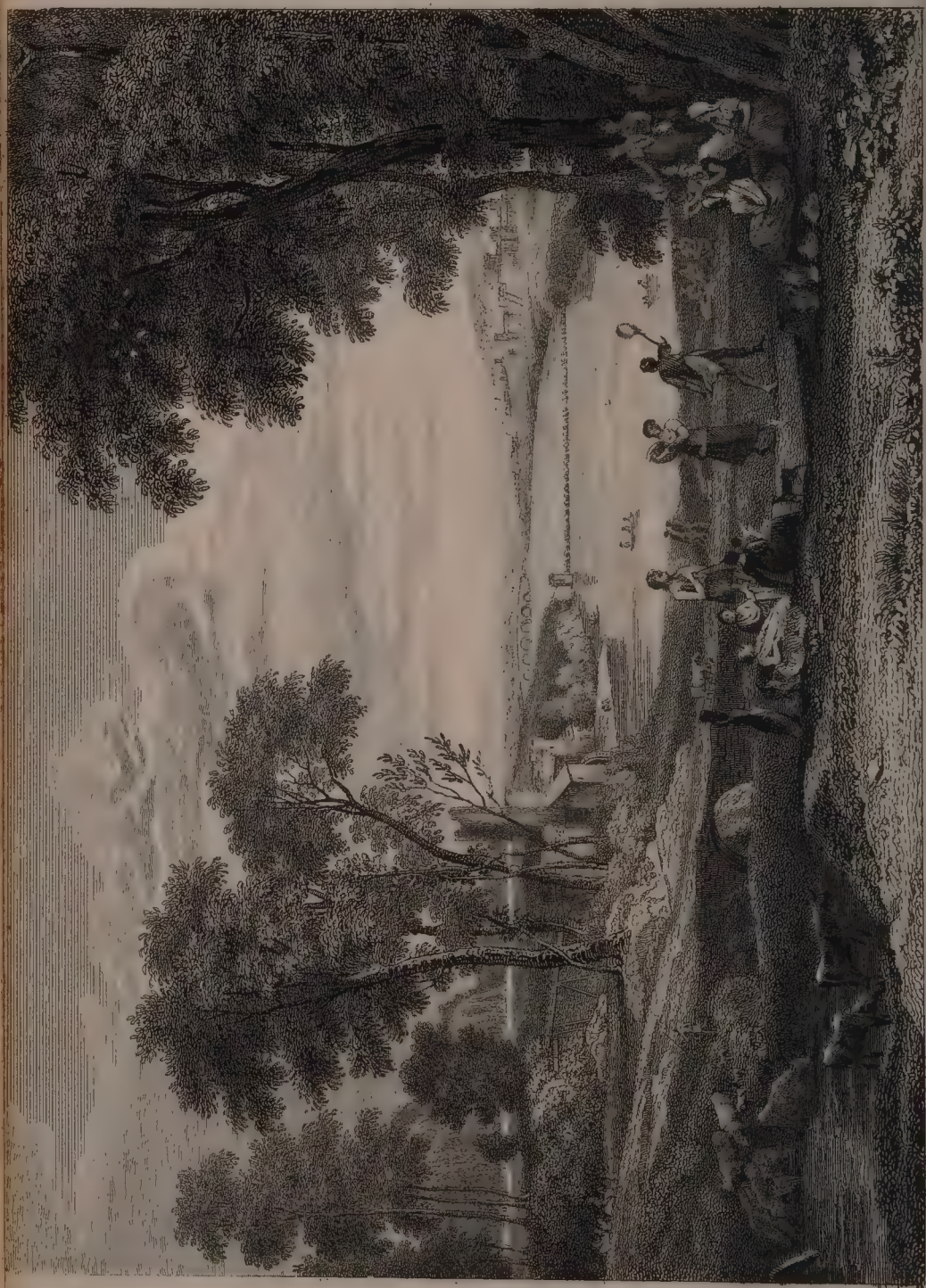
THROUGH the pine trees' darksome woods,  
Through the fir groves' solitudes,  
On my piebald steed, I come,  
Hurrying to *her* mother's home.  
"Mother, hail!"—"Thou 'rt welcome, now,  
To my cottage, lone and low."  
"Tell me, mother! tell me where  
I may seek my cherished fair?"  
"In yon chamber, dark and still,  
Lies thy lovely maiden, ill,  
Restless on the green-robed bed—  
Hapless youth!" With gentle tread,  
O'er the yard I swiftly glide,  
Lingering on the threshold side.  
Here I wiped my tears, and took  
Her white hand, with gentlest look:—  
"Lovely sufferer! flower of spring!  
Time sweet remedy shall bring."



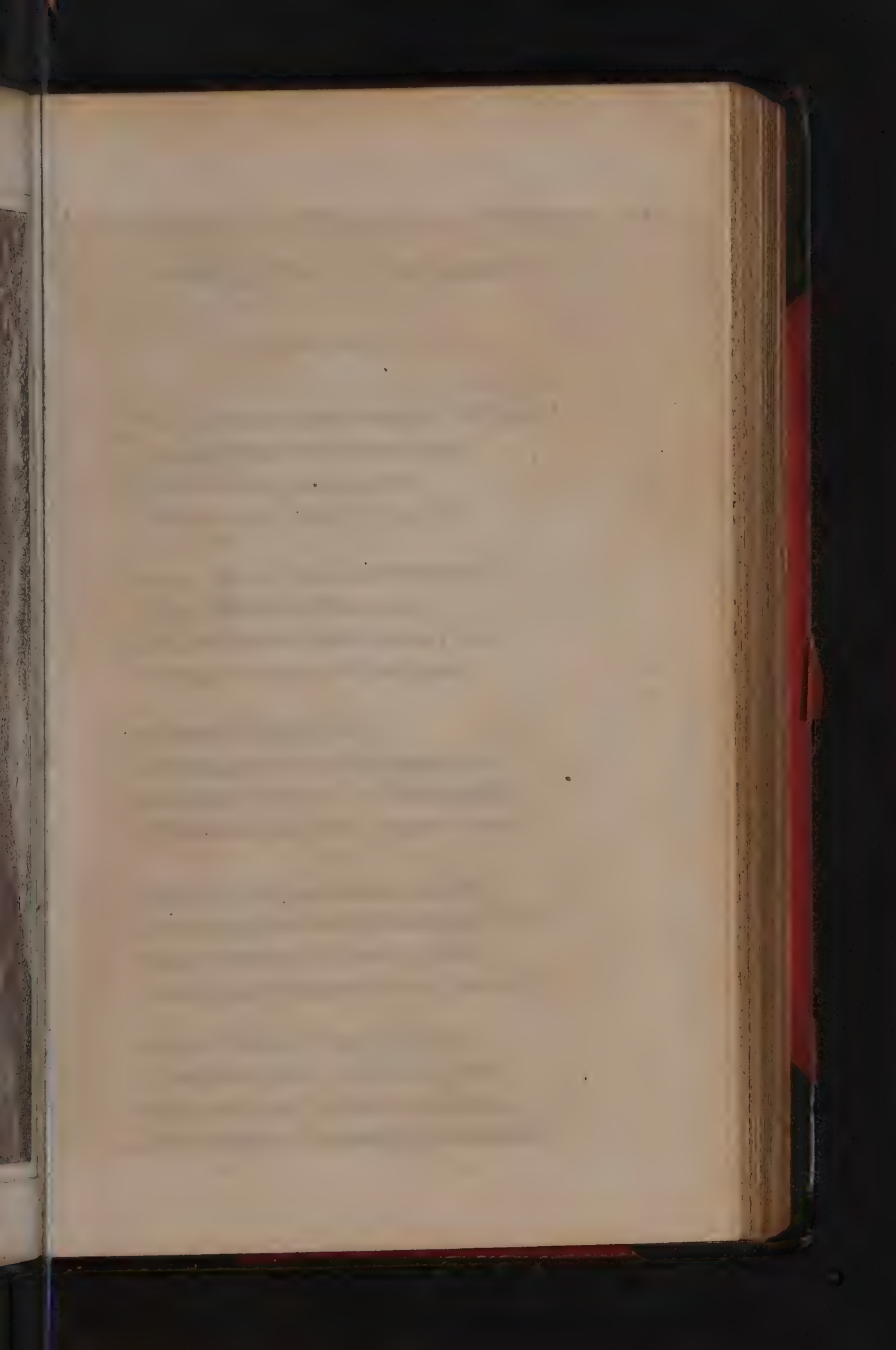
“ Call me, call me thine no more,  
Soon life's short remains are o'er;  
I within my grave shall lie,  
Thou these flowing tears must dry:—  
Thou wilt come and see me home,  
To my solitary tomb.  
Crowds of maidens shall be there,  
Feeling joy, but feigning care:  
One, with rosy cheeks, shall be,  
Even then, beloved by thee ;  
She shall bear away thy kiss,—  
What a bliss ! oh, what a bliss !”

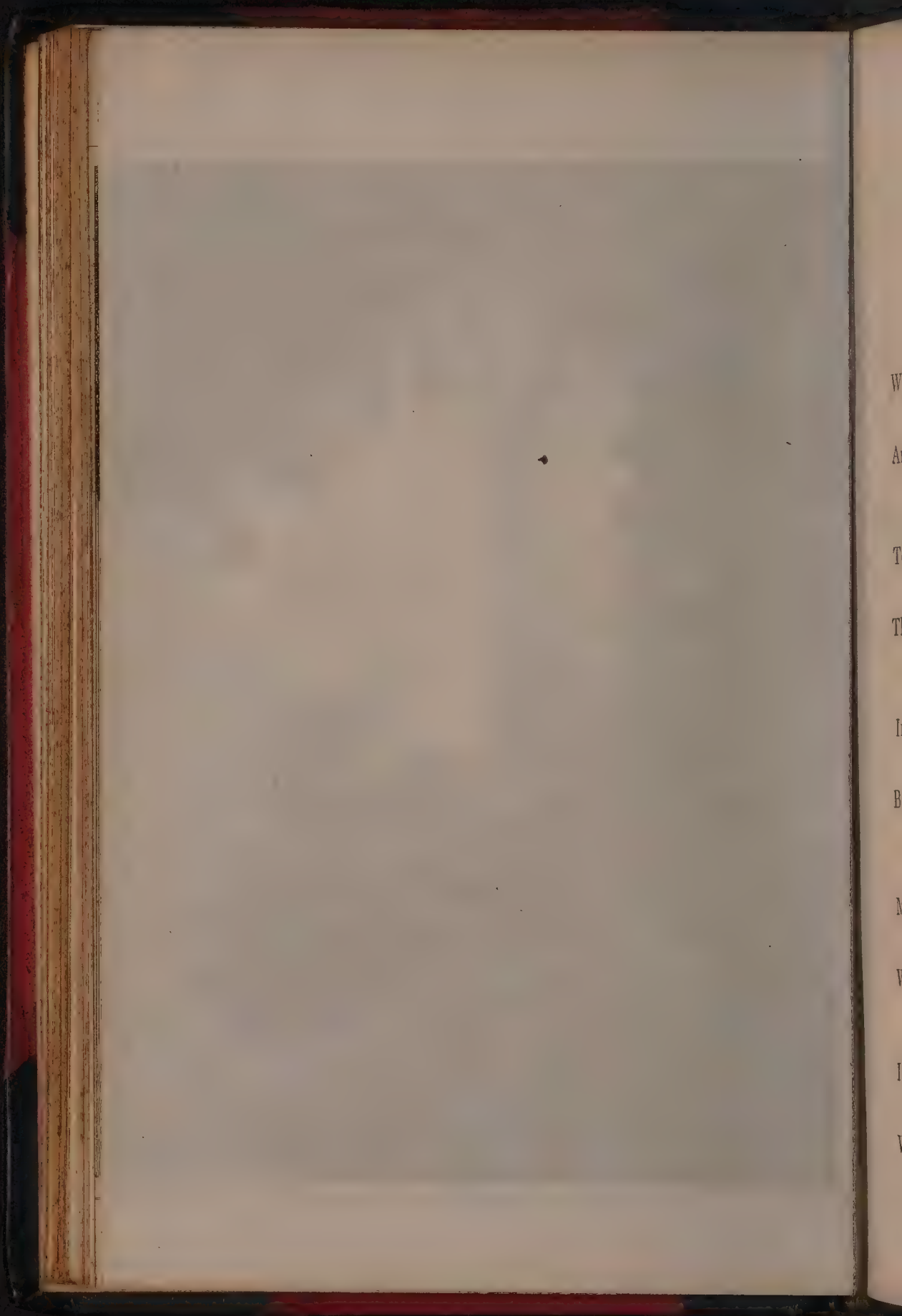












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## "AM I, TOO, IN ARCADIA?"

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WHAT minstrel's glance could coldly view  
A scene which, to the poet's eye  
And vivid fancy, might renew  
The vanished dream of Arcady!

To me, with so much pastoral grace  
This delicate creation teems,  
That, while each varied charm I trace,  
The golden age no vision seems.

Imagination's airy flight  
Transports me far, to distant times,  
Bearing my thoughts, on pinions bright,  
To simpler manners—sunnier climes.

Methinks, amid such scenes as this,  
Must *they* have dwelt—the bards of old,  
Whose numbers, of Arcadian bliss,  
And Tempe's beauteous vale, have told.

In whose immortal song is shown,  
Graceful of form, and fresh of dye,  
What pencils such as CLAUDE's alone,  
From charms like nature's, can supply.



Delightful painter ! though I feel  
No envy of thy noble art,  
Grateful, I own the proud appeal  
Its glorious triumphs can impart.

Appeal—which, unto outward sense,  
Speaks in a language so refined ;  
Triumphs—whose deeper eloquence  
Proclaim their mastery o'er the mind.

And, what could genius win from fate,  
Which thine to thee has failed to give ?  
Living—such beauty to create !  
And, dying—IN THY WORKS TO LIVE !

## THE DREAM.

A TALE.

“WELL, Senhors! what say you? Is not this a fortunate termination of our day’s adventure?” exclaimed young Siegendorf, to his travelling companions. “A night spent in the pine-wood, on the summit of Melibocus, or upon the *Felsen Meer*, ‘Sea of Rocks,’ in the valley below, would have been cheerless enough, after our fatiguing scramble over steep cliffs and rugged mountains. Push round the bottle, gallants, and do honour to the toast—

‘The Rhine! the Rhine! be blessings on the Rhine!  
Saint Rochus bless the land of love and wine!’ ”

Percy Fitzallan, the only Englishman of the party, had never visited the Continent before. Young, enthusiastic, and deeply read in German literature, his excursion to the Odenwold had been productive of the highest degree of gratification. From the heights of the Berg Strasse hills, his eyes had drank in a wide and lovely prospect, rendered doubly interesting from the associations connected

with it. The laughing Rhine rolled its blue waves through an extensive plain, and washed the bases of the dark walls of successive cities, in its course. The Gothic towers of Spires first caught the eye; then Manheim, and the lofty point of the ancient cathedral of Worms; lower down, Mentz, dear to those who have luxuriated over the strange legends of the mightiest master of the forbidden art, Faust; Strasbourg was visible in the distance; whilst, stretching far to the west, beyond spreading corn-fields, gemmed with villages, and dimly seen through a veil of silvery mist, the view was bounded by the Vosges mountains,—the fair and fertile hills of jocund France. Immediately beneath, to the eastward, lay the fantastic regions of the Odenwold, girt with the granite ribs of mother earth, with its wild rocks vine-garlanded, its towering castles, and deep umbrageous woods.

Nearly benighted, one of Percy's companions had, luckily, met with a chasseur, belonging to the keeper of the forest, and he had conducted them to the shelter of the Baron's hunting lodge. An excellent supper, accompanied by numerous flaggons of choice wine, from Hockheim and the Rhinegau, greeted the fatigued and hungry party. Percy did ample justice to the repast, but, though usually in gay spirits, he spoke little: wholly engrossed in the novelty of his situation, the sprightly conversation of the hilarious party could not awaken him from the reverie in which he indulged.



The ancient and pictorial apartment, wherein he was seated, engaged his attention. The polished oak wainscot was hung with paintings of subjects connected with the chace; each surmounted with the grinning head of the wild boar, or the wolf, or crowned with the stately antlers of the stag. The flaring pine-torches threw deep and fantastic shadows on the walls; and, familiar with all the superstitions of the north, as the black phantoms danced to and fro, he could almost imagine that the *Forst geister*, forest fiends, had joined the company. The birth-place of the mighty Odin, the spot still supposed to be haunted by the wild huntsman of the popular ballad, and the theatre wherein that dark mysterious tribunal, the *Frei Gericht*, was first established,—a thousand fearful legends crowded to his mind. He thought of Faust and Mephistopheles, and their unholy league; of the wehr wolves, and wild jagers; Holtz Konig, the wood king; and all the demons with which tradition peopled the deep woods and cavernous recesses of a district only inferior to the Hartz, in the multitude of its evil spirits.

When the assembly broke up, Percy was shewn into a spacious bed-chamber. Somewhat weary with the day's excursion, he sought his couch, and soon fell asleep. Too highly excited, however, to sink into undisturbed repose, the subject of his waking thoughts haunted him, in feverish visions, through the night. He dreamed of wandering amidst the pine-covered valley of the Odenwold. Bewildered in

the intricacies of darksome glens, he was some time in finding a path ; but succeeding at last, he emerged from a wood of linden trees, into a broad road, which swept round a green hill, on whose slope lay a quiet village church-yard, crowned with its holy edifice. He entered the burial ground, and amused himself with examining the rude memorials which had been reared over the grass-grown receptacles of the dead. Looking up, from his desultory employment, he perceived a figure, at a little distance, earnestly engaged in digging a grave. His form was gaunt and bony, surpassing the common height ; he was clad in uncouth garments, of a dull grey ; and his long haggard face, and lean spectral fingers, were of the same leaden hue,—a shocking contrast with his blood-shot eyes, which, ever restless, seemed to emit red flames, as they rolled around. The grave, already, exceeded all reasonable dimensions, but still this fearful creature continued to enlarge it ; and, as he threw up the mould, which came mingled with skulls and other hideous fragments of mortality, he laughed. Percy felt his blood creep through his veins, as the fiend-like, super-human sound smote on his ear ; and he marked the diabolical expression of the malignant countenance. He thought that his path lay upon the other side of the grave ; and, however unwilling, he felt compelled to pass it. On drawing nearer, the hateful wretch, till now apparently engrossed with his work, looked up, and, pointing to the horrid chasm which yawned below,



said, in a deep unearthly voice, whilst a bitter laugh distorted his grim features, "*You will fill it.*" Percy started,—and awoke.

It was not until the first grey light of dawn gleamed upon his bed, that he could again compose himself to sleep. At length, the sweet oblivion stole over his senses; he closed his eyes, and dreamed no more. The sun's vivid beams aroused him from his second slumber; he hastily arose, and, walking to the window, was struck with surprise and consternation, on perceiving that it looked out upon the scene of his last night's vision. To the left lay the wood of linden trees, and the broad road swept round a green hill, the site of the village churchyard; and, to make the resemblance still more alarmingly exact, a wide and deep grave opened its dark jaws immediately opposite the place in which he stood. Percy shuddered: though pleased with the perusal of superstitious tales, he was not himself superstitious; but, nevertheless, he could not help feeling, that it was a disagreeable coincidence. He tried to adopt the persuasion that he must have looked upon the landscape, previous to retiring to bed, and that his dream had merely reflected the impression on his mind; but he did not recollect having approached the window, and he could not have seen it on entering the house, as the great gate opened in a contrary direction.

Uncomfortable, and anxious to quit a spot which, notwithstanding its beauty, now filled him with



melancholy ideas, Percy dressed ; and, joining his friends below, was only consoled with the hope that, in the space of a very few hours, he should be far out of the reach of the horrible prediction of the church-yard phantom. He felt ashamed to mention his dream ; but, unable to dismiss it from his thoughts, he inquired for whom the grave was intended, which he had beheld from his window. He was told that it had been dug, in the night, by the friends of a family of heretics, swept away by a pestilential disease, to whom the priests had, subsequently, however, refused admission into consecrated ground ; and that a prejudice existed amongst the common people, which prevented its being closed, until some of the inhabitants should die.

Little satisfied with this explanation, Percy felt relieved when the horses were ordered, and the party set forth. The sun shone brightly ; every leaf was musical with the joyful song of the feathered tribe, and the cheerfulness around him soon dissipated his uneasy sensations. Pressing forwards, at a quick pace, the animal on which he rode, stumbled, and threw him ; he strove to rise, but sunk, insensible, on the ground. It was some time ere he recovered his recollection ; and when sight and sense returned, he found himself in bed, in a strange apartment, and still weak from the violence of the fall.

The accident had occurred in the close vicinity of the chateau of the Baron de Riesbach ; and, when Percy was able to quit his chamber, he was attended, with assi-

duous care, by the two young and lovely daughters of his host. Had there only been *one*, the heart of the Englishman must have surrendered; but it was difficult to make a choice between these two. The pensive charms of Ermance counteracted the effects of Genevieve's bright eyes and joyous smile. It was delightful to the convalescent to roam amid the flowery labyrinths of the romantic land, with such sweet companions. They sang the splendid compositions of their gifted countrymen, with melody which lapt the soul in Elysium; they danced, too; and, though his weakness would not permit him to join in the amusement, he watched their graceful evolutions, in the circling waltz, with admiring eyes.

Hospitably pressed to prolong his visit, he wanted little persuasion to induce him to remain in society so congenial to his taste. During the heat of the day, he sate, with Genevieve and Ermance, under a rich canopy of the mantling vine, and beguiled the sultry hours with poetic legends; or, he related, to his fascinated auditors, strange tales of eastern climes. In the evening, they sought some gentle eminence, and listened to the rustic pipe and shepherd's roundelay, as the peasants, returning from their daily toil, hastened to the sequestered villages which nestled in the sloping vales, beneath. Thus, the fervid noon, the soft twilight, and the star-enamelled night, brought new pleasures and fresh enjoyments to their unsophisticated minds.

These witching hours might be tasted, by Percy,



without danger; but to the sensitive and inexperienced sisters, they were fraught with peril. Already, their cheerfulness had vanished; the expectation of their new friend's departure hung, like a cloud, upon them. He was but too well calculated to realize the ideas, which their youthful fancies had cherished, of all that was amiable and excellent in man; and, though unconscious of the passion, both were deeply, devotedly, irrevocably attached to one, who, if he should return the affection of either, must doom a faithful and trusting heart to despair. Percy was not a vain man, and he did not even guess the mischief which his protracted sojourn at Riesbach had occasioned. The heir of a noble house, he was too certain that a foreign alliance would be distasteful to his parents, to think of marriage; and, though entertaining tender friendship for each of the baron's fair daughters, his admiration of both was so nicely balanced, that not the slightest preference for one above the other ever arose in his mind. "How would Genevieve enjoy this lovely prospect!" he would say, to Ermance, if, perchance, her sister were absent; and, when alone with Genevieve, if he found one flower more beautiful than the rest, he would lay it aside for Ermance. But, though *he* was so blind and unconscious, other eyes were open; and idle tongues were busy, in speculating upon the probable consequences of his high favour with two young creatures, who had no mother to warn them against the arts of the libertine sex. Lodowic



Riesbach, the baron's son, a fiery, impetuous young man, returned suddenly to the Odenwold. A day was sufficient to convince him that the peace of one, or both, of his sisters was, irretrievably, wrecked. He questioned the visitor, somewhat roughly, respecting the nature of his intentions. Percy, rather surprised, answered, at first, mildly; but, provoked by the rude soldier's menaces, indignantly refused to give any explanation of his conduct; and, unwilling to disturb the domestic repose of an estimable family, prepared for his immediate departure. He left a grateful and affectionate farewell to his fair friends, in a letter, and took the road to the village.

His path lay through a pine wood, and, in one of the most secluded spots, he found Lodowic. Assailed by gross and irritating language, Percy, for a time, endeavoured to conciliate his enraged companion; his courtesy only excited fresh insult. At last, the word *coward* smote his ear. He felt that his reluctance to meet the combat had, in some degree, justified the appellation; he seized the offered weapon, and, in a moment, the wild wood rang with the clash of swords. Exasperated beyond all endurance, stung to the very soul, Percy only recovered his self-possession at the instant that his adversary dropped, bleeding, at his feet. He would have given worlds for the recal of the last few minutes, but it was impossible; Lodowic Riesbach lay a corse before him. He called, loudly, for assistance; a few peasants drew near, and, hastily forming

a rude litter, with the boughs of the trees, they raised the body upon their shoulders.

The melancholy procession had not left the wood, ere it was encountered by the bereaved father. It was a fearful spectacle, to see the horror-struck old man gaze upon the stiffening corse of his only son. His white locks stood upright, his limbs shook, and every feature quivered; he wrung his hands in agony, and shrieks burst from his tortured heart. Madness and death seemed struggling in his frame. Again, every muscle was distorted, his fingers were clenched, his glazed eye-balls seemed starting from their sockets. It was the last pang; he staggered, and, falling upon the earth, the wounded spirit fled. But, even more heart-rending was the grief of the orphan sisters. Speechless and aghast, they were stunned by the shock, without being able to comprehend the full extent of their misery. It was their first misfortune, and it overwhelmed them. The author of all their wretchedness dared not offer a single word of consolation. Surrendering himself to the civil authorities, he was detained in confinement, which promised to be of short duration: the threats of Lodowic were sufficient to prove that his antagonist had killed him in self-defence. But such considerations could not bring peace to Percy's mind; life was altogether valueless, in the certainty that he had, irreparably, destroyed the happiness of two innocent beings.

Genevieve and Ermance were aroused from their



mute despair, by the cruel reports which obtained circulation throughout the district. Attacked by slander of the most injurious kind, at the moment when they were suffering an accumulation of evils, they had not fortitude to sustain this new calamity. Stricken to the soul, by the dreadful fate of their father and brother,—aggravated, as it was, by the cause,—they were not, entirely, aware of the extent and the hopelessness of their unhappy attachment, until they heard the malicious comments of the neighbourhood. Then it rushed full upon them—they must see the cherished object of their hearts' idolatry no more! Shame and misery would follow their re-union, and what was the world to them! With blighted prospects, ruined hopes, their fair fame tarnished by the breath of calumny, why should they drag forth a miserable existence, when there was a refuge to be found! Alas, these unfortunate sisters possessed not a single friend to soothe their sorrows, and lead them to a better hope. They filled a chalice with the juice of poisonous drugs;—both drank, and died.

Percy Fitzallan, released from his confinement, dejected, and sick at heart, commenced his journey from the Odenwold. Obligated to pass the churchyard, his dream occurred to his mind, and thrilled him with horror. He shut his eyes, but the mental picture was, if possible, more shocking than the reality. He turned a hurried glance to the green sward—the grave was full.

EMMA R.



## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Q. Flowers, wherefore do ye bloom ?

A. We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Q. Stars, wherefore do ye rise ?

A. To light thy spirit to the skies.

Q. Fair moon, why dost thou wane ?

A. That I may wax again.

Q. O sun, what makes thy beams so bright ?

A. The Word that said—" Let there be light."

Q. Time, whither dost thou flee ?

A. I travel to eternity.

Q. Eternity, what art thou, say ?

A. I was, am, will be ever more, *to-day*.

Q. Nature, whence sprang thy glorious frame ?

A. My Maker called me, and I came.

Q. Winds, whence and whither do ye blow ?

A. Thou must be " born again," to know.

Q. Ocean, what rules thy swell and fall?

A. The might of Him that ruleth all.

Q. Planets, what guides you in your course?

A. Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Q. O life, what is thy breath?

A. A vapour, vanishing in death.

Q. O death, where ends thy strife?

A. In everlasting life.

Q. O grave, where is thy victory?

A. Ask HIM who rose again from me.

# DISCRETION THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR.

A NEW SONG OF ANCIENT PISTOL'S.

BY HORATIO SMITH, ESQ.

*One of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses."*

ONE day, as I was strutting, with my customary swagger,  
A puppy cried out,—“Pistol! you're a coward, though  
a bragger:”

Now, this was an indignity no gentleman could take,  
Sir!

So I told him, pat and plump,—“you lie! — under  
a mistake, Sir!”

Fools may be fool-hardy, still, but men like me are  
wiser,

And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

Said I, “Sir, if you take the wall, you take it to your  
ruin;”

Then forth he popped his knuckles, and he gave my  
nose a screwing:

“Zounds and fury!” bellows I, “there's no bearing  
this, at all, Sir!”

So I lifted up my cane, and I gave the rogue — the  
wall, Sir!



Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are  
wiser,

And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

I told him, for his insolence I must have satisfaction,  
When he gave me such a kick that it drove me to dis-  
traction ;

My patience now was overcome, so nobody will wonder  
That I doubled up my fist, and immediately knocked——  
under !

Fools may be fool-hardy still, but men like me are  
wiser,

And if we get a fighting fame, it is for fighting shy, Sir!

## GLASTONBURY ABBEY AND WELLS CATHEDRAL.

*Written after viewing the Ruins of the one, and hearing the  
Church Service, in the other.*

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

GLORY and boast of Avalon's fair vale,  
How beautiful thy ancient turrets rose !  
Fancy yet sees them, in the sunshine pale  
Gleaming, or more majestic in repose,—  
When, west-away, the crimson landscape glows,—  
Casting their shadows on the waters wide,\*  
How sweet the sounds, that, at still day-light's  
close,

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\* The Vale of Avalon was surrounded by waters at the time. King Arthur is described as buried in the Island of Avalon. Part of a sculptured lion remains; and it may be observed, that Leland, in his Itinerary, speaks of "Duo Leones sub pedibus Arthuri." The masonry over the sacred well, discovered by Mr. Warner, is eminently beautiful.

It is a singular fact, that the last meeting of the Bible Society was held amidst the august desolation of Glastonbury Abbey.

Came, blended with the airs of eventide,  
When, through the glimmering aisle, faint "MISERE-  
RES" died!

But all is silent now!—silent the bell  
That, heard from yonder ivied turret high,  
Warned the cowed brother from his midnight  
cell;—

Silent the vesper-chaunt—the litany  
Responsive to the organ!—scattered lie  
The wrecks of the proud pile, 'mid arches grey,—  
Whilst hollow winds, through mantling ivy, sigh!

And e'en the mouldering shrine is rent away,  
Where, in his warrior weeds, the British Arthur lay.

Now, look upon the sister fane of Wells!—

It lifts its forehead in the lucid air;—

Sweet, o'er the champain, sound its sabbath bells,—

Its roof rolls back the chaunt, or voice of prayer.

Anxious we ask, will heaven that temple spare,

Or mortal tempest sweep it from its state?

Oh! say,—shall time revere the fabric fair,

Or shall it meet, in distant years, thy fate,

Shattered, proud pile, like thee, and left as desolate?

No! to subdue or elevate the soul,

Our best, our purest feelings to refine,

Still shall the solemn diapasons roll

Through that high fane! still hues, reflected,  
shine



From the tall windows, on the sculptured shrine;  
Tinging the pavement ! for He shall afford—  
He who directs the storm—His aid divine,  
Because its Sion has not left thy word,  
Nor sought for other guide than thee, Almighty Lord !

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## A WOMAN'S PRIDE.

THE pride that I feel is the violet's pride,  
Which sleepily droops o'er the blue water's side,  
But opens its eye, at the day-god's kiss,  
To pride in his love, though death followed the bliss.

The pride that I feel is the pride of the rose,  
Which, at evening tide, with a deeper blush glows,  
When all is hushed, that her lover may sigh,—  
Oh ! is she not proud of his minstrelsy !

The pride that I feel is the pride of the maid  
Whose lover ne'er came, but at evening shade,  
When, with perfumed taper, she softly trod,  
And found that her fair arm had cradled a god !

Then chide me not for my pride in thee,  
Thou earth-born spirit of melody !  
Oh ! blame not the heart that is all thine own,—  
If love forged its fetters—pride fastened them on !

MONA.

## TO THE DEPARTED.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

SLEEP on—for thou art calm at last ;  
And all the wrongs, and all the woes  
That marked thy weary wanderings past,  
Have left thee to thy long repose.—  
Thy sun of life midst tempests rose,  
In storms and darkness hath it set ;  
Yet rays of glory, at its close,  
Burst forth, whose lustre, lingering yet,  
Reveals, to faith's uplifted eye,  
How blest thine immortality !

Yes !—thine is now a brighter doom,  
A bliss unchanging as divine ;  
While he who shared thine hours of gloom,  
Whose tears were ever mixed with thine,  
Is left to suffer and repine—  
Oh not *repine* !—sad heart, be still !  
And let it teach thee to resign,  
And bend thee to thy Father's will,  
That she, whose sorrows were thine own,  
Is blest at length—though blest alone !

I will not mourn thee, dearest—no !—  
As one whose hope is quenched for aye ;  
The tears, unceasing, shall not flow  
Which earth nor heaven can wipe away.  
Rather, from realms of cloudless day,  
A light shall pierce the circling gloom,  
To cheer me on my weary way,  
And guide the wanderer to his home ;—  
A home, where all that grieved before  
Is known—or is deplored—no more !



## STANZAS TO A LADY.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

Across the waves—away and far,  
My spirit turns to thee ;  
I love thee as men love a star,  
The brightest where a thousand are,  
Sadly and silently ;  
With love unstained by hopes or fears,  
Too deep for words, too pure for tears !

My heart is tutored not to weep ;  
Calm, like the calm of even,  
Where grief lies hushed, but not asleep,  
Hallows the hours I love to keep  
For only thee and heaven ;  
Too far and fair to aid the birth  
Of thoughts that have a taint of earth !

And yet, the days for ever gone,  
When thou wert as a bird,  
Living 'mid flowers and leaves alone,  
And singing in so soft a tone  
As I never since have heard,

Will make me grieve that birds, and things  
So beautiful, have ever wings !

And there are hours in the lonely night,  
When I seem to hear thy calls,  
Faint as the echos of far delight,  
And dreamy and sad as the sighing flight  
Of distant waterfalls ;—  
And then my vow is hard to keep,  
For it were a joy, indeed, to weep !

For I feel, as men feel when moonlight falls  
Amid old cathedral aisles ;  
Or the wind plays, sadly, along the walls  
Of lonely and forsaken halls,  
That we knew in their day of smiles ;  
Or as one who hears, amid foreign flowers,  
A tune he had learnt in his mother's bowers.

But I may not, and I dare not weep,  
Lest the vision pass away,  
And the vigils that I love to keep  
Be broken up, by the fevered sleep  
That leaves me—with the day—  
Like one who has travelled far, to the spot  
Where his home should be—and finds it not !

Yet then, like the incense of many flowers,  
Rise pleasant thoughts to me ;

For I know, from thy dwelling in eastern bowers,  
That thy spirit has come, in those silent hours,  
To meet me over the sea ;  
And I feel, in my soul, the fadeless truth  
Of her whom I loved in early youth.

Like hidden streams,—whose quiet tone  
Is unheard in the garish day,  
That utter a music all their own,  
When the night-dew falls, and the lady moon  
Looks out to hear them play,—  
I knew not half thy gentle worth,  
Till grief drew all its music forth.

We shall not meet on earth again !—  
And I would have it so ;  
For, they tell me that the cloud of pain  
Has flung its shadow o'er thy brain,  
And touched thy looks with woe ;  
And I have heard that storm and shower  
Have dimmed thy loveliness, my flower !

I would not look upon thy tears,—  
For I have thee in my heart,  
Just as thou wert, in those blessed years  
When we were, both, too young for fears  
That we should ever part ;  
And I would not aught should mar the spell,  
The picture nursed so long and well !



I love to think on thee, as one  
With whom the strife is o'er ;  
And feel that I am journeying on,  
Wasted, and weary, and alone,  
To join thee on that shore  
Where thou—I know—wilt look for me,  
And I, for ever, be with thee!











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## RAPHAEL'S DEATH-BED.

BY L. E. L.

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How can the grave be terrible to those  
Whose spirits walk the earth, even after death,  
And have an influence on humanity,  
In their undying glory.

L. E. L.

---

'Twas a twilight of Italy and spring,  
With those pale colours that the sunsets fling,  
Of shadowy rose,—or ever they are bright  
With the rich purple of their summer light !  
A vaulted chamber was it,—where the day  
Lingered, as it were loth to pass away,  
Fainter and fainter falling, till the glare  
Of taper, torch, and lamp, alone, were there,  
Shining o'er glorious pictures, which were fraught  
With all the immortality of thought,—  
And o'er a couch's canopy, where gold  
Broidered and clasped the curtain's purple fold.

And is that silken pillow thus bespread  
For those who cannot feel its down—the dead !



Around that couch gathers a princely train,  
And swells the holy anthem's funeral strain ;  
Sweeps the rich incense round it, like a cloud,  
While the arch prelate's hand uplifts the shroud,—  
Flings, from the silver cup, the sacred wave,  
Which sains and smooths the passage to the grave.

Aye, one sleeps there,—if sleep it can be named,  
By which one half of waking life is shamed.  
Is *that* death, where the spirit stays behind,  
With much as ever influence on its kind !  
How can he die,—he who has left his soul  
On the rich canvass, or the breathing scroll !  
What is our life—our being—but the spirit,  
All of our native heaven we inherit !  
How can we die,—yet leave behind us all  
The intellect that lit our earthly thrall !  
*That* seems like death, which leaves behind it  
nought ;

No void in nature,—no remembering thought ;  
Or, but the tenderness affection keeps,  
Frail as itself—forgetting while it weeps !  
*That* seems like death, the many thousands die,  
Their sole memorials, a tear—a sigh !  
But thus it is not to the mighty name,  
Whose death was as the seal affixed to fame ;—  
And he who sleeps there, dust returned to dust,  
Paler and colder than the marble bust  
Beside—now strangely like the face of death,  
As rigid as itself, unwarmed by breath,—

It hath death's semblance ;—but, how can depart  
The soul, yet leave its influence on the heart !

No ! when the timid prayer for heaven's grace  
Shall warm its zeal no more, at the sweet face  
Of thy Madonnas ; nor the patient tear  
Shall fall before thy Magdalen, with less fear ;  
When never more a saint's pure brow shall speak  
Hope to the trembling,—mercy to the weak ;  
When the last hue is from thy canvass fled,  
Their memory past,—then, Raphael, thou art dead !

## THE IDIOT BOY.

### A MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

LAST year, I made a tour through the Highlands. One day, I set forth, without any other companion than a large Newfoundland dog, to explore a new scene in the immediate vicinity of my own temporary dwelling-place. I found fresh materials for my mind to work upon, at every step; but, though nature here presented her most savage aspect, my sensations were altogether joyous. Mine was the firm step of youth and health; and—as I rudely dashed the dew from the blossoming heath on which I trod, followed by my dumb friend, as he took rash leaps over many a dangerous precipice,—I felt a pleasure for which I could find no sufficient reason in my philosophy.

Man is but a miserable animal, and shrinks into mere nothingness when contrasted with the magnificence of nature. He is part of the earth he treads upon—part of the machinery of the universe; but less grand, less beautiful, and less powerful than all else around him. Who can gaze on the countless myriads of stars that deck the deep-blue firmament,—



or on the gorgeous sun-rising, or glowing sun-set,—on moon-light,—on twilight,—a cloud,—a tree,—a flower,—and not yield, to what we call inanimate nature, the palm of beauty! And is there one presumptuous slave among us who can strive with the proud ocean,—who can endure like the rock and mountain, warring with time itself! I knew this; I had often, with deep humility, pondered on the insignificance of our species, on the degradation of our nature. But, on this morning, my sensations were all pleasurable. I was alone, yet I experienced no sensation of loneliness. I seemed lord of the grand creation around me. My heart swelled with proud emotions; and I, willingly, forgot that another being of my nature was in existence. I was out of sight of any human habitation—out of the hearing of any human being. My eye could not reach the blue misty tops of the mountains which half encircled me. My ears were stunned with the roar of mingling waters. Their loud and angry noise, as they dashed over the jutting rocks that retarded—not obstructed—their progress, would have aroused a Morpheus from his deepest sleep, had he imprudently chosen such a resting place.

I stood on a rock that overhung the sea, full of glad thoughts. I had, heedlessly, advanced too far, on an insecure foundation;—for the piece on which I was standing trembled beneath my light pressure, and threatened, with the slightest movement, to ingulph me in the waters of oblivion. Shall I be

accredited when I assert that this conviction was received into my mind, unaccompanied by fear ! I felt,—I know not why,—an undefined joy, in the idea of diving suddenly, and without waiting for the gradual decay of nature, into the secrets of eternity ;—or, at the worst, of obtaining annihilation, while yet my strength was unexhausted, my mind undecayed, and my gay spirit untouched by affliction. For a moment—and a moment only—I thought of hastening the event that seemed inevitable. But circumstance, all-powerful circumstance,—as a good or evil genius time will determine,—intervened to mar my purpose. An old man appeared on the summit rock above my head, carefully descending to my assistance. In a single instant, what a mighty revolution was effected in my thoughts, hopes, and wishes ! He advanced nearer and nearer.—The hope—mingled with the uncertainty—of escaping death, encreased the action of my heart, even to agony. I seized the end of a pole which he extended towards me, and, in a few brief instants, was out of danger ;—and, but for my deliverer still remaining near me, do verily believe the recollection of it would also have passed away.

I had recompensed him, as I thought, generously ; and could not conceive the cause of his following me thus pertinaciously. My gratitude—in man so short-lived—had already given place to anger at his determined and continued intrusion. I turned round upon him abruptly ; but the words of reproach died in silence on my lips, as I observed the untaught majesty



of his deportment, and the fine old English face which he presented to my view. I wondered at my previous blindness, and politely begged of him to accept the assistance of my arm, in leading him over the rugged path; but this he smilingly declined. And, indeed,—despite the springiness of my nature, and the elasticity of my figure,—I found cause to marvel at, and admire, a vigour which I could not reach;—yet he was sixty years of age, and I had but just attained my one-and-twentieth year.

We were soon on an intimate footing. My spontaneous respect at once touched and delighted him; and, in any circumstances, I could wish for no better companion to beguile the way. He seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the country; at which I marvelled, for, by his bearing and accent, he was evidently an Englishman. He told me old legends of the places which we passed; and, though I should have been better pleased to have heard his own history,—so powerfully did he interest all my sympathies,—yet I listened, with deep attention and unfeigned pleasure, to his narrations, which were sometimes marvellous, and always affecting.

“You see yonder hut!” said he, pointing to a lowly and solitary building. “Last year, it contained two beings who once sheltered me during a tedious and dangerous illness. They are now in heaven!” continued he, devoutly raising his eyes thither; from which, however, fell tears of regret, to prove the impotence of the consolation with which he would fain have



cheated himself. "Yes, sir, a poor old man and his idiot boy once dwelt in that cottage. Many a time has my heart been wrung, by the affecting attentions of the unconscious youth ; who,—never having witnessed any acts but of nature and benevolence,—performed all the gentle offices of humanity, from the mere sense of imitation. Great God ! spare me the recollection of his cold unmeaning laugh,—that laughter without joy ;—his tears without sorrow ;—his mute kindness ;—his watchful assiduity ;—his patient endurance, without the thought or wish of doing service ! He would sit at his father's feet, looking up innocently into his face, an unmeaning smile playing round his lips ; and, in the attitude of listening attention, would pull handfulls from out his fair and sunny ringlets, as if the perception of feeling was also denied him.

"The father loved this boy,—I think he loved him the better because intelligence was denied him. And, indeed, though it was but seldom I could visit the cottage, after my recovery, I loved him too ;—he was so beautiful, so fragile, so innocent and guileless, so gentle, and his every movement so touching from its very unconsciousness, that I could well pardon the doting, mournful, yet deep and concentrated affection with which he contemplated this fair sample of unintelligent humanity. Poor child ! It might, perhaps, be questioned if he was not a gainer in wanting that understanding, on which proud man so prides himself, and with which he so

disgraces himself:—at least, he was thus spared much suffering.

“The poor little fellow did not live long after I saw him, they tell me,—for I was in England at the time;—and the shock I felt, on my return, to find the hut without its inmates, pressed a sense of desolation on my heart that I cannot well describe. You see, sir, that, like my countrymen, I am fonder of dwelling on feelings than events,—on what I think, rather than what I see; and—you may smile, sir—but I cannot help fancying that this makes the great difference between the English and all other nations.” I returned no answer, and he continued his story.—

“The simple child would follow his father about the house; and, from the constant habit of imitation, was useful in working at their little garden. But, one day, he seemed ill and feverish, and refused to follow his anxious father to their usual place of occupation. He hung his drooping head, as though in pain; and his utter inability to relate his ailment roused the sensitive feelings of the parent to uncontrollable agony. He paused, in dreadful indecision.—Should he remain near his boy, to soothe him by acts of endearment; or leave him, to go to the village, nine miles distant, for more efficient assistance? As he watched the varying colour of his child,—his short quick breathing,—and listened to the low moaning tones in which he spoke the pain that he had no more distinctive method of relating, this indecision gra-



dually gave place to resolution ; and, pressing the boy convulsively to his breast, he endeavoured to explain that he would soon return. But he received no answering signs of intelligence. The glazed eye of his child was raised, for a moment, to his speaking and agitated countenance, with stupid wonder ; and was then heavily weighed down—it seemed by suffering. The father could bear no more ;—he rushed from the door, and said, raising his clasped hands to heaven, ‘I appeal to thee, oh God ! to spare my child ! If a life devoted to thee and to my boy—thy gift—has found favour in thy sight, oh, spare him ! and how immeasurably shall I be repaid !’ For a moment, something like conviction that his prayer was heard crossed his mind. Then he recurred to the helpless state of his poor idiot, and despair took place of hope.

“ It was a cold December evening.—He returned to the cottage, to put his shivering child to bed ; and then set off on his anxious journey.—And what prayers did he put up to the throne of the Almighty, that his endeavours to procure medical aid might prove successful and effectual ! He walked fast, but the road seemed to lengthen before him. The night had now set in ; and Allan pursued his way, in breathless suspense and agony. He felt cold at heart ; and his anxiety, instead of hastening, seemed to retard his progress. He, first, felt a rigidity about the muscles of his legs,—then intense pain. His walk became languid,—more languid.—At last, the power



of motion was utterly denied him ;—he sunk down upon the snow,—a burning fever at his heart. He would scarcely have heeded physical pain, had he experienced it ; but it had passed away—and his agitated heart, contrasted frightfully, with its frenzied beatings, the torpidity of his frozen limbs. Let men boast of their power of volition ! Here was a wretch stretched upon the earth, to whom it was many deaths to lie there,—who, had he possessed one particle of the free-will with which man's pride hath sought to robe his weakness, would instantly have returned to the bed-side of his loved, unconscious one, who might be dying for want of aid !

“Three hours after Allan had left his home, he was lying, still, in the same posture,—apparently stiffened into a corpse. But he was no longer alone.—A face,—soft as those Italian skies smile upon—was pressed close to the hard and marble lineaments of the worn Scotsman. A fond hand patted his rough head, and urged him to awake.—It was his idiot boy ; who had followed, at a distance, the only guide he had ever known, tracing his steps, in the snow, with that instinct which seems so like intelligence. The father, though speechless and motionless, yet saw and heard his child,—saw and heard him *with his heart* !—for all outward avenues to thought and feeling were locked up, in a spell of ice. The poor innocent rubbed his hands ; and sought, by every method, to impart some of his own warmth to the father of his own life,—but all in vain !—The gentle

boy imbibed the parent coldness, instead of imparting his own heat ; and, gradually declining his lovely head,—that head so sweetly shadowed with its own beauty,—his arm around his father's neck,—died, calmly and sweetly, in that attitude of love.

“Allan was found, on the following morning, conscious of all that had passed. But the cold preyed upon his vitals ; and he only told the story of his feelings that dreadful night,—then hastened to his boy, as if, in death, he still needed his watchful tenderness.

“They were laid in the same grave!”

MONA.

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## THE COMET.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

O'ER the blue heavens—majestic and alone—  
He treads, as treads a monarch towards his throne !  
Darkness her leaden sceptre lifts, in vain,  
Crushed and consumed beneath his fiery wain ;  
And night's swarth checks, pained by his gazing eye,  
Blush, like Aurora's, as he passes by !  
See, how the countless hosts of heaven turn pale,—  
The blood-red cheek of Mars begins to fail,  
Bright Berenice's shining locks grow dim,  
Orion changes as he looks on him,  
And the stern Gorgon on his brightness rests  
Her stony eyes, and lowers her snaky crests !  
In breathless wonder hushed, the starry choir  
Listen, in silence, to his one bold lyre ;  
Save when its lingering echoes they prolong,  
And tell, to distant worlds, the wonderous song !—  
—And *what* that song, whose numbers fill the ears,  
With admiration, of surrounding spheres ?  
“ Honour and adoration, power and praise  
To Him who tracks the comet's pathless ways ;



Who, to the stars, has their bright courses given,  
And, to the sun, appoints his place in heaven ;  
And rears, for man, a mansion more sublime,  
Not built with hands, nor doomed to stoop to time,  
Whose strong foundations, unimpaired, shall stay,  
When suns, and stars, and worlds,—and all things pass  
away !”

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### FROM THE GERMAN.

WHEN lone, by day's declining light,  
Thou slumberest in the silent grove,  
Should some fond vision woo thy sight,  
And o'er thee bend, in watchful love,—  
*Mine* is that guardian form confest,  
Whose vows of rapture soothe thy rest.

When, by the moon's uncertain ray,  
The dream of love thy senses seals,  
And—where the cypress branches sway—  
A voice of aerial music steals,  
And heaves the heart, in pleasing fear,—  
’Tis then *my* spirit hovers near.

Or if, while wandering fancy weaves  
Her fairy spells of faded bliss,  
Thy hand—thy lip a touch receives,  
Light as the zephyr's whispered kiss,  
And the pale lamp gleams fitful by,—  
Oh! doubt not then *my* shade is nigh.

Or,—heard by evening's silver star,  
While sleep's light wreaths thy temples twine,—  
Breathes—like the harp's wild tones afar—  
The plighted vow—"For ever thine!"—  
Then calmly sleep—for o'er thy breast  
*My* spirit breathes its raptured rest!

P.

## A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

*A Sketch from Life.*

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

To mark the sufferings of the babe  
That cannot speak its woe;  
To see the infant tears gush forth,  
Yet know not why they flow;  
To meet the meek uplifted eye,  
That fain would ask relief,  
Yet can but tell of agony,—  
THIS is a mother's grief !

Thro' dreary days and darker nights,  
To trace the march of death;  
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,  
The quick and shortened breath;  
To watch the last dread strife draw near,  
And pray that struggle brief,  
Though all is ended with its close,—  
THIS is a mother's grief !

To see, in one short hour, decayed  
The hope of future years;



To feel how vain a father's prayers,  
How vain a mother's tears;  
To think the cold grave now must close  
O'er what was, once, the chief  
Of all the treasured joys of earth,—  
THIS is a mother's grief !

Yet, when the first wild throb is past  
Of anguish and despair,  
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,  
And think, " my child is *there*;"—  
THIS best can dry the gushing tears,  
THIS yields the heart relief;  
Until the Christian's pious hope  
O'ercomes a mother's grief !

## ON AN HOUR-GLASS.

MARK the golden grains that pass,  
Brightly, through this channeled glass ;  
Measuring, by their ceaseless fall,  
Heaven's most precious gift to all !  
Pauseless—till its sand be done—  
See the shining current run ;  
Till, its inward treasure shed,  
(Lo ! another hour has fled !)  
Its task performed,—its travail past,—  
Like mortal man, it rests at last !

Yet, let some hand invert its frame,  
And all its powers return the same ;  
For all the golden grains remain,  
To work their little hour again !

But who shall turn the glass for man,  
From which the golden current ran ;  
Collect again the precious sand,  
Which time has scattered with his hand ;  
Bring back life's stream, with vital power,  
And bid it run another hour ?—  
—A thousand years of toil were vain,  
To gather up a single grain !

J. M'C.

# THE LADY OF BEECHGROVE.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS MITFORD,

*Author of "Our Village."*

THOSE who live in a thickly inhabited and very pretty country, close to a large town,—within a morning's ride of London, and an easy distance from Bath, Cheltenham, and the sea,—must lay their account, (especially if there be also excellent roads and a capital pack of fox hounds,) on some of the evils which are generally found to counterbalance so many conveniences;—such as a most unusual dearth and scarcity of milk, cream, butter, eggs, and poultry—luxuries held proper to rural life,—a general corruption of domestics, and—above all—a perpetual change and fluctuation of neighbours. The people in this pretty H \* \* shire country are as mutable as the six-months denizens of Richmond or Hampstead;—mere birds of passage, who “come like shadows, so depart.” If a resident of ten years ago were, by any chance, to come here now, he would be in great luck if he found three faces of gentility that he could recognise. I do not mean to insinuate that faces, in our parts, wax old or ugly sooner than else-



where ; but, simply, that they do not stay amongst us long enough to become old,—that, one after another,—they vanish. All our mansions are let, or to be let. The old fashioned manorial Hall,—where squire succeeded to squire from generation to generation,—is cut down into a villa or a hunting lodge, and transferred, season after season, from tenant to tenant, with as little remorse as if it were a lodging-house at Brighton. The lords of the soil are almost as universally absentees as if our fair county were part and parcel of the sister kingdom. The spirit of migration possesses the land. Nobody, of any note, even talks of staying amongst us, that I have heard,—except a speculating candidate for the next borough ; and he is said to have given pretty intelligible hints that he shall certainly be off unless he be elected.—In short, we, H \* \* shire people, are a generation of runaways !

As “ out of evil cometh good,” one pleasant consequence of this incessant mutation has been the absence of that sort of prying and observation, of which country neighbours used to be accused. No street even in London was free from small gossiping. With us they who were moving, or thinking of moving, had something else to do ; and we,—the few dull laggards, who remained fixed in our places, as stationary as directing posts, and pretty nearly as useless,—were too much accustomed to the whirl to take any great note of the passers by.

Yet, even amidst the general flitting, *one* abode

gradually forced itself into notice, for the unrivalled rapidity of succession with which tenant followed tenant,—the most admired and the most changeable of all. It was an exceedingly pretty, inconvenient cottage,—a picture of a place;—with its French windows and verandahs, its trellis and porch covered with clematis and jessamine, its baby-house conservatory, and its miniature lawn. It was situated in the midst of woody, winding lanes,—lost, as it were, in the labyrinths of one rich and intricate country; with an open grove of noble beeches on one side of it, and a clear stream, crossed by a winding bridge, on the other. In short, Beechgrove, with all its pretty rusticities,—its violets and primroses, and nightingales and turtle doves,—was the very place in which to spend the honeymoon. It seemed a spot made, expressly, for brides and bridegrooms,—doomed, by the inexorable laws of fashion, to four weeks of connubial felicity, to get creditably weary of solitude and of each other.

Accordingly, couple after couple repaired to Beechgrove. The very postillions,—whether from south or north, or east or west,—knew, instinctively, where to deposit a new married pair. There was not so pretty a dove-cote within twenty miles. Here they came, in quick succession, and we had great amusement in watching them. A bridal party is, generally, very pleasant to look at,—all white satin, and white lace, and white favours, and finery and gaiety! One likes every thing about it;—the horses, so sleek and



prancing;—the carriages, so ostentatiously new and grand;—the servants, so full of conscious importance, parading and bustling; as proud of their master's splendour as if they belonged to a sheriff on Lord Mayor's day, or to a winning candidate at an election time! Well, they came, and they went,—the fashionable, the titled, the wealthy, and the plain;—glad, as it seemed, to come,—and, certainly, glad to go. One couple, only, remained a little beyond the allotted time.—(N. B. That bride was remarkably pretty.)—They lingered on; she was charmed with Beechgrove, and they talked of wintering there, and re-engaged the house. But,—I don't know how it was,—she was a sweet pretty woman to be sure, but did not look over wise; and it happened to her as to Cowley's Beauty in his "Chronicle,"—her reign was short

"One month, three days, and half an hour,  
Judith held the sovereign power."

Her husband whisked her off to Paris, at the end of five weeks.

They were succeeded by a man in the prime of life, and a woman in its very morning;—an elegant, but most melancholy pair, who brought with them no bridal favours, no gay carriages, no proud servants, no titles, no name. He was of a person splendidly beautiful,—tall, stately, commanding,—of a regality of port, and a haughtiness of aspect almost defying, as if expecting enquiry, and determined to look it down. It was only when gazing on his fair



companion, that his proud bright eye softened, and his demeanour changed into the most gentle expression of tenderness and submission. He appeared devoted to her; and would read to her, on the lawn, ride with her, or drive her in a little open chaise, for hours together. She, on the other hand, although receiving his attentions with unalterable sweetness, seemed best pleased to glide away alone, given up to her own thoughts—sad thoughts, alas! I fear they were—cheerless prospects and mournful recollections! She would walk, with her bonnet in her hand, and her beautiful curls put back from her white temples, as if air were necessary to still their throbbing;—and she would so sigh! Poor thing! poor thing! once she came to church, closely veiled, downcast, and trembling. She had forgotten the key of her own pew, and was invited, by the vicar's lady, into hers. And she went in, and knelt in the lowest place, and sate out great part of the service. But the sermon was affecting;—it spake of female frailty,—of the woman taken in adultery,—of sin and of forgiveness. She could not bear it, and left the church. She never entered it afterwards. Poor thing! guilt was there; but shame and repentance were there, also. She was born for better things,—and shrank from the eye, as if looks were swords.

Without any intention of watching this lovely, downcast penitent,—for most lovely she was!—it so happened that I met her frequently; and, although we never spoke, she grew so far familiarized to my

passing her in the lanes as not to start and tremble, at my appearance, like a fluttered dove,—as was usual with her, on the sight of strangers. She would even stoop to fondle a beautiful little spaniel, which generally walked with me; and which, with the extraordinary instinct of his kind, had been attracted by her sweet countenance, and never failed to fawn on her. *Dash* and she were quite acquainted;—she had even learnt his name. We used to meet almost every day,—especially in one spot, which soon became as much her favourite as it had long been mine.

About half a mile to the right of Beechgrove, a shady lane leads to a beautiful patch of woodland scenery,—the lingering remains of an ancient chase. Turfy sheep walks intersect thick brakes of fern and holly, mingled with rich old thorns and the light feathery birch, and surmounted by noble oaks and beeches—the growth of centuries. In one of the recesses of the wood,—just opposite the deep, clear pond which lets the light so finely into this forest-picture,—stands a real cottage, rough, rude, irregular, misshapen; with its hedged-in garden, and its well-stocked orchard,—all, evidently, cribbed from the waste, and sufficiently spacious to give an air of unusual comfort to the rustic dwelling. The cart-shed, too, and the faggot-pile, and the old horse grazing before the door, indicate a considerable degree of rural prosperity.

In fact, they are a thriving family. Charles North, the head of the house, is a jobbing gardener,—whose services are in such request that they are accorded



somewhat in the manner of favours, and must be bespoken as long beforehand as the attendance of a first singer, at a musical party. He is a fine, athletic man ; whose firm, upright form, and bold, hale, lively visage contrast, rather strangely, the premature grey locks that hang around the latter. In manner, he is singularly agreeable,—full of shrewdness and good humour, very merry, and a little arch,—perceiving, instantly, the weaknesses of those with whom he converses, and humouring them, as much from pliability of temper and a natural sympathy as from views of interest. The rogue is my factotum ; and sees, at a glance, which hyacinth to prefer, and which geranium to admire. Good gardener as he is, I doubt if this be not the great secret of Charles North's popularity. Popular he is, that is certain,—perhaps the most popular person of my acquaintance ; quite good enough to please the wise, and not too good to alarm the gay ; for the rest, an excellent husband and excellent father, a thoroughly sober and industrious man, except—now and then—an out-break at tide times, which commonly lasts for a day or two, and leaves him more ardently laborious than ever. One of the most enviable persons whom I have ever encountered is Charles North, in his blue apron.

He, however, is very seldom seen at his pleasant home. He trudges forth, whistling, at four o'clock every morning, and comes back, still whistling, about seven at night. The cottage at the wood side is quite populous enough, without him. To say nothing



of his ailing wife,—who is what in a lady would be called nervous,—there were, at the time of which I speak, thirteen goodly children, from twenty years old to eight months. Shall I give a catalogue? Yes. First, an eldest son, a baker, (for one of the protuberances which make the dwelling so picturesque is a huge oven,) Charles North, junior,—tall and vigorous as his father,—a staid, sober youth, who, by dint of the small-pox and a miraculous gravity, might pass for the father of the family himself. Then, an eldest sister,—stout and steady,—a home-keeping Martha North, acting as regent during her mother's illnesses, which know no pause,—deputy mistress and deputy servant of the whole house. Then, a fine open countenanced girl, her father in petticoats, parcel pickle and parcel coquette,—who puts her hair in curl papers, and flirts with one half of the parish, and romps with the other, as she carries her brother's bread round the country,—sole driver of the old white horse:—we have not a prettier black-eyed lass in the village than Sally North. Then, Tom,—who goes to work with his father, and is, at a word, Sally in breeches. Then there were four or five urchins—names unknown—who attended various seminaries, some for charity, some for pay. Then three or four others—sex unknown—imps in tattered frocks,—dirty, noisy, healthy, and happy,—who dabbled, by the side of the pond, with the ducks and geese, or helped the pigs to find acorns, in the wood. Last of all, the baby

—a rosy, smiling brat,—clean amidst all the dirt, and placid amidst all the uproar,—who lived out of doors like a gipsy, and might be seen in its little pink frock, stretching its round, hardy limbs on the turf, or sitting, in infantine state, with its back propped against a tree, from morning to night,—the general pet and plaything of the family.

This infant was, evidently, the attraction which drew the Lady of Beechgrove to this secluded spot. Dash and I used to drive into the recesses of the wood,—scenery where you may almost realize the delicious creations of “Comus,” and “As you like it;” but *she* always paused at the cottage,—always as near as possible to the baby. It was a child that, for mere childish beauty, would have been remarked amongst thousands. The square vigorous form—the dimpled hands and feet and elbows, so firm, so mottled, of so pure a carnation—the fair open forehead, with little rings of brown hair curling around it—the large, bright, blue eye—the delicate features—and the sweet look of content, the passionless composure which give a dignity to infant loveliness—would have made little Mary North a model for Sir Joshua. No one ever passed, without admiring the child; but on no one did her beauty produce such an effect as on this unhappy lady. She could not pass;—she seemed to intend it, sometimes,—but always stopped, and returned to her old station near the cottage.

Her object was, evidently, Mary. At first, she tried to talk to Mrs. North—to Martha—to the little



ones that dabbled round the pond:—but the effort was, visibly, painful; and she soon desisted from it, content to hang over the little girl, or to sit on the grass at her side,—sometimes crying,—and sometimes with a heart-broken look, as if her tears were gone. The child's name, if accidentally pronounced, always occasioned a convulsive shuddering; and, one day, Mrs. North,—unable to resist the curiosity excited by these extraordinary proceedings,—said to her, “I fancy, ma'am, for so young as you look, that you must have had a little Mary of your own!”—“Once!” was the answer, with a burst of bitter grief, “once!”—“It's a sad affliction,” pursued Mrs. North, “to bury a baby,—especially the first. I lost mine, poor innocent! but I have thought, since, how much happier she is than my little Mary would be, if I was to die now, and leave her motherless in the wide world.”—“Oh, my Mary! my Mary! my child! my child!” cried the unhappy lady; and fell to the ground, in strong and obstinate convulsive fits.

She was conveyed home,—and came no more to the cottage by the wood side. In a few days, Beechgrove was again vacant, and she was gone,—leaving, for Mrs. North, a little green purse, containing eighteen guineas and some silver, and a small slip of paper, on which was written, “For your Mary, from a mother who *left* her child!”—Poor thing! poor thing! we have never heard of her since.



Mary North is now a rosy prattler,—the life and joy of her humble home,—the loveliest and gayest creature that ever lived. But, better than playing with her doll—better even than baseball, or sliding, or romping, does she like to creep, of an evening, to her father's knee, and look at the well hoarded purse,—(not a shilling has been taken out)—and gaze,—with a mysterious feeling of awe at her little heart—on the slip of uneven writing; and hear, for the hundredth time, the story of the poor lady who was so good to Mary, when she was a baby,—the beautiful lady of Beechgrove.

## STANZAS

*To her who best can understand them.*

BY THE LATE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

BE it so !—we part for ever !  
Let the past as nothing be :—  
Had I only *loved* thee, never  
Hadst thou been thus dear to me.

Had I loved, and thus been slighted,  
*That* I better could have borne :—  
Love is quelled—when unrequited—  
By the rising pulse of scorn.

Pride may cool what passion heated,  
Time will tame the wayward will ;—  
But the heart in friendship cheated  
Throbs with woe's most maddening thrill.

Had I loved—I now might hate thee,  
In that hatred solace seek,  
Might exult to execrate thee,  
And, in words, my vengeance wreak.

But there is a silent sorrow,  
Which can find no vent in speech,  
Which disdains relief to borrow  
From the heights that song can reach.

Like a clankless chain enthralling,—  
Like the sleepless dreams that mock,—  
Like the frigid ice-drops falling  
From the surf-surrounded rock ;—

Such the cold and sickening feeling  
Thou hast caused this heart to know,  
—Stabbed the deeper, by concealing,  
From the world, its bitter woe !

Once it fondly—proudly, deemed thee  
All that fancy's self could paint ;  
Once it honoured and esteemed thee,  
As its idol and its saint !

More than woman thou wast to me ;—  
Not as man I looked on thee ;—  
Why, like woman, then undo me !  
Why heap man's worst curse on me !

Wast thou but a fiend, assuming  
Friendship's smile and woman's art,  
And, in borrowed beauty blooming,  
Trifling with a trusting heart !



By that eye which once could glisten  
With opposing glance to me ;—  
By that ear which once could listen  
To each tale I told to thee ;—

By that lip, its smile bestowing,  
Which could soften sorrow's gush ;—  
By that cheek, once brightly glowing  
With pure friendship's well-feign'd blush ;—

By all those false charms united,—  
Thou hast wrought thy wanton will,  
And, without compunction, blighted  
What thou would'st not kindly kill !

Yet I curse thee not, in sadness,—  
Still I feel how dear thou wert ;  
Oh ! I could not—e'en in madness—  
Doom thee to thy just desert !

Live !—and, when *my* life is over,  
Should thine own be lengthened long,  
Thou may'st then, too late, discover,  
By thy feelings—all my wrong !

When thy beauties all are faded,—  
When thy flatterers fawn no more,—  
Ere the solemn shroud hath shaded  
Some regardless reptile's store,—

Ere that hour,—false syren, hear me!—  
Thou may'st feel what I do now,  
While my spirit, hovering near thee,  
Whispers friendship's broken vow!

But—'tis useless to upbraid thee  
With thy past or present state;—  
What thou *wast*—my fancy made thee!  
What thou *art*—I know *too late*!

## TO THE OWL.

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The following splendid lines were written in reference to a murder, whose details, somewhat disgustingly, occupied the public mind, two years ago. We regret that we are not at liberty to attach to them the name of the author.

---

OWL ! that lovest the boding sky !  
In the murky air,—  
What sawest thou there ?—  
For I heard, through the fog, thy screaming cry !  
“ The maple’s head  
Was glowing red,  
And red were the wings of the autumn sky ;  
But a redder gleam  
Rose from the stream  
That dabbled my feet, as I glided by !”



Owl! that lovest the stormy sky!

Speak, oh! speak!—

What crimsoned thy beak,  
And hung on the lids of thy staring eye?

“ ’Twas blood, ’twas blood!

And it rose like a flood,—

And for this I screamed, as I glided by!”

Owl! that lovest the midnight sky!

Again, again,

Where are the twain?

Look! while the moon is hurrying by!—

“ In the thicket’s shade

The one is laid;—

You may see, through the boughs, his moveless eye!”

Owl! that lovest the darkened sky!

A step beyond,

From the silent pond

There rose a low and a murmuring cry:—

“ On the water’s edge,

Through the trampled sedge,

A bubble burst, and gurgled by;

My eyes were dim,

But I looked from the brim,

And I saw, in the weeds, a dead man lie!”

Owl! that lovest the moonless sky!

Where the casements blaze

With the faggot’s rays,

Look! oh, look! what seeest thou there?  
Owl! what's this,  
That snort and hiss,  
And why do thy feathers shiver and stare?—  
“ 'Tis he! 'tis he!  
He sits 'mid the three,  
And a breathless woman is on the stair!”

Owl! that lovest the cloudy sky!  
Where clank the chains  
Through the prison panes,  
What there thou hearest tell to me?—  
“ In her midnight dream,  
'Tis a woman's scream,  
And she calls on one—on one of 'Three!’  
Look in once more,  
Through the grated door:—  
“ 'Tis a Soul that prays, in agony!”

Owl! that hatest the morning sky!  
On thy pinions gray,  
Away,—away!—  
I must pray, in charity,  
From midnight chime,  
To morning prime,—  
*Miserere, Domine!*





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## THE LAUGHING HORSEMAN.

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What a strange creature is a laughing fool !  
As if man were created to no use,  
But only to shew his teeth.

WEBSTER.

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“ WHERE was the body found ? ” said the parish clerk.

“ In the Deadman’s Clough,” replied the landlord,  
“ close under the roots of the big black elm.”

“ It is the strangest thing of the kind,”—said the clerk,

“ That has happened in England, in my time,”  
added the landlord.

There was a dead pause. No one else thought fit to join in the conversation of the two worthies, who were, in a manner, the secondary oracles of the parish. But the bystanders filled the yard of the Crow and Teapot, and peeped over each other’s shoulders, and under their arms, with a shuddering curiosity, to catch a glimpse of the corse. At times, a half-suppressed whisper would rise among the crowd; and, occasionally, a scuffle took place, as those behind pushed forward those in the front ranks,

who, as vehemently, resisted the suggestion. For, anxious as all were to see the mangled and hideous spectacle, none were willing to approach beyond a certain degree of appropinquity, seemingly marked out, by common consent, as the extremity of their advances.

“Lost for three weeks!” ejaculated the landlord, “and found in such a state!”

“Most unfit,” said the clerk, “for a Christian body, under an old tree; and might have lain time unknown, without bell or book;—what of his immortal soul!”

“True, true! and such a life as he led, drinking at home—never spent a penny at a public; and gambling abroad, and getting money, the Lord knows how, and, yet, never a farthing to a starving body.”

“Nor a penny in the poor’s box; but, as to that, he never came within ten graves’ length of a church door,” said the clerk.

“Never, since the day that we first heard of his winning three hundred guineas from Will Codicil, the rich lawyer’s son; and that was the first winning Gripe Gibbons ever made, one way or other,” added the host.

“Aye, but he made many a one after; never rattled a dice-box, or chucked a guinea, or dealt a card, but sure it was, great or small, the sweepings always came to one pocket,” said the landlord’s plump wife, who began to feel impatient at the long silence under which she had remained.



"Even so," replied the clerk: "it is to be prayed for, that he may not have lost more than he gained. It ever seemed strange to me, the run of luck he had. I never knew of a gambler that always won,—not one; saving, always, when it might be with the help, with the abetting of—of him—of one that's not to be named."

The insinuation, conveyed by these words, was not lost on the audiënce. Those who had been most eager in pressing forward towards the centre, now shrunk back a rank. The whole assembly presented a galaxy of faces, most unduly exaggerated in length; and looked at the speaker, as if eager to devour the words of strange import that fell from a man, who, according to his station, spake with authority.

"And I would fain know," continued the speaker, lowering his voice, and assuming a more mysterious tone, "I would fain know the meaning of that bauble that never left him when living, and hangs to his neck, now that he lies there, a mangled corse."

When the rising horror, which the sayings of the clerk had given birth to, had a little subsided, a woman, one of the bystanders, ventured to offer an answer to the implied query.

"I have heard Sukey Barnes, his old housekeeper, when she was well and hearty,—as blythesome an old woman as one would see on a summer's day,—say her belief, that it was a charm against Him that we know of, and that he prized it more than all his ill-gotten winnings; and often, after his riotings,

when those fearful fits came on him, he would grasp it with his clasped hands, and cry to it to save him: Morning and night, sleeping and waking, he had it on him; but why, or for what, a Christian soul should put such a faith in a senseless thing o' metal, *He* only knows."

An oracular "humph!" accompanied with a look from under the bent eyebrows of the clerk, betokened his deep consideration of Meg Symonds' account; which increased so much the terror of the crowd, (and crowds were not by far so enlightened in those times, as in our own,) that, although it was yet day-light, many a one looked, fearfully, over the left shoulder, and seemed only to wait an example to depart, with all possible speed, from the vicinity of the fearful thing. At length, the landlord revolved his circumference, and, leading the way with the clerk into the house, was followed by the whole assembly, man, woman, and child, emulously disputing the priority of entrance, and alike desirous of being the last to quit the yard in which lay the unfortunate object of their anxiety.

The approaching gloom of the evening was dispelled by the fire of larch faggots, that roared, and fumed, and flustered, in the huge chimney of the inn-kitchen, a cheering defiance to the chills of February. A capacious semicircle, widely expanding around this welcome point of attraction, was speedily formed; within which, divers round and square tables were laden with earthen jugs, brown as the



English barleycorn juice wherewith they were replete. As the contents of the measures diminished, the courage of the inmates waxed higher; and stories, dark and mysterious, were dealt out in lavish profusion. The atmosphere seemed infected with the contagion of the strange and the supernatural; no subject was broached but savoured of more than earthly interest: none listened to but what spake of the grave, and its fearful scenery, or the still more exciting theme of the delusions and machinations of the enemy of man. The old ran through the memory of their days, and the days of their fathers, to cull from the traditions of the murdered and the slayer. The swollen corpse of the water-fiend's victim—the black damning marks of the strangled—the rattling of the gibbet chains—and the noiseless step of the things that mortal eye may hardly look upon and live, were, by turns, presented to the thirsting and fevered imagination; whilst the young drank in, with greedy ears, the sleep-destroying histories, till not a soul in the room but was saturated with the dreadful topic that thrilled their blood, with the nervous excitement of an irresistible stimulant.

One of the company, in particular, was chained in attention to these narratives. The subject seemed, by a sort of enchantment or fascination, to enwrap his soul, and chain down every faculty; yet, to look a thim, no one would have selected him as an object likely to be affected, in any peculiar degree, by



supernatural terrors. He was a young man, apparently not more than five and twenty; his hale frame, and ruddy cheeks, indicated bodily health, as well as freedom from any burthensome excess of care; and he seemed well able to defend himself from such foes as might be overcome by dint of strength: but, under the influence of the fears which at present assailed, he became like Samson, weak, not indeed, 'as another man,' but chicken-hearted as a child. Never was man so translated by terror.

He of the timorous mind sat on a pedlar's box, which, at once, denoted his profession, and inclosed the chief of his worldly substance. Though not immoderate in its dimensions, it, on this occasion, carried double; for, squatted upon it, close by the owner, sat a favoured she, the faultless Phyllis of the perambulant Corydon, whose left arm half surrounded her reluctant waste, while the right in part supported its owner, as he leaned against the huge chimney-piece into whose comfortable vicinity he had drawn. It was a moot point, whether the occasional squeezes which the pedlar bestowed on the object of his affections, were, in fact, the designations of love or of fear; whether produced by an ebullition of tender feeling, or by a desire of being certified that he was in the immediate companionship of tangible creatures of flesh and blood—things of his own nature. And so he sat and listened, and listened and sat, till his blood curdled cold in his veins, and

his naturally curled locks began to assume an inclination to perpendicularity. Briefly, he was frightened to death, as near as a man might be.

Time passed on. It had grown quite dark—without a light you could not have seen your hand. Moon and stars were as effectually be-clouded, as if they had ceased to exist. The broad blaze flickered in the chimney, jollily, and gleamed on the little snug diamond window-panes, with infinite gaiety. The ghosts and goblins became familiar; and this, added to the cheery look of the apartment, with, here and there, glimpses anticipatory of the wherewith preparing for supper,—taking into consideration, too, the ennobling powers of the stout ale,—raised up the hearts of the wondering company. We must except, however, the pedlar; he, nerveless to shake away his fear, still clung to Cicely Simkins;—and peeping, now over his right, now over his left shoulder, quivered inwardly at his own shadow, as it rose and fell, with the waving of the flame.

The conversation was suddenly interrupted. A loud calling at the outer door of the inn betokened the traveller impatient to deliver his horse to the care of the ostler, and himself to the shelter of the house. The landlord was, extempore, on his legs; and, in a few moments, ushered in, with the customary phrases of hospitiary welcome, the new-comer.

The traveller, though a good-looking man in the main, had something odd about him,—so much so, that his appearance, for a time, put an end to the



converse, and a dead blank ensued. He gazed about him, carelessly ; marched, with great slinging steps, to the hearth ; and, rubbing his hands briskly over the flame, took the seat by the pedlar's Dulcinea, which the landlord had recently deserted, and called for a pint of usquebaugh.

Now, there was nothing strange in all this:—you or I, or any other traveller, on a cold night, and after a ride, it may be of thirty miles, would have done the same. Yet so it was, that the guests stared, first at each other, and then at the stranger, as if at a loss what to make of it. They looked at the traveller, and scrutinized, as if they would have seen through him,—which they certainly would, had he been transparent, or only *semi-opaque*. But his frame was too dense to admit of such researches ; and he lolled as he sat, and stretched his legs to the fire, and sipped his liquor, like a man of middle earth.

Stay !—We have given no account of his personal appearance ; which, as before hinted, was a little queer. He was a tall man, not corpulent, his legs degenerating to spindle ; but what they wanted in natural coatings, was made up by a prodigy of jack-boots, with huge spurs, that jingled and jaunted like a whole company of the tenth hussars. His coat and light pantaloons of a parson's grey, were worse for wear, and began to rustify. A prim small ruff betokened him of the old school, and accorded well with a steeple-crowned beaver, with superlative brims ; when laid aside, this disclosed a head of un-



combed grizzly hair, black as soot. His countenance was of a dark dingy hue, penetrating in expression; he had great beetle brows, and his eyes pierced into you, as if they shot needles. His age might be some fifty—fifty-five, perhaps. There was nothing more in his person worthy of note, except that his features, from time to time, were distorted with an intolerable inclination to laugh.

The landlord interrupted the gathering silence. “Master Thummins!” said he, “that was a good story you told us awhile ago: can nobody match it? Adzooks! that a can of good ale should pass away, without a song or a tale to bear company. Rob Saunders, man! tell us the tale of Old Bess Baudlin and the Evil One. There’s many a one, here, has never heard it; and it’s a good tale, well worth the listening.”

“Aye, what was that?” said the stranger, joining in the conversation, “what was that tale, landlord?”

“A tale, sir!—and, as I said, a good tale—of an old woman that cheated the—the—”

“The Devil, you mean to say,” said the traveller.

“The very same,” said the landlord.

“Do you know any thing of this tale?” said the traveller, suddenly turning round, and addressing himself to the pedlar, who was almost struck dumb at this unexpected address; but he recovered himself, and made answer,—

“An’ please you, sir! I know nothing at all about it—a thing wholly out of my line of business; but I

think, may it please you, that he must be a long-headed lad that cheats the Devil."

"Or a pedlar," answered the other, drily; "both of them hard to deal with, as I am informed."

There was something irresistibly comical in the stranger's manner, though not in his words. He looked around the apartment, and no one could withstand it. Even the gravity of the parish-clerk gave way. An universal laughter pervaded; and yet there were many who, though unable to resist the impulse, felt the laughter was strange and fearful. Amid the hubbub, the stranger himself, rising from his seat, and sticking his hands in his pockets, burst into a peal of merriment that immediately silenced the rest. So loud, so long, so prodigious a laugh was never before heard in a mortal change-house. The very rafters trembled, and the soot fell down the chimney, out of sheer amazement.

When the paroxysm was past, the stranger walked out into the yard. Clink—clink—clink—his huge spurs sounded as he went, and every jingle went to the hearts of the hearers, and, at each, their visages grew paler. The stout-hearted landlord quavered, the parish-clerk was dumb-founded with consternation. What was strange, the faint pedlar seemed the least affected by the stranger's appearance and demeanour. When the traveller shut the door upon the company, they respired more easily; but they recovered courage only to disperse, and, in two minutes, every guest but the clerk and the pedlar



were gone. They stood their ground, with the landlord, in the spacious kitchen. The cook, barmaid, waiter, and scullion had all disappeared, in the person of a stout lass, Nancy Swindells by name; and, with her, had vanished the host's niece and pedlar's mistress, Cicely Simkins.

"This will never do," said the landlord;—"to have my customers laughed away, in such a style, is no joke; and who ever heard such a roaring hyena!"

"The bells of ten parish-churches could not, I opine, have clanged out such a rattling," said the clerk.

"And such a strange looking man, too! One must take all customers, and be thankful, Mr. Passover! but, to my thinking, I never saw such an outlandish man in my days. I should not be very extremely astonished if he be a Papist, for no good Protestant ever indulged, as I may say, in such a merriment; and then his raiment, Mr. Passover! was hardly the comely dress of a Christian man. For myself, on a holiday,—when one can rest, in a manner, from the cares and labors of the world, and appear in a decent attire, something better than ordinary,—I, mainly, wear a coat of good blue, of a respectable cut, with bright buttons, that corresponds gaily with my best red flush waistcoat, and other things conformable, which—"

Longer had he spoken, had not Giles Passover gently laid his hand upon the open mouth.

"With submission, Master Simkins! I doubt whether a dress similar to the one you describe, and



which, as my eyes can testify, becomes you well, would sit gaily upon the merry gentleman, your guest. I doubt, too, whether this—you are a man of discretion, Mr. Simkins!—I doubt whether he be a Papist.”

He assumed, as he spoke, the attitude of doubt, his fore-finger dubiously keeping time to his words; then, drawing the landlord still closer to him, he hemmed, looked round suspiciously, and gasping thrice, as if to take his breath, ejaculated to the host's ear, in a hurried and fearful whisper, “I doubt, sir!—I doubt he's something worse.” He had no sooner spoken, than he fell extended upon the floor, senseless and motionless, to the astonishment of his companions; who, ignorant of the cause of this sudden prostration, were like to follow, involuntarily, the example thus set them,—so great were the fears to which it gave birth; for none, save the clerk, had seen the cold shining eyes which, through the window that adjoined the yard, had glared upon him as he spoke, with a concentration of malice and sneering triumph, too fearful for the endurance of mortality.

On recovering from his fit, the clerk staid no longer question, but ran for his life, leaving, behind him, his hat and mull; he even forgot his ivory-headed cane,—a companion whose society he was never before known to quit, no, not since he was elected clerk to the parish-church of Crowdundle.

“What can be the matter with Mr. Passover?”

said the pedlar, when, after sundry fruitless efforts, he, at length, regained the faculty of speech.

"The Lord of Heaven only knows," replied the bewildered man of liquors; "I think the house is bewitched, and all that's in it: Another such a stir, and my wits are clean gone. Jack!" continued he, addressing himself to the ostler, who, at that moment, entered from the yard, "have ye seen ought of the gentleman?"

"What he in the queer hat and boots? Sure I have."

"Where—where is he?" inquired the host and the pedlar, in one breath.

"I left him in the yard, staring at old Gibbons, yonder, by the light of the stable lamp. Every man to his taste! say I; or else, it's a queer amusement to be gaping at a dead body, at this time o' night, by the light o' a stable-lamp. Indeed, you mun know, master! that when he first came in,—for I was cleaning his worship's horse"—

"What!—oh, aye, I remember now, he came o' horseback; but what sort of cattle may it be? more bones than beauty, I'll warrant."

"Never saw, never will see again, such a piece of flesh: the bravest black ever wore a tail, and a swinging one he has. Stands eighteen hands if an inch; such flanks—such joints—such eyes! but, as I was saying, in comes my gentleman, as I was combing his horse. Now, d'ye see, my mind misgave me; for, seeing such a codger come in, and a



dead man lying, may be, some ten yards off, and a dark night too, and no light but a farthing rush 'in a horn lanthorn, my heart jumped into my mouth, in a moment; but, howsomever, I put a bold face on the thing;—I were woundily frightened though; and so, says I, 'Good night to you, friend.'—'Good night,' says he. My God! such a voice; it was like—it was like—let me see: splice me if I know what it were like! but it made me drop my comb, and turn round with a flisker. 'Take care of my horse, my lad!' quoth he. '*Your* horse,' says I to myself; 'you're a rum customer, too:—carry that tale a step farther, my dear!' By the holy! he might have heard every word I had thought; for he cocks up his glim at me,—such a blinker!—I shook, like a leaf in a March wind, and kept my tongue safe from that time. So, he takes no more notice, but marches up to the corpse, as it was lying there, on Tim Shunter's old barn door, that they pulled down to carry it on. And I looked slily, with half an eye, —for I didn't care that he should spy me noting him,—and, as I live, he was grinning and laughing to himself, like, and snuffing up the air; though one would think he might have found somewhat more pleasing to his eyes and his nose."

Further communication was prevented, by the entry of the object of the discourse; who requested to be shewn to his lodging for the night. With great internal reluctance, the landlord complied. The stranger courteously bade the pedlar a good night,



and departed, without removing his boots, the clank of which rang in the ears of every inmate of the dwelling. The landlord returned, looked at his doors, and retired to rest. The pedlar crept, with hesitation and doubt, to his chamber, and the ostler withdrew to his den.

It was long ere the pedlar slept; and then, his dreams were troublous and strange. He awoke again, and lay tossing on his hard couch,—his thoughts full of the stranger horseman and his marvellous laugh. Though the stranger had shewn himself more complaisant to him than to the rest, and this had, in some degree, emboldened him, yet, to divest himself of fear was impossible. He lay long, panting and wishing for the morning light, to deliver him from the horrors that assailed him, till at length, a doubtful lethargy stole over his senses.

He had lain thus—to his conception the time appeared infinite—when a sudden sound seemed to drop upon his ear, and he shivered, as he recognized in it the creak of the stranger's boot, and the clank of his spur, suppressed, as if by the cautious and stealthy step of the owner: he shrunk under the bedclothes—he listened—the step approached—his nightcap, perforce, abandoned his head—he felt, he *knew* that the stranger was in his room! Every nerve was unhinged; a cold sweat burst from him; the bed shook audibly under his tremblings; all was silent, till a voice, which the pedlar's fears instantly

acknowledged, called him by his name, "Peter Tapeyard, shew thy face, man!"

The miserable pedlar, thus invoked, raised his countenance above the bed-linen, and beheld, gazing upon him, the traveller, attired as before. There was the same complacence in his looks that had before been manifested in his demeanour towards the man of goods; but, when the latter essaying to speak, ejaculated, "For the love of God!"—his exordium was cut short, by the stranger's altered look; the hue of his face deepened almost to blackness, and his brows contracted hideously, over eyes that suddenly gleamed like plates of fire, with a cold and shining light. The pedlar's faculties were suspended, until the voice of his visitor, jarring on his ear, recalled him from his trance of horror.

"Peter Tapeyard! listen to me,—to thy friend: thou art poor as the poorest of thy trade. Is it not so?"

A deep groan, from the pedlar, announced a woful affirmative.

"Yes, thou art poor: I know thee well, though thou knowest not me, Peter! and—but look up, man! and fear not."

The pedlar obeyed. The fearfulness of the traveller's aspect had passed away.

"Thou would'st wed Mistress Simkins, the landlord's niece. Thou need'st not say aye; thy looks speak for thee, and the girl would have thee."



"Surely she would," replied the pedlar, "if—"

"If, thou would'st say, thou wert richer. The landlord is a prudent man, and will not trust his chicken to a cold nest. Now, what would'st thou do to get thee wherewith to obtain the damsel?"

"I would,—" exclaimed the pedlar, then stopped abruptly; for all the stories he had recently heard of the Evil One and his dealings, rushed upon his mind, and he shuddered at the thought of consigning his soul to perdition, even for Cicely Simkins. The stranger laughed his intolerable laugh. "Fear not, man! thy soul is safe; what have I to do with thy soul? or who would barter the cast of a bent sixpence for a pedlar's soul,—worn threadbare, too, like thine? But time is short. Listen then; there is hung round the neck of yonder dead fool, a box of gold."

"Of gold!" exclaimed the pedlar: "it seemed but as mouldy brass."

"Peace, man!" said the other. "I tell thee it is gold; though, to the clowns that thronged hither, it seemed the base thing thou speakest,—else, their reverence for the dead had not held out so long. I wish the gold had been coined into red guineas, such as thou mayest turn them to, if wise. Hesitate not:—they call it a charm, to keep away him they call the Evil One. Asses! to think a metal box can guard against his power! Remove the box—take it to the goldsmith of the next town—sell it him—marry



Cicely Simkins—thrive, and be happy!—What sayest thou?”

The temptations hung out dazzled the pedlar's mind. He might acquire his Cicely—he need no longer tramp about, with the huge box hanging on his back—he might settle in a snug cottage—he might even, in due season, succeed to Cicely's uncle, in the lucrative supremacy of the Crow and Teapot. And then, where was the harm of taking from the dead what could so well avail the living! besides, here was no contract, supposing his unknown adviser the being he was suspected; there was no agreement to give that gentleman the least controul over the natural or spiritual man of Peter Tapeyard. Why, then, should he delay in taking the benefit of the mode pointed out to him of so easily making his fortune?

“Worthy sir!” said he, “I will gladly, and with many thanks, accept your kind offer; as soon as daylight”—

“I know what thou would'st say,” interrupted the other, “but it may not be. Daylight will bring hither the coroner, and the quacks of the law, and where then will be thy opportunity? The cock must not crow before thy prize is won: hasten, then, for the morning is coming;—report to me at the breakfast board thy success. Up, then, and be active!—the dead tell no tales.”

He seized, as he concluded, the arm of the pedlar,

as if with the purpose of enforcing his recommendation of a speedy completion of the undertaking. A cry of horror burst from the tortured and terrified man of wares, as he sprung from his trance, awakened by the burning grasp of the stranger. He opened his eyes, and, looking around, found himself alone. The pain that had so acutely pierced him was vanished. He arose from his bed, and looked from the narrow casement :—the moon was up, and shining broadly and brilliantly. He looked into the yard—he gazed at the door of the stable, in an outer part of which lay the corpse. Should he descend or not?—Was his dream a mere phantom of a disturbed imagination, or an actual indication of a speedy way to the acquisition of wealth? He wavered—turned towards his bed,—when, in so doing, his eye fell upon the sleeve of his shirt. It was burnt, as if a band of glowing iron had surrounded it; and, on his arm, was scorched the visible impress of a man's hand. Here was a sufficing proof of the reality of the visit with which he had been favoured.

He descended the stairs softly and fearfully, casting about him many a wistful look. Often did he stop to tremble and to doubt, as the wind whistling through some crevice, or the cough of a sleeper, arrested his attention. Once, he thought some one passed him;—a cold sweat testified his terrors. More than once, his flesh quivered like a jelly; for he thought he saw glaring on him, through the darkness, the cold blood-chilling light of eyes not mortal.



He gained the yard—he approached the stable-door; he would have lingered, but could not—suspense was worse than all his fears could fashion. He rushed in—he stood by the dead—seized the box that hung suspended to the neck of the deceased. Ere he could remove it, the cock sounded his triumphing note.—The traveller's steed, at the moment, neighed loud and shrill! The pedlar snatched away his prize, and darted, in an agony of terror, from the spot. He thought the stranger passed him, as he went, dark and frowning;—and his eyes!—at last, he regained his chamber.

Early in the morning, as the stranger had predicted, came the officers of the law, to hold an inquest over the body of Gripe Gibbons, Esq. Nothing satisfactory was elicited, as to the manner of his death; the verdict of 'accidental death' was returned, and preparations had been made for interring the deceased in the afternoon.

The stranger appeared not at breakfast; nor had any one seen him since the preceding evening,—the pedlar excepted, who had reasons for not being communicative on the subject. Many were the debates occasioned by the traveller's absence; nor was the disappearance of the amulet overlooked, which all connected with the strange guest. All who had been terrified on the preceding evening, resorted to the inn to satisfy their curiosity, bringing with them multitudes of others, who knew, by hearsay only, what had happened; so that, if the landlord had pro-



fited little by Gripe Gibbons, Esq. in his life-time, that gentleman proved a source of considerable emolument to him, when dead.

The parish-clerk, too, called in, on his way to church,—a double degree of mysterious importance in his demeanour, from the events of the preceding night. He spoke little—doubted not the Evil One was looking after the soul of the dead—and intimated the propriety of a watch being kept, that night, in the church-yard. As usual on such occasions, his advice was much approved, but not followed; for no one cared to put himself in peril, for the sake of Mr. Gibbons' soul.

The only known relative of the deceased, the successor to all his wealth, attended as mourner, in the ceremony of interment, which was performed without parade. The church was not more than a stone's throw from the house; but, from some reason, the bearers thought proper to take a circuitous route, running by the Deadman's Clough, the place where the body had been discovered. They paused a moment, as they arrived there. It was a dismal spot—a dark dreary hollow, whose rugged sides were thick with brambles and wild shrubs. It was filled with vapours, and the rank vegetation that grew there was wet with pestilent dews. A solitary elm, whose black and leafless arms were flung around with a spectrous wildness, grew near the bottom of the abyss. It was under the half-covered roots of this tree, that a truant lad had been frightened, nigh out

of his senses, by discovering the body of the defunct ; which, preserved by an intense frost, was, at the end of three weeks' exposure, yet recognizable. All gazed, with fearful interest,—but most the pedlar, who sprung back with horror ; for, through the gloom which filled the place, it seemed to him that he discerned, fixed upon him, the glaring eyes whose cold light he too well remembered. They proceeded, and the funeral was duly solemnized.

The pedlar seized the first opportunity, as they returned, of escaping from the company ; he was impatient to realize his golden dreams, and obtain a remuneration for the sore squeeze the stranger had given him. The money arising from the sale of the golden box, he conceived, would furnish a pleasing salve for the scorched arm ; so, he trudged off with more than usual celerity.

The company, meanwhile, adjourned to the Crow and Teapot ; and the spacious kitchen was, again, crowded with the guests who, the preceding night, had been scattered away in dismay. Again, the ale flowed—again, the subject of the unknown visitor was resumed, and sundry ingenious conjectures published, as to his identity with the arch foe of man. The black horse came in for a share of the conversation ; and the visitors thronged to behold the stud of the very Satan. They marvelled at his prodigious size, and seeming strength ; and found, in his appearance, numberless circumstances denoting his infernal origin. Their curiosity satisfied, they slunk



back to their ale; and, as a huge fire blazed in the grate, grew snug, and determined to make a night of it.

The pedlar's absence was not unnoticed; but the more immediate and momentous subject of their disquisitions was of a nature too exclusively engrossing to admit of participation with another topic; and Peter Tapeyard's absence was speedily forgotten by all,—save only the fair Miss Simkins, who, as she busied about, cast many a glance around, to ascertain if the truant swain had not yet appeared.

There is an easy, comfortable coziness in an inn—especially if a country one—and prevailing mostly in the kitchen, towards evening, that mellows the temperament of a guest into a pleasing and indifferent indolence. There is a freedom from all controul—a lolling leg-stretching liberty, that comes sweetly, as the dimness of the latter winter grows into darkness, and the chill descending frost gives zest to the ruddy blaze of a roasting fire. There, between cup and lip, there is no slip—no balk—no hindrance of the passive luxury. There time ambles withal; and the measured tick of the family clock comes, with a friendly and home-breathing voice, to the ear. Should the cold wind whistle without, with what added delight does the guest cherish his palms, and edge still more encroachingly on the hearth! Or, if one of a circle, how rejoices he in the kindly fellowship and participation in the good things within his power! How gaily rises the song—how freely the



laugh! How briskly the mantling cup pours forth its contents, lending light to the eye, and smiles to the lip! The guests of the Crow and Teapot were of a class peculiarly fitted to enjoy the pleasing delirium of the spot,—men whose enjoyments were all social, and qualified, neither by nature or education, for refined pleasures. So, they ate, and drank, and rejoiced, jollily; and were, indeed, in the very riot of their felicity, when the door opened, and the pedlar, with starting eyes, pale cheeks, perpendicular hair, and quivering frame, fell flat on the ground, exclaiming, with a voice that was almost a shriek of terror, “Brass, and not gold!”

When raised and interrogated, no answer could be obtained from him but an iteration of those words; nor, from that hour to his dying day, could any explanation be got from him of the cause which had so bereaved him of his faculties. It is probable, from the short sentence he uttered, that the box purloined from the dead was, in truth, of base material; and the representations held out by the stranger designed only to answer some private end of his own, in the removal of the amulet. The further cause of the pedlar's violent agitation we presume not to guess at; nor does history afford any, the remotest, light on the subject. However this may be, a strong impression remained on the minds of the spectators that all was not right with Peter Tapeyard;—one consequence of which was, that, in the course of the following month, Miss Simkins re-

signed her hand and name to a substantial and God-fearing dealer in small wares, in the neighbouring town of Crowdundle.

That night, the landlord and parish-clerk determined to watch in the chamber of the former, which commanded a prospect of the church-yard. The stranger had not, yet, made his appearance; the black steed, much to the host's annoyance, remained in his stable, unclaimed. They sat patiently: at last, they started, for both heard a noise, seemingly proceeding from the stable. They were, yet, undetermined whether to descend the stairs or not, when the hollow tramp of the horse was heard, under the window; and, looking forth, they beheld the stranger, leading his steed in the direction of the church-yard! It was a bright, beamy, moonlight night; and the figures of the horse and his leader seemed doubly dark and black, as they intercepted the beams. Arrived at the church-yard, the stranger abandoned his horse, and entered the place where the grave-stones were shining in the light.

The gazers were cold with terror.

"There, there!" said the landlord, "he's at the grave! listen, hear him calling the dead!" And they listened, and fancied they heard the summons that was to break the bonds of death.

"See, see!" said the clerk, "the ground is moving, like the burrow of a mouldy warp! He's there!—he's there! Gripe Gibbons himself! Fire, man!—fire the blunderbuss!"

Absurd as this suggestion was, the landlord instantly complied. The echo was followed by the deep, high, unnatural laughter of the stranger; but the recoil of the weapon prostrated both the host and his companion, with a violence that left them, for a moment, senseless. The thunder-beat of the strong black horse aroused them—they rushed to the casement:—far away, the horse sprung over hill and hollow, under a double burthen!

“Gripe Gibbons has paid his reckoning this night!” said the clerk, at length.

“I wish,” said the landlord, after a pause, “the other had done so, too.”—For, the horseman had forgotten to discharge his shot.



TO THE PICTURE OF A DEAD GIRL,  
ON FIRST SEEING IT.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

THE same—and oh, how beautiful!—the same  
As memory meets thee through the mist of years!—  
Love's roses on thy cheek, and feeling's flame  
Lighting an eye unchanged in all—but tears!  
Upon thy severed lips the very smile  
Remembered well, the sunlight of my youth;  
But gone the shadow that would steal, the while,  
To mar its brightness, and to mock its truth!—  
Once more I see thee, as I saw thee last,  
The lost restored,—the vision of the past!

How like to what thou wert—and art not now!  
Yet oh, how more resembling what thou art!  
There dwells no cloud upon that pictured brow,  
As sorrow sits no longer in thy heart;  
Gone where its very wishes are at rest,  
And all its throbbings hushed, and achings healed;—  
I gaze, till half I deem thee to my breast,  
In thine immortal loveliness, revealed,

And see thee, as in some permitted dream,  
There where thou *art* what here thou dost but *seem* !

I loved thee passing well ;—thou wert a beam  
Of pleasant beauty on this stormy sea,  
With just so much of mirth as might redeem  
Man from the musings of his misery ;  
Yet ever pensive,—like a thing from home !  
Lovely and lonely as a single star !  
But kind and true to me, as thou hadst come  
From thine own element—so very far,  
Only to be a cynosure to eyes  
Now sickening at the sunshine of the skies !

It were a crime to weep !—'tis none to kneel,  
As now I kneel, before this type of thee,  
And worship her, who taught my soul to feel  
Such worship is no vain idolatry :—  
Thou wert my spirit's spirit—and thou *art*,  
Though this be all of thee time hath not reft,  
Save the old thoughts that hang about the heart,  
Like withered leaves that many storms have left ;  
I turn from living looks—the cold, the dull,  
To any trace of thee—the lost, the beautiful !

Broken, and bowed, and wasted with regret,  
I gaze, and weep—why *do* I weep alone !  
I would not—would not, if I could—forget,  
But I am *all* remembrance—it hath grown  
My very being !—Will she never speak ?  
The lips are parted, and the braided hair

Seems as it waved upon her brightening cheek,  
And smile, and every thing—but breath—are there !  
Oh, for the voice that I have stayed to hear,  
—Only in dreams,—so many a lonely year !

It will not be ;—away, bright cheat, away !  
Cold, far too cold to love !—thy look grows strange ;  
I want the thousand thoughts that used to play,  
Like lights and shadowings, in chequered change :  
That smile !—I *know* thou art not like her, now,—  
Within her land—where'er it be—of light,  
She smiles not while a cloud is on my brow :—  
When will it pass away—this heavy night !  
Oh ! will the cool, clear morning never come,  
And light me to her, in her spirit's home !



## ROSAMUND GRAY.

A FRAGMENT.

BY BARRY CORNWALL, ESQ.

Hers is a tale  
Of dark pollution. Once—upon her cheek,  
The story lived; and you might plainly read  
The burning characters: shrinking shame was there—  
Beseeching looks—painful humility;—  
And from her face was gone—hope; (save when she  
Glanced, in petitioning beauty, to the skies,  
Seeking relief or pardon.) But she died;  
And one still lives, to whom the tale was death—  
Death for a time,—for the soul's light was dimmed,  
And nothing but this visible clay remained,  
A dull, base relic of mortality,  
Defrauded of its brightness:—he hath risen  
To life again, but in his frame are sown  
The seeds of quick decay.—Another lives,  
Self-exiled and abhorred—shut out from heaven,  
Beneath whose thousand starry eyes, the deed  
Was perpetrated:—*he* wanders here and there  
In pain and peril; and guilt—murderous guilt  
Hath stamped that burning mark upon his front,  
Which whoso wears is blasted!—I have told  
The tale confusedly; but, in truth, I meant  
But to describe poor Rosamund.

## SAPPHICS FROM CASIMIR SARBIEVIUS.

BOOK IV. ODE XVIII.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN BOWRING, ESQ.

*Siderum sacros imitata vultus.*

ROSE of the morning ! in thy glowing beauty,  
Bright as the stars—and delicate, and lovely,—  
Lift up thy head above thine earthly dwelling,  
Daughter of heaven !

Wake ! for the watery clouds are all dispersing ;  
Zephyr invites thee ;—frosts and snows of winter  
All are departed, and Favonian breezes  
Welcome thee, smiling.

Rise in thy beauty ! Wilt thou form a garland  
Round the fair brow of some beloved maiden ?  
Pure though she be, no brow unconsecrated,  
Floweret ! may wear thee.

Thou should'st be wreathed in coronal immortal,  
Thou should'st be flung upon a shrine eternal,  
Thou should'st be twined among the golden ringlets  
Of the pure Virgin !

## ODE TO THE TURTLE.

*From the Spanish of Francisco de la Torre.*

### 1.

SAD widowed dove! who, mourning thy past ease  
And present pain, mak'st hoarse the shady wood,  
And sooth'st thy melancholy soul with these  
Sweet sorrowing dirges o'er departed good!  
If thou (slight comfort to a grief so deep!)  
Wilt to the piteous plaints and tuneful tears  
Of one whom slighted love compels to weep,  
Incline thy gentle ears,  
Each may, perhaps, derive relief benign—  
I from thy sympathy, and thou from mine.

### 2.

The rigorous hand that separates, sharp and keen,  
My soul, as well as thine, from comfort, goes  
Filled with victorious spoils and garlands green;  
The wood, the stream, the conscious mountain knows  
That it is tired with gathering, one by one,  
The glorious flowers of my rejoicing morn;  
O, they were transient—nupt as soon as born:—  
Enough, the mischief's done!  
I would not look upon a heaven o'errun



With turbid clouds, that shewed divinely blue  
In my more prosperous hours ; they charmed, 'tis true,  
But since their charm is gone, with them, too, go  
The sad remembrance and the plaint of woe.

## 3.

It seems thou listenest as I sing—that I  
Tell thee thy secret grief—that those hoarse tones  
Are meant for him whose words accompany  
Thy sorrows ; to the grieving heart that groans  
To be relieved of its tormenting throes,  
The more empassioned its emotion grows,  
Its fruit the sweeter to the taste appears,  
Till the full soul of sorrow overflows,  
And bathes the eyes with its eternal tears ;—  
Tears, that assuage, with their reviving rain,  
The body's sickness and the spirit's pain.

## 4.

Hast thou not melted, with thy soft laments,  
In solitary fields and woods, the skies—  
Men, and fierce brutes ? the gracious Elements,  
Hours, and sweet Seasons mourn thy doom, with sighs  
And endless tears commended to the wind ;  
Are not thy pleaded sentiments so sad,  
Sweet, and pathetic, as to move the unkind,  
Win the hard-hearted, and subdue the bad,  
That thou dost make what were but wild before,  
Cruel to us, but to thyself much more ?  
What hast thou done, unhappy ! that distress  
And fear, for ever, on thy footsteps press ?

## 5.

To him who sees thee on the lonely hill,  
Mournful and mute, and flying high in air,  
The woods abandoned to the foes that still  
Lead thee a life of suffering, pain, and care,  
(A sign of dreadful omen,) still thine eyes  
Seem clouded by the mists of pale despair!—  
Mists raised by death, and by the shades of all  
Thy summer pleasures, past beyond recal;  
Weep, mourner! weep, till twilight shade the skies,  
Till night shall wane, and fresh Aurora rise!

## 6.

Weep, mourner! weep, when earth is filled with joy,  
And the rich sun renews his glorious rays;  
When his fair sister, to the shepherd boy  
Chiding her slowness, shows her lovely face;  
With murmuring bill, too, to the night-stars tell  
Thy sorrowful laments and fond alarms;  
They have loved tenderly, have mourned as well  
Their glory stained, and suffered mortal harms;\*  
Fear not that heaven will hide, in midnight dim,  
The tuneful tear and melancholy hymn.

## 7.

Where dost thou go to, dear unhappy bird!  
Where canst thou be more melancholy? speak!  
Hast thou not sympathy with every word  
Of my lorn dirge; or dost thou see *me* seek

---

\* Alluding, most probably, to the Metamorphoses of the Greek Mythology.

A change of life, in flight from the decree  
Which persecutes us both so much? behold  
What pains I take to be  
Like a pursuing sorrow; fold, then, fold  
Thy wings, and seek my sad society;  
Do not despise my mournfulness, as less  
A weary sickness than thine own distress;  
Only persuade thyself, and thou shalt live  
On the sweet grief I still have power to give.

## 8.

Fly'st thou away at last? and to the last  
Go'st grieving! heaven defend thee, and increase  
The eternal grief and loneliness thou hast!  
Even where thou wilt, dear pilgrim of the wood!  
Bear thy perpetual cooing, unpursued;  
And when blue heaven speaks peace,  
And seals thy weary eyes, may Philomel  
Warble thy funeral knell!  
She owes thee this, she whom thy tuneful tongue  
While'er consoled for her lamented young,  
When the fierce hawk, flown forth on evil quest,  
With murderous beak profaned her dulcet nest.

## 9.

Ode! on the bark of this so lonely oak,  
Stript of green leaves, live green; and green remain,  
O ye, dark ivies! for stern Fate, whose stroke  
Stript me of bliss, my lonely heart hath broke,  
And given it me—memorial of my pain!

W.



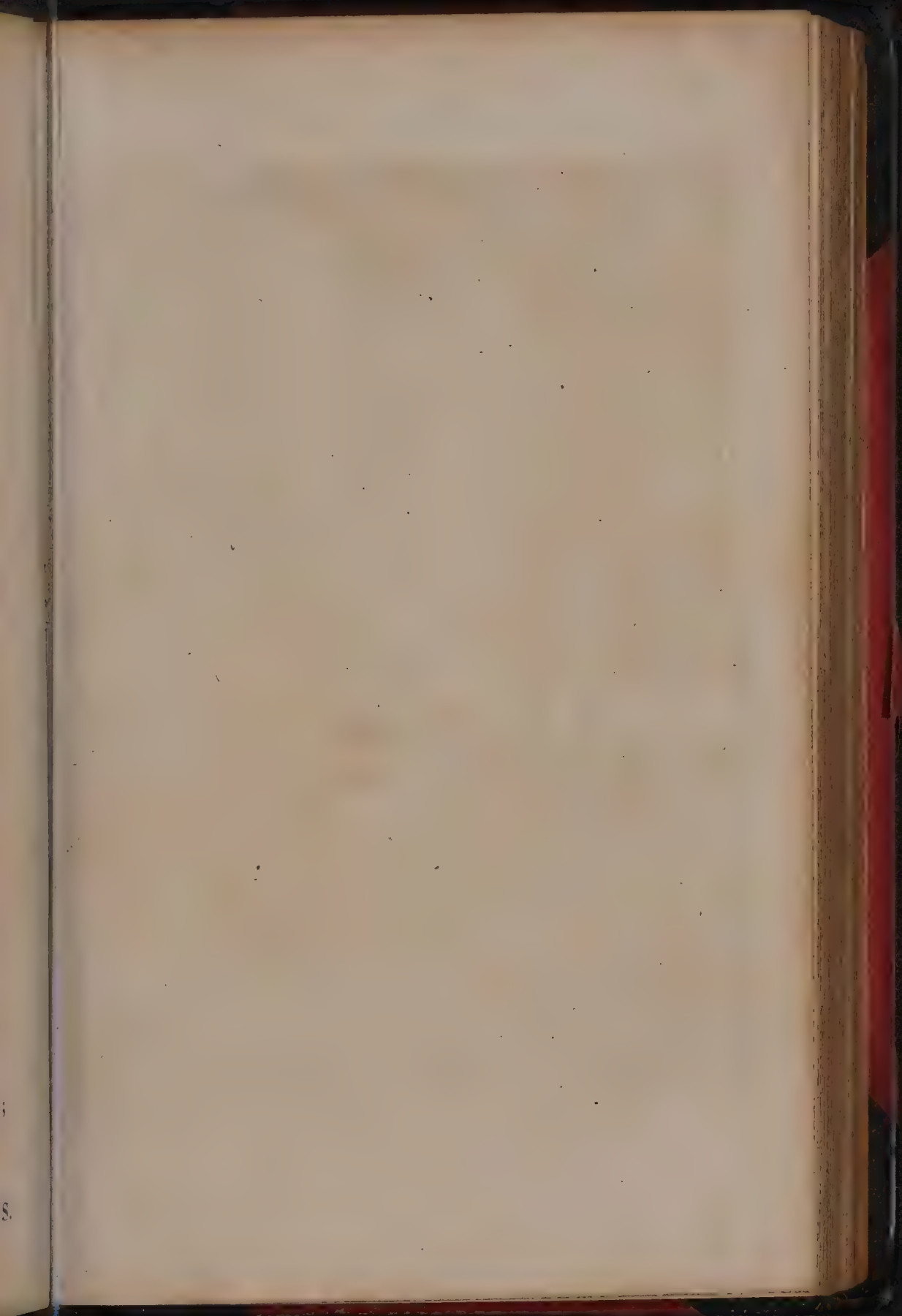
## FROM THE ITALIAN.

THE sun was burning in his noon,  
The breeze along the hills was dying,  
The shepherd's flute had ceased its tune,  
The sheep beneath the boughs were lying ;  
The whole wide world seemed sunk in sleep,  
The day my eyes was fast forsaking,  
Then slumber came—delicious, deep—  
An hour well worth an age of waking.

Anon, I heard an infant's tread,—  
The flowers blushed deeper, at his coming,  
The air a richer odour shed,  
The bees a sweeter song were humming ;  
He stood before me,—bow and wing,  
Blue eyes, red lips that shamed the roses ;  
“ Behold,” said he, “ the bosom's king !  
Who looks on me, no more reposes.

But if you want to take your sleep,”  
(He tried, in vain, a laugh to smother,)  
“ And smile as little as I weep,  
I'll introduce you to my brother.”  
He stamped the ground ; a little knave,  
Wrinkled and chained, the path was treading ;  
“ Here, Hymen ! Cupid scorns this slave,  
Go, keep him for your gayest wedding.”

R. S.





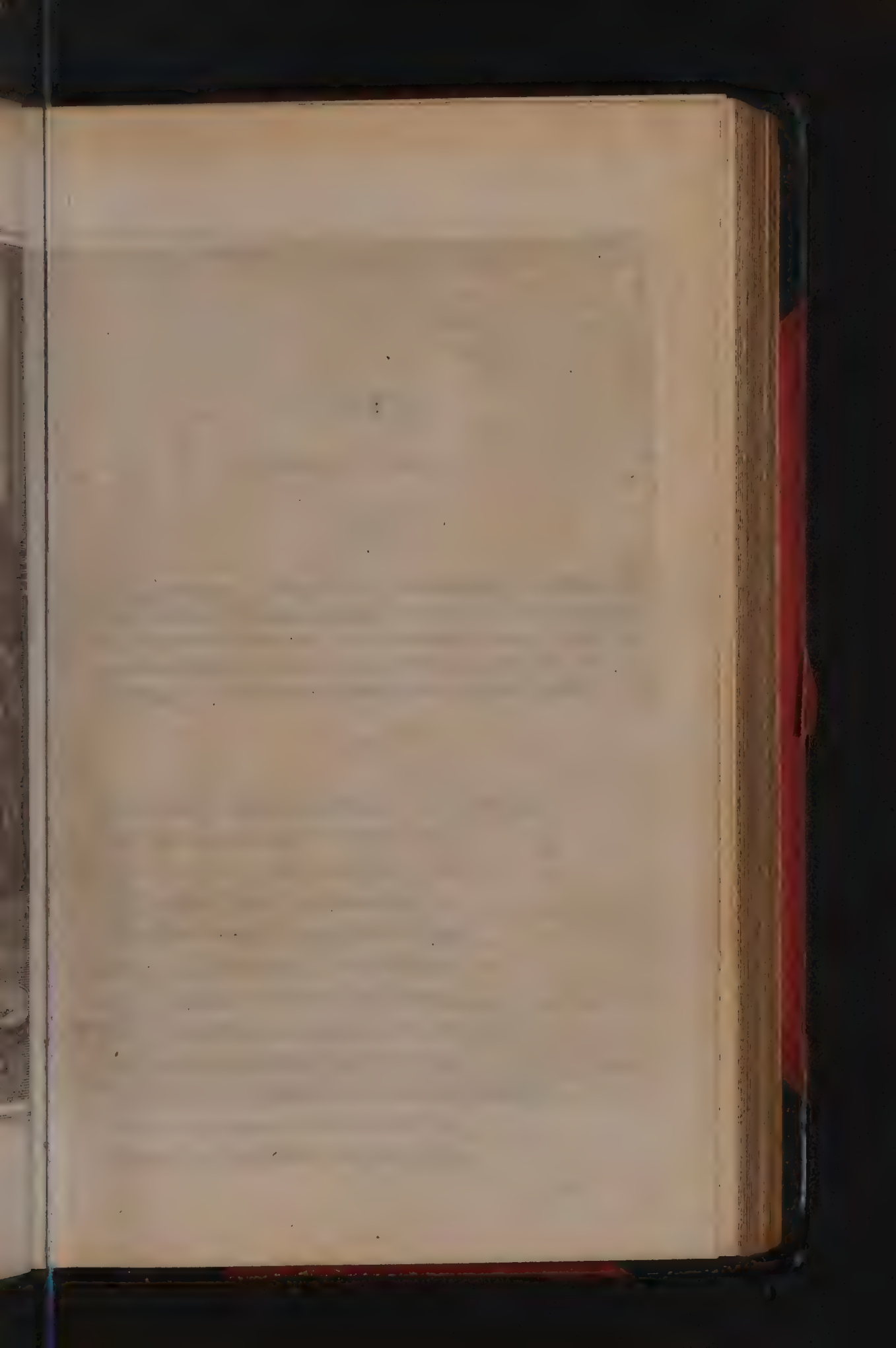


EMignard pinx.

W. Fry sculp.

ST. CECILIA.





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## ST. CECILIA.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

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St. Cecilia was a beautiful and accomplished young Roman lady, in the third century, whose music is said to have drawn down a heavenly visitant. Her lover was a heretic, whose conversion, after long and unsuccessful efforts on her part, was effected,—by the assistance of the angel, in one of his visits.

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HER hair streams backward,—like a cloud  
Before the sun-light of her eyes,  
That seem to pierce the fleecy shroud  
Of the far, blue, Italian skies!—  
Her hands amid the golden strings  
Play,—like a spirit's wanderings;  
Still making music as they stray,  
And scattering incense on their way!—  
And softest harpings float around,  
That make the chamber hallowed ground;  
Till every breeze that wanders by  
Seems holy with the maiden's sigh,



And seraph-forms come stealing down  
To hear a music like their own !

Her robe is of the same pure white,  
Whose silver skirts yon azure sky ;—  
Her form is like a form of light,—  
But all the woman dims her eye  
With tears that dare to look to heaven,  
And griefs that mount—and are forgiven !—  
Deep in her warm and holy heart,  
Are thoughts that play a mortal part,  
And her young worship wafts above  
The breathings of an *earthly* love !

Of *earth*—yet not a love that flings  
One clog upon her spirit's wings ;  
Or, like a shadow, dimly lies  
Upon her pure heart's sacrifice !  
—The lark may—like that spirit—play  
In the blue heavens, the livelong day,  
And He who gave that sunny thing  
A mounting—yet a wearying—wing,  
Will not refuse its morning flight  
Because it stooped to earth by night ;—  
Nor shall the maiden's offering rise  
Less stainless to her native skies,  
Because the youthful *saint* reveals  
The throbbings which the *woman* feels,  
And pours to heaven her worship, fraught  
With passion which itself hath taught !

The notes fall fainter on the ear,  
Yet, still, the seraph leans to hear;—  
Though sorrow sighs along the lyre,  
And woman's fears have dimmed her fire;  
And breathings meant for God alone,  
Echo some pulses of her own!—  
The angel stays—and stays to bless  
Love—which, itself, is holiness!

## WELLINGTON.

BY THE LATE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

SON of proud sires,—whose patriot blood  
Sent to thy heart its purest flood !—  
Son of the isle where souls of fire  
The natives' glowing breasts inspire !—  
What land—what language may not raise  
Its tribute to thy deathless praise ?  
—Where India's burning day-stars shed  
Their fervors o'er the fainting head—  
Climes where the wondrous bower-tree weaves  
Its shadowy wilderness of leaves ;—  
Where purple peak, and mountain brow,  
Warm with Elysian colouring glow,  
And sparkling cliff's pavilioned height  
Seems diamonded with fairy light ;—  
Where wakes the war's discordant yell,  
With deafening gong and tambour-knell,  
And armed tower and curtained tent  
Nod on the castled elephant ;  
And silken bands—in barbarous pride—  
Troop by the turbaned Rajah's side ;—  
—Where Spain, amid her orange bowers,  
Wasted her wild romantic hours,



And bid chivalric wars and loves  
Sound from Granada's high alcoves ;—  
Where, when the twilight-shadows steal  
O'er thy grey turrets—old Seville !  
Beneath their shade full gaily met,  
With light Rebec and Castanet,  
The graceful youth and glowing maid  
The glad Fandango's call obeyed,  
'Till—clutched in Gallia's vulture grasp—  
She burst indignant from the clasp,  
Woke, like the *strong man from his sleep*,  
Waved her bright brand's resistless sweep,  
Shook her fair locks of freedom wide,  
Summoned the faithful to her side,  
Roused her sunk voice to patriot strain,  
And called on Albion o'er the main !  
—On *either clime*,—when woke the sun,  
His light has on thy glory shone !  
Where'er he saw thy flag unfurled,  
It floated o'er a rescued world !

Yet, oh !—when Glory's trumpet-tone  
Swells the full blast with thee alone,—  
When round contending monarchs crowd,  
To grace thy name with trophies proud,—  
When kneeling Europe's sole acclaim  
Is breathed to her deliverer's name,—  
Scorn not *thine own harp's* humble tone,  
Son of the green Isle—WELLINGTON !

## THE CONSCRIPT.

### A TALE.

IN the year 1808, in an obscure street, in Paris, resided Paul Chaise, the hero of my tale. So humble an individual needs no proud historian to detail the annals of his life. I collected my information upon the spot; for the *truth* of my narrative I can, therefore, pledge myself,—and I am not ambitious of higher praise.

He was, at the period I have mentioned, an old man,—about sixty years of age; but time had dealt kindly with him, and his patriarchal head and fine upright iron frame, seemed formed and fitted for endurance, and as though a century might roll on, without adding one furrow to his marble cheek, or a curve to his muscular figure. He had been an eye witness to some of the most frightful events of the Revolution, and an actor in many important ones: sometimes a leader,—often a sufferer,—but always an honest independent man; enthusiastically attached to his country;—by which I mean, not that enlarged feeling of home which is sometimes mistaken for patriotism,—nothing relating to localities,—but love for his countrymen and

jealousy of their rights, arising from the belief that they possessed a better nature and finer character than any other people in the known world. He had seen them crushed and trampled upon, till their essential characteristic—gay, philosophic light-heartedness—seemed pressed from out their being. The dejection was of momentary duration, but the reaction it produced was of a more important and determinate nature. Oppression taught them their own power—the weight and value of their own energies. They learned to question the justice of the few governing the many;—they resisted tyranny, and conquered. It was a war of mind; and truth—as in the end it, ever, must—obtained the victory. But this is the bright side of the picture;—for men—the slaves of passion—work out no good but through evil. It is a necessary ill, attendant on humanity;—and the relation of the crimes and horrors that tarnished the lustre of the French Revolution, though it can raise no astonishment, must fill the mind with sorrow and disgust.

He had served in several campaigns, under Buonaparte,—with such attachment and fidelity as that extraordinary man alone, perhaps, was capable of exciting. There was always personal love mixed up with the feelings of the rudest soldiery towards Napoleon. He was master of something beyond graces of manner; he spoke to the hearts of all those with whom he had any communion,—and a sense of this almost magic influence pervaded the



whole army. In spite, however, of marks of honour and favour received from Napoleon's own hand, the moment Paul Chaise discovered—or fancied he discovered—a falling from his high resolve,—a forgetfulness that the liberties of the people were placed in his hands, only upon trust,—when satisfied that he aimed at nothing less than despotic power—more intellectual and enlightened, certainly, but still, the same despotism that had before wrought its own ruin,—when, at length, the conviction was forced upon him that this ruler of kings and maker of princes, lord of half the world, was a slave to the imperial purple—himself the vassal of his own pride,—he silenced the pleadings of his affections—retired from the army—bought a small house in Paris, (to which place he was attached, from its having been the theatre of so many influential and wonderful events,)—and, in the society of an affectionate wife and promising child, tried to shut his eyes to the increasing evil which his arm—lowly as it was—had always been raised to prevent.

Some kindly emotions, long, lingered round their old haunt; but, one by one, they died away, with the hope that fed them,—till, at last, contempt, made the more bitter by disappointment, was the only sentiment with which he regarded the conqueror. Still, his portrait,—with folded arms, in his musing attitude,—retained its place in the best parlour; and a certain tetchiness of manner, whenever he was named, either in praise or censure, proved that

*indifference* was not the feeling he excited. Anger born of love is easily displaced ;—and, had the emperor ever thought or cared about him, or his opinions, he would have found little difficulty in again enthroning himself upon the veteran's heart. But years rolled on, marked only by the changes he most dreaded ; and, just as his darling and only child, Eugene, had attained his twentieth year, (the conscriptive laws being in force,) Paul became suddenly and alarmingly awake to the evils of war, altogether. Its floating banners and inspiring music, its triumphs and rejoicings, faded from his eye ; and he saw only the desolation that follows it so closely, and so surely.

It is, yet, too early to analyse the merits of Napoleon,—either as a warrior, a statesman, or a man. While the earth yet trembles beneath our feet, we cannot coldly calculate on the causes and consequences of an earthquake ;—much less can we judge impartially of one, whose every step was an event that involved the fortunes and lives of numbers, in its action and developement,—while yet suffering or enjoying through him, who marched through a country to alter its aspect. Change is a changeless law of nature,—itself only immutable ! But *he* seemed to take this power out of her hands ;—for, as he willed it, there came plenty or ruin—cultivation or barrenness. In detailing some evil that resulted from the rigid enforcement of his decrees, we, by no means, pretend, here, to ques-



tion the policy of the Code of Conscription. It was, undoubtedly, the finest nursery for the supply of a perpetual army ever planted, since the time of the Romans. But the utility of war—its necessity even—we are not disposed to admit. Let any man, in his senses, compare the different appearances of a peaceful and a warlike nation,—the smiling vegetation of the one, with the sterility of the other,—and deny, if he can, that strife, its causes and effects, are all engendered of evil.

All Frenchmen, between the full age of twenty and twenty-five complete, were liable to the Conscription. In the first instance, there were no exceptions allowed to the law of “active service;” (see *Code de la Conscription*, Paris, 1806;) but, at the period we have named, the eldest brother of an orphan family,—*the only son of a widow*, or of a labourer above the age of seventy,—or one who had a brother in the active service,—might claim indulgence, and be transferred to the reserve, which was to march only in case of emergency; and, with so great and successful a leader as Napoleon, who was now pursuing his conquests on the banks of the Vistula and the Niemen, such necessity was scarcely to be apprehended. But Paul could not claim exemption for his son, Eugene,—whose name was early on the lists,—on any of these *counts*; so gave himself up to his agony, at once affecting and uncontrollable. It was to him a great aggravation of distress that Eugene had no taste nor talents for



the army. He was of a studious and reflective turn, and of a very sensitive habit. His tall and eloquent, though somewhat slight, figure was little fitted to excel in athletic exercises, where endurance—not skill—was required; and his elegant mind was yet less able to bear the rude jests of men, his inferiors in every other respect. He felt a shrinking recoil from collision with those who make a trade of bloodshed;—his religion, and nature, and principles independent of religion, were alike averse to it; and his distaste for war rendered him as repugnant to command—the usual temptation—as he was physically unfit for mechanical subordination. Besides, he loved a young and beautiful girl, something his superior in rank and habits of life,—just sufficiently so to heighten his love, by giving it a touch of humility; not the humility of a slave, who intends, afterwards, to become a tyrant,—but that prostration of spirit, the worthiest and most acceptable incense offered up by the noble-minded at the shrine of womanly loveliness.

Adèle was transported out of herself and of the line of decorum which she had hitherto preserved, by the information that her lover's name was in the list of Conscription, and—her informer believed—one of those who were soon to leave the country.—She, at once, lost that maidenly reserve which, if it be beautiful and natural when love is prosperous, is, certainly, a cold and heartless mockery when danger is busy with the loved one.

It was evening when the news was brought ; and the cold raw atmosphere would, at any other time, have chilled her. But she was, now, insensible to the "skyey influences ;" and, tying on her straw bonnet, and folding a shawl around her, though herself unconscious that she availed herself of these precautions, she bent her steps towards the house of Paul Chaise. Unmindful of the observation her beauty attracted, she hurried on, till some intoxicated ruffian impeded her progress, by encircling her in his arms ; and, even then she felt only that she was retarded. Anger at the cause was too slight an emotion to find place in a bosom filled, almost to bursting, with love in sorrow. "Leave me, I beseech you," said she, clasping her hands together, and looking up, pitifully, in his face ; "leave me,—my lover is a Conscript !" At that word, which found so painful an echo in the heart of every Frenchman, he loosened his grasp ; and, partially recovering to a sense of her distress, but not aware that he could add to the full cup, said, "Poor girl ! and they *march to-morrow*." "They march to-morrow !" was her frantic reiteration, repeated at intervals, till she arrived at Eugene's dwelling. The man,—who had been awakened from drunkenness, by the depth of anguish felt by one so young and beautiful,—followed her to the door, to preserve her from further molestation ; and silently bowed, as she gained admittance.

But his offence and repentant politeness were,



equally, lost upon her;—she only remembered that some stranger had said, “They march to-morrow.” So entirely had this one thought possessed her that, on entering the room where Paul sat, with his despairing and sorrowing family, she could only throw herself at the father’s feet, and repeat, again and again—what they, alas! knew too well,—“They march to-morrow!”

She had been, purposely, kept in ignorance, at Eugene’s request, of his having drawn from the urn a fatal number. She remembered that, with a sorrowful playfulness, he had put her from her purpose, when she entreated to know the cause of his melancholy, on the very day on which he must have attended the lottery that dealt out doom; and she now marvelled,—as the evil, in its extent, flashed upon her mind,—that the knowledge was yet new to her. Well might Eugene be anxious to spare the lovely girl any description of the scene:—its recollection, alone, would have embittered all his future existence, had he not, himself, been a personal sufferer. Those who have seen fortunes lost and won, at the gaming table, may form some inadequate idea of its horrors;—to all others it must be unintelligible. Of the thousands assembled at the balloting of a Conscription, few, indeed, were merely spectators;—the Conscripts and their friends formed the large majority. The prefect of the district and his subordinate colleagues, who comprised the council, were present on the days of drawing,—they, and the military con-



stables called *gens d'armes*, the only persons unmoved, amid the ravings of despair and hope that met their ears, on every side. It is a sad and curious fact, that all the humanities are, usually, little felt by those in office. Whether their indulgence be incompatible with the regular routine of duties prescribed them,—or whether that very regularity has a tendency to repress the kindlier feelings, by restraining their exhibition, as indecorous,—we leave to nicer casuists to determine; but, the stern composure with which the higher dignitaries seek to hide the *no-feeling* beneath,—and the busy, bustling importance of the lower emissaries of power,—sufficiently attest the truth.

Paul had insisted on accompanying his son, to hear his own death-knell,—in spite of his earnest and prophetic remonstrances. Poor Eugene could have borne, without outward murmur, all his own griefs, heart-rending as they were; but his firmness utterly failed him when he contemplated a father's sorrow,—his heart shrunk from his touching expressions of affection. While there was yet a glimmering of hope,—though it was poisoned by suspense,—Paul bore up surprisingly. He constrained himself to support his son, whose calmness he believed that of despair. “My boy, I cannot part with you;—I will draw for you;—I will trust to a father's instinct to spare his child,—a fond father cannot ruin his child's happiness, and his own. Sunshine, and joy, and gladness are not all mockery; and God will not make

me an instrument of destruction to my only child!" Thus he strove with his fears on the way; but when arrived at the fatal spot, his agony gave deeper expression to silence. He pressed his fingers to his temples, to still the throbbing that seemed louder than the tumult round him; and pushed forward, through the increasing crowd. The obstacles, which its density offered to his progress, gave him an opportunity to take in all the wretchedness which the execution of an arbitrary law can inflict.

Anguish, in all its varieties, needs no interpreter. In the whole, and in the detail, it was, indeed, a scene of matchless misery. The wailings of women were almost overpowered by the deep-breathed curses of the men. Sometimes, burst forth a cry of exultation, when one had drawn a number above the *quota*, and was free;—but, oftener, was heard the yell of agony which told the death of hope to many a fond and anxious friend. Now, a faint-hearted wretch—a boy in age and mind—was urged on to dip in the urn; and found himself a soldier, while yet he trembled at the sight of a sword and the report of a cannon. And then followed the braver spirit, who sought not only to hide his own grief, but to raise a drooping mother or a weeping sister,—the convulsive trembling of his nether lip the only token that he felt, in his heart's strong-hold, every gentle tear they shed, like the falling of a weight of iron. There was the



touching affliction of the lover and his betrothed ; —the young husband and his new-made bride,—sorrow already cankering the roses upon her cheeks. One mighty swell of sound proceeded from the multitude;—sound, big with the sense of suffering, above which a piercing shriek was, often, distinctly heard.

When Paul had reached the urn wherein were deposited the tickets to be drawn thence, by the unhappy Conscripts, or their more wretched friends, he was told that all marked above the certain number to be raised at this particular time, reprieved, for the present, such as were fortunate enough to select them. Those, on the contrary, who drew the lower numbers were to march, immediately, to the frontiers, there to be initiated in the military discipline, till required to recruit the body of the army. He answered this information by plunging his hand into the vessel, and drew forth a number.—It was clenched in his grasp,—but he durst not look at it ; and compassion for himself, for the first time, made him conscious of the woe around him, —written, as it was, in all its varied languages, upon the victims' countenances, at this sacrifice. Some by-stander, pitying the father,—whose nerves were wound up to such extreme tension that the smallest additional straining, it seemed, would burst his frame-work,—relieved him from the moral death of suspense, by making known the extent of his misery. It was one of the very lowest numbers !



Doubt was not permitted him, for a single moment ; and he turned, with sickening soul, from the sympathy which his venerable grief excited, even among the most hardened and profligate of the wretches near him,—to his child. “My poor boy !” was all he said, as he grasped his hand ; but, oh ! the look of mournful, unutterable tenderness with which those words were accompanied—will Eugene ever forget it ! No !—amid the strife of war,—when the tumult of battle is loudest about him, and he himself is an instrument of the destroyer,—he will think on that father’s affection ; and it shall be, to him, as a spring of water to the traveller in the desert,—refreshing his soul with the thoughts of love and home, and all its kindred associations.

Something of this he endeavoured to express,—but the words died ere they were shaped by sound ; and he turned away, to hide the big tears that fell, heavily, from his eyelid. He thought of Adèle,—and they flowed freer and faster. “*She* will forget me !”—his bosom swelled proudly, as he continued, “and if it be for her good that she should do so, God forbid that any thought of me should mar, or even retard, her happiness ! So young and lovely,—with such springiness of being about her,—her song should be that of gladness, her laughter that of joy. I would not have—I am not utterly selfish—those blue eyes acquire a look of thought or sadness, for one whose intensity of love alone makes him worthy of her. She would then be too fatally dear. Were she less bright and gay,—

were those laughing lights dimmed, but for once, with a tear for me,—I fear I should forget heaven for her, and play the villain and the coward. But this cannot be;" and he sighed deeply; "and, doubtless, I should rejoice that I am freer to fulfil my duties—so frightful as they are—unshackled by a woman's love."

Could he cheat himself with the hope that indifference, on the part of Adèle, would lighten his load of suffering,—when memory's mirror would reflect her even brighter than she was before—brightest, still, when unattainable! Poor fellow!—at least he was spared this trial; and it was well,—for he was already bowed down beneath the bitterness of his father's sorrow; which, perhaps, derived some added venom from his believing it derogatory to the character of an old soldier to give it vent, in useless tears and complainings.

From the hour when he knew that he must lose his son, no other emotion ever displaced, for an instant, the sternness of grief enthroned on his rough, but fine, manly features. His wife wept,—and she was comforted. She thought Eugene would look so handsome in his uniform;—then wept again, that he was so soon leaving her. But there was no touch of common-place about the father's feelings; and the dignity of a great passion shut him out from all sympathy,—and, in its mastery, alarmed the weaker spirit from attempting consolation.

When Adèle clung to his feet in her anguish,—her



clustering curls veiling her sorrows, like the dewy violet covered with its own leaves,—her beautiful head bent to the earth, as a white moss-rose drooping from the storm,—even then, the asperity of expression seemed scarcely softened on his rugged brow : but his heart was evidently touched ; for he raised her in his arms,—silently, with inward devotion, implored a blessing on her innocent head,—and then, resigned her almost senseless form to the arms of her lover, and left them to each other, to live one night of parting love. She recovered, only to vent passionate exclamations of love and sorrow. It was in vain that Eugene uttered protestations sacred as religion, and holy as his own heart,—that nor time, nor distance, nor strong temptation,—in any climate, under any sky,—should, for one breathing moment, displace his idol from its altar. “You love me,—yet you march to-morrow !” said Adèle, wringing her hands ; “my God, what will become of me !”—Then, shocked at the effect which her emotion produced upon her lover, she tried to calm her own violence, to lessen his torturing distress. But the attempt only rendered her expressions more touching. “I am not well able to bear sorrow yet, Eugene ! I knew nothing of it, but from books till *now* ! I wept *then*, but weeping was not pain ;—now tears seem to search up my heart. I shall be much altered before I see you again. I am very young ; but, by that time, I shall have grown old—for I shall count my years by my unhappiness ;—its marks are as indelible as those of time.” This



idea gave her a new channel for grief. "And will you still prize Adèle, when love for you has left her nothing else to offer you?—will you abandon her, when hope deferred has faded all but her love? That day, Eugene! I could not live to see. Death is dreadful—oh, how dreadful!—at any time; but it seems cruel, indeed, that the bird just learning to trust its wing—whose music makes early and joyous worship to the sun, should be seized and devoured by the vulture!" She paused, from deep emotion, and folded her hand upon her heart;—"the vulture is *here*,—beginning its work of death; your love only can save me!"

Eugene strained her to his bosom, but he could not speak; he could not, even to himself, give a name to the sum of his sensations,—he felt only their depth and power. It was so new to him to feel that another's weal depended on his own,—a woman's!—that the fate of one so dear was in his hands. It was something he had dreamed of—something he had deemed too delicious ever to be realized to him—a dove of promise seen only in the far distance. Yet the boon *was his*; and joy, at least, formed no part of the conflicting passions, whose intensity now deprived him of speech—almost of being. His feelings became more definite, when their servant entered the room, with his father's sword in its sheath, and these few lines written hastily, with a pencil,—  
"Till three o'clock, I shall pass the hours in prayer. Read then—but not till then—the words which I have engraved on the blade of my sword. I give it

to you ;—let it descend to your children's children. It, once, belonged to Napoleon, and it must never grace a dastard's hand,—it would shiver in his grasp. The blessing of a father rest upon you!"—"I will never disgrace the gift, nor the giver!" said Eugene, solemnly ; then striving at a gayer tone, continued, "though I would so much rather love a fairer bride." Adèle's lip refused to put on an answering smile ;—it would have mocked, too sadly, her heart's desolation. "Let us pray," said she, "with your father ;—we, also, have much need of comfort."

They knelt down, and prayed in silence. They were immediately opposite a window that let down into a church-yard. A bright, full moon showed the grey turrets of what had once been a monastery, in strong relief—broad light, beautifully contrasting depth of shadow, touching the brows and the outline of the figures of these young enthusiasts, with a light immediately from heaven ! Their hands clasped in each other,—their eyes raised to their God,—no thought of self in the breast of either,—in that light,—and pure as the love and devotion that filled their being,—why did not some angel, wandering here on an errand of love, bear them gently into immortality, ere yet falsehood, and blight, and wrong, could destroy innocence and beauty that seemed so well to fit them for a purer dwelling !

While yet praying, the heavy bell of the church chimed the hour.—The sound was borne, sadly, along the breeze. It was already three o'clock,—and Eu-

gene remembered his father's injunction, to examine, at that hour, what he had inscribed on the blade of his sword. He rose and drew it from its sheath. Adèle bent over him. The words were distinctly legible,—“Eugene is no longer a Conscript!—He is *the only son of a widow!*” A conviction of the truth flashed upon his mind, wholly unmixed with doubt or hope. The dull heavy weight—the certainty—that he should be too late, chained his feet to the earth, for a few seconds. He, then, rushed to his father's chamber:—Paul was quite cold—he had died by his own hand!



## INSCRIPTION

FOR A TABLET AT BANAVIE, ON THE CALEDONIAN  
CANAL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ. POET LAUREATE.

WHERE these capacious basins, by the laws  
Of the subjacent element, receive  
The ship, descending or upraised,—eight times  
From stage to stage, with unfelt agency,  
Translated,—fitliest may the marble here  
Record the Architect's immortal name !  
'Telford it was, by whose presiding mind  
The whole great work was planned and perfected !—  
'Telford,—who, o'er the vale of Cambrian Dee,  
Aloft in air, at giddy height upborne,  
Carried his navigable road ; and hung  
High o'er Menäi's straits the bending bridge !  
Structures of more ambitious enterprise  
Than minstrels, in the age of old romance,  
'To their own Merlin's magic-lore ascribed.  
Nor hath he for his native land performed  
Less, in this proud design ; and where his piers,  
Around her coast, from many a fisher's creek,  
Unsheltered else, and many an ample port,

Repel the assailing storm ;—and where his roads,  
In beautiful and sinuous line far seen,  
Wind with the vale, and win the long ascent,  
—Now o'er the deep moras sustained,—and now,  
Across ravine, or glen, or estuary,  
Opening a passage through the wilds subdued !

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## PERSIAN SONG.

It reigns—the burning noon of night !  
The wine is poured—the harem train,  
With eyes that bathe in liquid light,  
Demand the minstrel's slumbering strain !

How bright the theme those eyes inspire !—  
What kindling raptures grace the song,  
When beauty wakes the breathing lyre,  
And passion sighs its chords along !

O'er the wide west the solar beam  
A deep, dissolving glory throws !—  
But, in the goblet's crystal gleam,  
With darker fires the ruby glows !

Fount of the soul—the goblet, bring !  
Fill high the cup with rosy wine ;

And raise the thought—and tune the string,  
To charms that make this earth divine !

Strike, strike the chords to notes of love !—  
The scene—the hour, invite—control,  
While rises, beaming from above,  
The moon of beauty on the soul !

Then strike the string in beauty's praise,  
And lend thine aid, my gentle lute !  
—Alas ! my voice in vain essays,  
The strain is hushed—the lyre is mute !

So,—bending o'er his rose's breast,  
His thousand songs the bulbul tries ;  
Till, drunk with sweets—with love opprest,  
Entranced the enamoured songster lies !



## A PRAYER AND A PROMISE TO CUPID.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN, ESQ.

OH, lend me, Love ! a hundred hearts ;  
On thy Exchange I'll use the store,  
Forgotten all the anguish smarts,  
Suffered so oft,---*then* felt no more.

The heart penurious nature gave,  
Has been destroyed among the fair ;  
To every beauteous face a slave,—  
Giving to each fine form a share.—

Then lend me, Love ! a hundred hearts ;  
On thy Exchange I'll use the store,  
Forgotten all the anguish smarts,  
Endured so long,---*then* felt no more.

Rich in the gift, I'll hoard not one,  
But, still, from bliss to bliss will rove ;  
And, when my hundred hearts are gone,—  
Lend me another hundred, Love !

Oh, lend me love, &c.

## A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

### 1.

It is a glorious summer eve!—and in the glowing west,  
Pillowed on clouds of rainbow hues, the broad sun  
sinks to rest;  
From me his radiant disk is hid, behind the towering  
cliff,  
But brightly fall his parting beams on yonder sea-ward  
skiff!

### 2.

And sweetly, still, the billows there, with borrowed  
splendour shine,  
Reflected from the westward pomp, that marks the day's  
decline;  
But, eastward, wreaths of silvery mist—though distant,  
dim, and pale,—  
Begin to draw, around the scene, calm twilight's dusky  
veil.

## 3.

The wind, too,—save a gentle breeze,—hath softly died  
away ;  
Hushed is the sea-bird's harsher scream,—the skylark's  
thrilling lay ;  
No murmur—but the ceaseless dash of waves—is heard  
around,  
And these—so calm is ocean's breast,—have music in  
their sound.

## 4.

It is an hour when he who treads the sandy shore,  
alone,  
May find his thoughts and feelings take the landscape's  
gentle tone ;  
Pensive—not mournful—is the mood such scenes and  
hours impart,—  
Grateful and soothing is their power upon the care-  
worn heart !

## 5.

An hour it is when memory wakes, and turns to former  
years,  
And lives along the travelled line of parted hopes and  
fears !—  
A time when buried joys and griefs revive, and live  
again,  
Those sobered in their brighter tints—these softened in  
their pain !



## 6.

Nor lacks this loved, familiar scene its own peculiar  
ties,  
With varying visions of the past, which now before me  
rise ;—  
The cliffs—the sea—the winding beach—unchanged,  
alike, appear,  
—Yet many changes have I known, since first I wan-  
dered here !

## 7.

In early life,—a careless boy,—I trod this lonely beach,  
And felt a thrill of transport strange,—too ardent, far,  
for speech !  
’Twas freedom’s throb—young joy’s bright dream—and  
wonder’s silent awe,  
Mingled, by nature’s magic spell, with all I felt and  
saw !

## 8.

More dream-like, yet, appeared the scene, in manhood’s  
opening prime,  
When here—in love’s fond visions wrapt—I roved, a  
second time ;  
The landscape—wild and barren round—to me was  
fairy land,  
And fancies of my own made glad the solitary strand.

## 9.

A few brief months !—and then I sought this favourite  
haunt once more,  
Treading, with slow and mournful steps, the loved and  
lonely shore,—  
Loved it had been in youth's warm flush,—in boy-  
hood's sanguine glee,—  
But dearer far, in grief's dark hour, its loneliness to  
me !

## 10.

I wandered here,—and mused on hopes, once glorious  
in their light,—  
On disappointment's chilling clouds, which veiled those  
hopes in night ;—  
—Yet, with such musings, strength was given life's  
needful ills to bear,  
And glimpses of that purer bliss which sorrow must  
prepare !

## 11.

What marvel, then, if—loitering here, alone, at even-  
tide,—  
Alternate thoughts of joy and grief, by memory, are  
supplied !  
What marvel that their light and shade should borrow,  
from the scene,  
A tone for thoughtless mirth too sad—for sorrow too  
serene !

## 12.

There is a mood of mind, whose sway can darkest  
thoughts beguile,  
Whose voiceless tear is brighter far than pleasure's  
gayest smile ;  
There is a feeling—chastened, calm as day's most gentle  
close,—  
Whose quiet influence seems to hush the spirit to re-  
pose.

## 13.

And O ! what gratitude is due to HIM from whom,  
alone,  
This holy, tranquillizing power to man can be made  
known ;  
Whose Word divine can bid the strife of earth-born  
passions cease,  
And give the mourner—tempest-tossed—the calm of  
heart-felt peace !



## IMPROMPTU, TO ORIANA.

*On attending, with her, as Sponsors, at a Christening.*

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

LADY ! who didst,—with angel-look and smile,  
And the pure lustre of those dear, dark eyes,—  
Gracefully bend before the font of Christ,  
In humble adoration, faith, and prayer !  
How,—as the infant pledge of friends beloved  
Received, from thy pure lips, its future name,—  
Sweetly unconscious looked the baby boy !  
How beautifully helpless,—and how mild !  
—Methought, a seraph spread her sheltering wings  
Over the solemn scene ;—and as the sun,  
In its full splendour, on the altar came,  
God's blessings seemed to sanctify the deed !

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ.

*On the publication of Marmion.*

O SURE,—when stretched on verdant knoll,  
'Mid Ettrick's haunted scenery,  
Viewing the vassal runnels roll,  
To where the clear day summer beam,  
On well-sung Tweed's baronial stream,  
Held gay and flickering revelry;

Some gentle fairy, resting nigh,  
Beneath her daisy canopy,  
Heard the entranced truant sigh  
For deeds of bold and earnest toil,  
The borderer's joy of speed and spoil,  
And pomp of knightly panoply !

And pleased a child so rare to find,  
So meet for noble chivalry,  
A spell of elfin art combined,  
That gave thee all thy soul desired,  
Whatever chief or champion fired,  
In blest and blessing poesy !

## EPITAPH ON A DOG,

*Of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard,—half-tombed within  
its Frozen Lake, by the Fall of an Avalanche.*

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

FRIEND of mankind!—thy service done,  
Rise thou no more from troubled rest!  
Nor, watchful of the setting sun,  
Where pilgrims wander, widely quest;—  
As if their sufferings were thine own,  
And thou wert born for man alone.

Thou never more, when raves the wind,  
Shalt, o'er the Alps, thy master guide;  
No more, when drifting snow-flakes blind,  
Shalt turn his step from death aside,  
Hang on his hand, and woo him back,  
While instinct yet retains the track!

Thou ne'er again, beneath the snows,  
Shalt search the cleft, and treacherous cave,



And, conscious of sleep's dread repose,  
Arouse the slumberer from the grave ;  
And o'er him breathe thy vital breath,  
And, by thy warmth, reclaim from death !

Thou ne'er again shalt gladly bear  
The panier, yoked thy neck around,  
Press to the famished lip its fare,  
And bring the band to close the wound ;  
And, by thy healing tongue, supply  
The balm that lessens agony !

Ah ! thou no more shalt homeward bring  
The infant through the frozen air ;  
And—as with hand half-human—ring  
The Convent bell—nor quit thy care,  
Till on the hearth, before the blaze,  
Thou on his opening eyelids gaze !

Long on thy loss that hearth shall dwell ;—  
Friend of mankind ! farewell !—farewell !

## TO INIS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

WHAT shall I compare thee to ?  
Moonlight ?—that will never do !  
That is tranquil,—thou art never  
Calm for one half hour ;—for ever  
Restless, reckless, thoughtless, ranging,—  
—The moon is one *whole month* in changing !

What shall I compare thee to ?  
Sunbeams ?—no !—though one or two,  
I grant thou hast stolen—heaven knows how !—  
To diadem thy beauteous brow :—  
But thou art not of them,—for they  
Shine on our earth (sometimes) *a day* !

What shall I compare thee to ?—  
I have it !—yes !—alas, how true !  
Thou art that radiance on the sea  
That, beautiful—but murderously—  
Smiles and shines,—while snares and death  
Lurk its brilliant rays beneath !

## THE CHILD'S LAST SLEEP.

The lovely child is dead!  
All, all his innocent thoughts, like rose-leaves, scattered,  
And his glad childhood nothing but a dream!

WILSON.

THOU sleepest!—but when wilt thou wake, fair child!  
When the fawn awakes, in the forest wild?  
When the lark's wing mounts, with the breeze of morn?  
When the first rich breath of the rose is born?—  
Lovely thou sleepest—yet something lies  
Too deep and still on thy soft-sealed eyes!  
Mournful, though sweet, is thy rest to see;  
—When will the hour of thy rising be?

Not when the fawn wakes,—not when the lark,  
On the crimson cloud of the morn, floats dark!  
—Grief, with vain passionate tears, hath wet  
The hair shedding gleams o'er thy pale brow, yet;  
Love, with sad kisses—unfelt—hath prest  
Thy meek drooped eyelids, and quiet breast;—  
And the glad spring, calling out bird and bee,  
Shall colour all blossoms, fair child, but thee!



'Thou art gone from us, bright one!—that *thou*  
should'st die,

And life be left to the butterfly!

'Thou art gone, as a dew-drop is blown from the bough,  
—Oh! for the world where thy home is now!—

How may we love but in doubt and fear,

How may we anchor our fond hearts *here*,

How should even joy but a trembler be,

Beautiful dust! when we look on thee!

F. H.

## STANZAS.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

How sweet to sleep where all is peace,  
Where sorrow cannot reach the breast,  
Where all life's idle throbbings cease,  
And pain is lulled to rest;—  
Escaped o'er fortune's troubled wave,  
To anchor in the silent grave!

That quiet land where, peril past,  
The weary win a long repose,  
The bruised spirit finds, at last,  
A balm for all its woes,  
And lowly grief and lordly pride  
Lie down, like brothers, side by side!

The breath of slander cannot come  
To break the calm that lingers there;  
There is no dreaming in the tomb,  
Nor waking to despair;  
Unkindness cannot wound us more,  
And all earth's bitterness is o'er.

There the maiden waits till her lover come—  
They never more shall part;—  
And the stricken deer has gained her home,  
With the arrow in her heart;

And passion's pulse lies hushed and still,  
Beyond the reach of the tempter's skill.

The mother—she is gone to sleep,  
With her babe upon her breast,—  
She has no weary watch to keep  
Over her infant's rest ;  
His slumbers on her bosom fair  
Shall never more be broken—*there !*

For me—for me, whom all have left,  
—The lovely, and the dearly loved,—  
From whom the touch of time hath reft  
The hearts that time had proved,  
Whose guerdon was—and is—despair,  
For all I bore—and all I bear ;

Why should I linger idly on,  
Amid the selfish and the cold,  
A dreamer—when such dreams are gone  
As those I nursed of old !  
Why should the dead tree mock the spring,  
A blighted and a withering thing !

How blest—how blest that home to gain,  
And slumber in that soothing sleep,  
From which we never rise to pain,  
Nor ever wake to weep !  
To win my way from the tempest's roar,  
And lay me down on the golden shore !



## THE EMIGRANTS.

BY L. E. L.

Oh Love! oh Happiness! is not your home  
Far from the crowded street, the lighted hall?  
Are ye not dwellers in the vallies green,  
In the white cottage? is not your abode  
Amid the fields, the rivers, and the hills;  
By the sea-shore—where, with its thousand waves,  
The ocean casts its treasures of pink shells,  
And makes its melancholy music?

\* \* \* \* \*

THEY dwelt amid the woods, where they had built  
Themselves a home;—it was almost a hut,  
And rudely framed of logs and piled-up wood;  
But it was covered with sweet creeping shrubs,  
And had a porch of evergreens: it stood  
Beneath the shelter of a maple tree,  
Whose boughs spread over it, like a green tent.  
'Twas beautiful, in summer, with gay flowers,  
Green leaves, and fragrant grass strewn on the floor;  
And, in the winter, cheerful with its hearth,  
Where blazed the wood fire, and its tapestry  
Of soft rich furs—each a memorial  
Of some escape, some toil, some hunter's chance,—  
And mixed with scarlet berries, and red plumes,

And glossy wings. There was one only thing  
That spoke them strangers in the land, and told  
The luxuries of other days : there hung  
A Spanish maiden's ivory guitar,  
With its rich fretting of gold ornament ;  
And that was often waked,—as memory lived  
Chiefly on its dear chords ; and she would sing,  
That dark-eyed lady, sometimes when alone,—  
And then her songs were sad : but when the eve  
Came in the beauty of a June twilight,  
With all its sleeping flowers, its dews, its clouds,  
Touched with the sunset's crimson lingering,—  
Or, when it came with its gay lighted hearth,  
Sweet with the burning of the cedar wood,  
Her voice was cheerful, as the sunny song  
The lark pours to the morning and his mate ;  
For then her hunter sought his lonely bride,  
And, like a victor, brought his trophies home.

It was a little nook,—as nature made,  
In some gay mood, a solitude for love,  
And, at her bidding, love had sought the place,  
And made it paradise. On the west side,  
Like a dark mountain, stood the forest old,  
Guarding it from the wind,—which howled at night,  
As if that wood were its chief treasure cave.  
And, opposite, there was a clear small lake,  
From whence the morning, like a beauty, came  
Fresh from her bath ;—the eye could span its breadth ;  
And green savannahs, on the further bank,

Were lost in the blue sky. Just where the trees  
Met the bright waters, was a lighter space ;  
And, like the pillars of a mighty temple,  
The pine, the beech, the maple stretched away,  
In long and stately avenues—their dome  
The glorious heaven! This was all nature's work,  
And now was but as it had been for years.  
But there were fragile flowers, and tender shrubs,  
Whose feminine frail beauty asked for more  
Than the rude nursing of the summer breeze.  
There was the red rose, like an evening cloud ;  
The white rose, pale as pining for the song  
Of her now absent love, the nightingale ;  
The orange tree—that miser of the spring,  
Amassing gold and silver ; jessamine,  
Showering down pearl and amber ; myrtle plants ;  
And, where the sun shone warmest, olives green :—  
For Inez had collected all that, once,  
Her early youth had loved in Arragon ;  
And, with all woman's sweet solicitude,  
She had brought those, too, of *his* native land,  
Her lover's England ;—there, the violet shed  
The treasures of its purple Araby ;  
The primrose, pale as the last star that fades  
Before the day-break ; and the honeysuckle,  
Hung as around an English cottage walls.  
—No marvel woman should love flowers, they bear  
So much of fanciful similitude  
To her own history ; like herself, repaying,  
With such sweet interest, all the cherishing



That calls their beauty or their sweetness forth ;  
And, like her, too—dying beneath neglect.

'Twas like a fairy tale to pass the woods,  
And enter the sweet solitude, and gaze  
On the fair Spirit of its loveliness.  
Delicate as a creature that but breathes  
The perfumed air of palaces ; a foot  
Light as but used to tread on silken down,  
And echo music ; and a hand that looked  
But made to wander o'er the golden harp ;  
Eyes blue as a June sky, when stars light up  
Its deep clear midnight,—languishing, as love  
Were all their language,—eyes whose glance would  
make,

At masque or ball, full many a sleepless night ;  
That dark black hair, which pearls so well become ;  
And, added to young beauty's natural grace,  
That courtly air which tells of gentle blood  
And gentle nurture.—What can she do here ?  
She loves, she is beloved ; and love is all  
That makes a woman's world—her element—  
Her life—her Eden. Native of that land  
Where the sun lights the heart—romantic Spain,  
Her early youth past in a convent's cell ;  
Thence to her father's palace : but, or ere  
Her heart beat answered to the passionate songs  
That round her lattice floated, at twilight,  
They came to England ; there the seal was set  
Love never sets in vain,—and sets but once !

It was an English youth, with his fair brow,  
And island colour. One eve, when the sound  
Of music waked the spirit of delight,  
From Inez' braided hair there fell a rose;  
That night, that rose was treasured next a heart  
Of which, henceforth, she was the destiny.  
It needs not say how young affection sprung,  
Gathered and grew in its sweet course; they hung,  
Together, o'er the poet's breathing page,  
Till their own eyes reflected every thought;  
And both loved music, and love never yet  
Had an interpreter like song.

But as the rose,  
Even in the crimson zenith of its noon,  
Flings on the ground its shadow,—even so  
There is a shade attendant upon love.  
And Inez was betrothed, in her own land,  
To one she could not love—one whose dark brow  
Suited his darker spirit.—One June eve,  
Together they had read a traveller's tale  
Of far America's majestic beauty,  
Of its savannahs and its stately woods.  
They read till the pale radiance of the west  
Lighted the page no more; and, sighed the youth,  
“How happy we might be in these wild scenes,—  
A hunter I, and thou my gentle bride!  
Far from the heartlessness of crowded court,  
Where finest feelings are but as flowers sown

Upon a rock ; where hope sinks as it soars,  
Like a lark wounded in its morning flight.—  
Our home should be amid the wilderness ;  
The leaves, flowers, clouds, echoes and singing birds  
To us should be companions and dear friends ;  
And we would pair together like two doves,—  
Our nest of happiness a solitude !"—  
—The dream grew a reality ;—they fled  
O'er the Atlantic's mighty boundary,—  
That stormy barrier of a parted earth ;—  
And in the woods they made themselves a home,  
Each one the other's world ! and, with them, dwelt  
A circle of sweet feelings—peace, content,  
And gentle hopes reposing on themselves,  
Quiet but deep affection, and the health  
That dwells but in the pure air of the fields.—  
What though no train waited to catch the eye,  
Ere the lip spoke its bidding ! though no halls  
Were filled with crowds that waited on their state !  
Yet had they more than all that fortune gives ;  
For, *there* was nature's utmost luxury,  
And theirs the happiness of hearth and home  
Lighted by love !



## STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

WAKE, oh, wake!—the morning star  
Hath ceased to grace his glittering car;  
Slowly the reddening clouds unfold,  
And frequent streaks of living gold  
Announce the Lord of Day;  
The light breeze wafts perfume on high,  
—Less sweet alone than Rosa's sigh!—  
The flower with fresher tints is glowing,  
The fount with clearer crystal flowing;—  
Oh come! oh come!  
Hours like this a charm impart  
That wins the eye,—but not the heart,  
While love is still away!

Wake, oh, wake!—through every grove  
Is heard the matin lay of love;  
—And shall a *dearer* love be vain  
To bid thee burst dull slumber's chain,  
And spurn at slow delay!  
Though morning glow with tints divine,  
I'd change her brightest blush for thine,

And deem thine eye, from sleep awaking,  
Outshone the sun through darkness breaking :—  
Oh come ! oh come !  
Hours like this are quickly fled,—  
But thy fond smile a joy can shed  
Which melts not thus away !

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## THE TWO HUSSARS,

A GERMAN TALE.

THE shades of evening had descended over the city of Prague, ere Leopold Rosenwold entered his quarters. He was a stranger, and the occasion of his arrival of a melancholy nature. He had been ordered to take the duty, in consequence of the sudden death of the only officer of the regiment with whom he had ever been upon intimate terms. The place of his abode was the same which had been assigned to Capt. Vanostrode,—a government building, situated in one of the most unfrequented streets. It looked exceedingly dismal, by the dim light of a lamp which burned before a shrine of the Virgin, in its immediate vicinity ; and the interior was still more gloomy than even the outer appearance indicated. A wide, dark staircase and a long gallery ushered the young hussar into a suite of large lofty apartments, scantily furnished. The house would have accommodated the whole regiment ; but a few soldiers, whose barrack rooms looked another way, were the only tenants besides himself.



Memorials of his friend met him, at every step; his sash still formed a festoon over the ample fire-place, between a brace of pistols; and his books and musical instruments were scattered, in different places, through the apartments. The recollections which they produced impressed Leopold's heart with a deeper shade of sadness. There is scarcely any thing more depressing to the spirits than the feeling of perfect solitude, in the centre of a crowded city. Leopold was often, by choice, alone; but, now, he would have given much for a companion. The evening was cold and unpleasant; and, somewhat fatigued by the exertions of the day, he felt disinclined to wander abroad in search of amusement. He strolled to the window; a high dark building reared its frowning walls on the opposite side of the narrow street; but all was silent and deserted. He sat down by the fire of green wood which blazed feebly on the hearth, and gazed upon vacancy, until he almost fancied that he could see the pale face of his friend, dimly shaped in the dreary void. He stretched out his hand for a book, and strove to beguile the weary hours with its contents. The volume was filled with wild tales; of human beings who had brought sin and misery upon their heads, by dabbling in forbidden arts,—fearful mysteries by which the enemy of man might be summoned at need; tales of vampires, thrusting their unhallowed bodies into the assemblies of the living; and of the murder of infants, slaughtered for the purpose of

securing some horrid charm. The clock struck eleven, and, throwing away the book, he sought his couch.

He went to sleep, but not to rest; his dreams were troubled and feverish. The form of Vanostrode, repeatedly, flitted before him; and he walked through damp church-yards, where the yawning graves disclosed mouldering bones and putrid fragments of the dead. Unrefreshed by such disturbed slumbers, he awoke in the morning, and found the scene little less dreary by day-light than it had been the preceding night. Long grass grew in the street into which his windows looked. The opposite house had an air of grandeur in decay, and bore, like his own, symptoms of being tenanted by a much smaller number of persons than it was calculated to contain. Captain Rosenwold was not a Bohemian by birth; family misfortunes had obliged him to enter a foreign service, and,—associated for a considerable period with a set of men whose licentious manners inspired him with disgust,—he had contracted a habit of living very much alone; which would have rendered his present situation less irksome, but for the cheerless aspect of his residence, and the painful reminiscences which it produced. He did not possess a single letter of introduction to any of the inhabitants of Prague, and his sojourn in the capital promised to be of the most disagreeable description. He rode out through the environs of the city, during the morning, and walked in the streets, after dinner. Still, there were many



hours to be spent, over a book, in his desolate apartments. Weary with reading, he often, involuntarily, strayed to the window; for, though there was seldom any thing to be seen, the light alone attracted him.

One day, when thus listlessly employed, he observed the old domestic who occasionally hovered about the premises, holding open the massy gates of the opposite portal, as if to give some approaching person entrance. Leopold cast his eyes down the street; they rested upon a female, tall, graceful, and too finely proportioned to be disguised by the black garments which enveloped her form. A sudden gust of wind—happily, as the soldier thought—caught her veil, and, blowing it aside, disclosed a pale and lovely countenance. The accident occasioned a moment's delay; but hastily re-arranging the flowing drapery, she went into the house, and the door closed upon her. Leopold was, now, never tired of standing at his lattice. A small square, in one of the heavy stone-framed windows of the opposite mansion, had been, frequently, left open without exciting his attention. He, now, contrived to exalt himself, in a manner which permitted him to look down the aperture; and, in this way, he often gained a view of the lady,—either pacing up and down the apartment, or sitting, in a pensive attitude, at a table, with her fair head resting on a delicate white hand. Inexpressibly interested by his beautiful neighbour, he enquired her name and family; and learned that she was a widow, her husband having died an hour after the solemnization



of his marriage. It was said that she had been forced into a union which she disliked ; and there were not wanting those who whispered that the glass of poisoned fly-water, which he drank in mistake, had not been left upon the side-board by accident. Nothing, however, had transpired, at the time, to criminate her ; and, the heir having disputed her right to the property for which she had been sacrificed, the house she inhabited and a small jointure alone remained. She lived in strict seclusion,—partly from choice, and partly because she was shunned by the relations of her husband, people of consequence in the city ; and, others following their example, she had little inducement to emerge from retirement.

Rosenwold discovered that she never left home, except to go to church. The sacred edifice which she had chosen for her orisons immediately became his haunt ; and, placing himself in a spot concealed from her view, he had, frequently, the happiness of seeing the black veil removed, which, too often, obscured the fairest face in Prague. At last, the lady observed that she was an object of attention to the young soldier ; and she went out no more. The window, too, was closed ; and Leopold was left to gaze upon the cold, dark walls which shut an angel from his eyes—for, not for a single moment, did he entertain the shadow of a doubt as to her innocence of the crime which the malice of some evil tongues had imputed to her. Leopold was in despair. Fascinated to the spot, yet less able than ever to endure the gloom that sur-

rounded him, he became restless and unhappy, romantic and impassioned. Existence seemed valueless, when deprived of the object of his soul's mad idolatry. He had hoped that some fortunate chance would have enabled him to urge his suit to one who had awakened the tenderest sentiments in his heart; and he could scarcely brook the disappointment of his wishes.

The street in which he lived terminated in an arch-way, leading to an ancient monastery. The arch was situated at the end of the barracks; and, over it, was a large room, appropriated to the guardianship of military stores. Rosenwold, being called upon to inspect the delivery of some new accoutrements to his soldiers, espied a door at the farther extremity, in the direction of Alexa's abode. He made no enquiry concerning it; but, being in possession of the key of the apartment, he returned in the evening; and, withdrawing the bolts of this newly discovered portal, found himself at the top of a narrow stair, which conducted him to a second door below, opening into a piece of waste ground—formerly a trim bowling green, when the barrack was the residence of a Prince of the Blood, but now overgrown with weeds, and entirely disused. In a corner of this wilderness stood a fanciful building, of three stories in height, intended for an observatory; and from the summit of this edifice, he obtained a complete view of the fair widow's garden. It was of considerable extent, and gracefully planted with



linden trees. The soft turf was bordered with beds of flowers, and bowers of roses and honeysuckle shaded rustic seats from the mid-day sun. It was here that the beautiful Alexa spent the largest portion of her time. Here she walked, and read, and sung, and tended the blooming treasures of the luxuriant soil. Here, too, were her birds; and Leopold's admiration increased, as he watched her pursuing her innocent employments, dressed in tasteful yet simple attire, and divested of those cumbrous folds which had hidden half her charms.

Debating whether he should speak, or write to her, he regretted that he did not possess the poetical talents of Vanostrode, who had excelled in the composition of tender verse. Fearful that his letters might fail to make an impression upon her heart, he pondered on the means of obtaining a private interview; and prepared a ladder of ropes, by which he could have easily descended into the garden, notwithstanding the height of the tower. But he was restrained by the fear of offending; and determined to content himself with the pleasure of looking at her, until some favourable opportunity offered for the disclosure of his passion.

One day, a sudden storm of thunder and rain drove the lady into her house, and obliged Leopold to take shelter in a lower apartment. Believing that the storm would not be of long continuance, and certain that the moment it was over Alexa would return, he resolved to remain where he was until



the sky cleared. Always eager to repair to his accustomed station,—the spot which overlooked the garden,—he had never before taken any notice of the interior of the observatory. He, now, amused himself by examining the faded decorations. The furniture was of the most antique description, and fast dropping to decay. He feared to sit down on a worm-eaten couch, which was placed beside an old fashioned table, lest it should sink under his weight. Pulling away one of the dust-covered cushions, to scrutinize more closely its capability of sustaining him, he observed a small roll of paper, which had slipped behind it; and, upon unfolding it, was struck with astonishment and dismay, by seeing a pencil sketch of Alexa, with a verse written beneath it, in the hand writing of Vanostrode. It was clear that his friend had been engaged in the like adventure with himself; and, suddenly, the manner of that friend's death,—always singular and suspicious,—appeared to him to have differed widely from the general surmise. The conviction of his murder flashed, like lightning, through his brain.

There had been too many instances of suicide, in persons even less likely to lay violent hands upon themselves, for Leopold to doubt the possibility of Vanostrode's committing the act universally attributed to him, when first the fatal catastrophe was bruited abroad. He had been found bathed in blood, in his bed, with his own sword lying by his side. But now, when he perceived the facility with which his

body might have been conveyed from the place of his secret haunt, to his sleeping apartment, he became jealous of foul play. His frame shook with horror, and he looked round, expecting to be confronted by the grim face of an assassin, glaring in at him, from the open door. Was Alexa so perilous a creature, that death overtook the wretch lured by her fatal beauty? He shuddered at the thought. The nature of his late studies—the tales of demons passing into human forms—of fearful compacts, spells, and love charms, to be sealed by the life-blood of some devoted being, had rendered him liable to receive superstitious impressions; and, in the dark mystery which now enveloped him, he was almost inclined to believe that such things might be.

The melancholy circumstances of Vanostrode's decease had already, in a great measure, subdued the cheerfulness of his youthful mind; and now, they hung like a dead weight upon his heart—for, in despite of all his efforts to repress the painful idea, he feared to search deeply into the cause, lest it should criminate the woman he adored.

In his anxiety to secure her from the scandal of any prying neighbour, he had always taken the most rigorous precautions, in passing to and fro from the barracks to the observatory, to avoid being seen. A thick hedge of yew which bordered the bowling green, not being sufficiently high, in one or two places, to screen him from view, he invariably bent his body as he passed these gaps; and, when at the



summit of the tower, never permitted his head to appear above the parapet. He, now, determined to make his approaches with redoubled vigilance; for he felt that danger lurked within the apparently deserted precinct. Stealing cautiously down stairs, he observed fresh traces of Vanostrode, in the centre apartment. Passages from his poems were written upon the walls; and, in an obscure corner, he found a military glove. It bore his friend's initials, and was stained with blood. The floor was covered with tapestry of so dark a colour, that it could not betray the crimson dye, which had been most probably poured out upon it; but the stairs were marked in several places, as if the wood had been scraped, for the purpose of obliterating spots that would not wash off. Passing down still lower, to the ground floor, upon strict examination, he perceived that an aperture had been made in the wall, sufficiently large for a man to pass through into Alexa's garden. The breach was carefully concealed, by a panel placed against it on the inside; and Leopold knew that it must be effectually shadowed, by the clustering evergreens which encircled the wall of the outer pleasure grounds.

Hitherto, Rosenwold's visits to the observatory had been limited to day-light; but, now, he determined to repair thither in the evening's close—to surprise Alexa—and gain, from her own lips, the confirmation, or the removal of his suspicions, ere he proceeded further in the scrutiny which he deter-



mined to institute respecting his friend's death. Unexpectedly called away, upon military business, he was detained from his quarters till past twelve o'clock. He thought the hour too late for any chance of finding the lady up ; but, notwithstanding the peril which environed him, he could not refrain from visiting the place, so fatal to the unfortunate Varnostrode. Listening, to ascertain that no one else was abroad, he proceeded, with a cautious step, through the yew walk. All was silent as the grave:—not a leaf stirred, nor was there a single night-bird on the wing. He passed the aperture,—emerging from a dreary waste of tall flags and tangled weeds, into Alexa's fair and stately garden. Every thing, there also, was calm and still ; and a light, from the window of a distant summer-house, assured him that she whom he sought had not retired to rest. He approached the spot,—a shriek smote his ear !—another and another !—He rushed forward, burst open the door, and arrived in time to rescue his beloved Alexa from the grasp of a ruffian. Leopold seized the villain by the throat ;—the garments which he disgraced proved him to be a member of the church,—it was the prior of the adjoining convent. Threatened with immediate death, he made a full disclosure of his crimes.

Alexa had, long, believed herself to be under the influence of some malignant star. A horrid destiny attended all those who sought her affection. She had been mysteriously warned not to receive the

addresses of a second lover, lest he should be cut off, like the first. The crafty monk hoped, by this means, to work upon the mind of a timid woman, and deter her from seeking the protection of a husband. He it was who pronounced her nuptial benediction; and it was by his contrivance that the glass of poisoned water reached the bridegroom's lips. The prior's endeavour to penetrate into the devoted lady's garden was prevented, by Vanostrode's persevering gallantry. He had found out the way to the observatory, and almost lived in it. The jealous monk feared that Alexa viewed the handsome hussar with a favourable eye, and he resolved to remove him out of the way. Lying in wait, in the centre apartment, he stabbed him as he passed down stairs. The stroke was mortal,—Vanostrode placed his hand on the wound, threw off his glove, but expired ere he could draw his sword; and the monk, wrapping his victim in his own vestments, carried the body into the barracks,—where, after stripping it of the garments which would have betrayed him, he laid it in the bed, artfully contriving to make it appear that the murdered man had fallen by his own hands.

It was some time, however, ere the assassin dared renew his design upon Alexa. Rosenwold's extreme watchfulness had preserved *him* from suspicion; and the monk, believing that he alone was acquainted with the secret entrance into the lady's garden,

made the bold attempt, so happily prevented by Leopold's opportune appearance.

The monk suffered the penalty of his crimes; and the young soldier received the hand of the lovely creature to whom he had been so deeply, and so ardently attached.

EMMA R.



# THE LOVE OF GOD.

## TWO SONNETS.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN,

*Professor of Poetry, in the University of Oxford.*

### 1.

Love Thee !—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire !  
Whose palace is the vast infinity,  
Time, space, height, depth, oh God ! are full of Thee,  
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.  
Love Thee !—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,  
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee,  
And terror shakes the wide unfathomed sea,  
When the heavens rock with Thy tempestuous ire.  
Oh, Thou ! too vast for thought to comprehend,  
That wast ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er ;  
Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,  
Systems and suns Thy changeless throne before,  
Commence and close their cycles :—lost, I bend  
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore !

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

### 2.

Love Thee !—oh, clad in human lowliness,  
—In Whom each heart its mortal kindred knows—  
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes,—  
    A fellow wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!  
Love Thee ! Whose every word but breathes to bless !  
Through Thee, from long-sealed lips, glad language  
    flows ;  
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, uncloze ;  
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.  
—I see Thee, doomed by bitterest pangs to die,  
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps, move,  
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony,  
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,  
Though all—even there—be radiant Deity !  
—Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is Love !

TO THE HON. WILLIAM LAMB.

BY LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

THOUGH all at once, unheard, reprove me,  
Left—alike by friend and foe,  
—I will not shrink, if thou but love me,  
No hand but thine can strike the blow.

And sayest thou that I dare not face  
The storm that bursts above my head!  
—The proud most keenly feel disgrace,  
And 'tis disgrace, alone, I dread.

I fear not censure's bitter sneer,  
I heed not envy's venom'd tongue,  
Nor had'st thou seen one woman's tear,  
If my own heart had known no wrong.

And even though wrong, if thou can'st love me,  
Or friend, or foe, may frown on me ;—  
Their barbarous rage shall never move me,  
If blest by one kind word from thee !



## THE DYING GIRL.

### A POETIC SKETCH.

OH ! lead me forth—and let me gaze,  
Once more, upon the moon's soft rays ;  
View, once again, the starry sky,  
Drink of the balmy air,—and die !  
This fading form no spell may save,  
'Tis passing to the welcome grave :  
—Ere yonder blossom's dewy trance  
Shall melt before the morning glance,—  
'Ere yet the early lark shall wake,  
This heart—oh, what a joy!—must break.

I weep,—but 'tis not that I grieve  
This sweet and sunny world to leave,—  
I mourn the barter of my youth  
For treason in the form of truth ;  
I deemed not that this weary breast  
So soon should wander to its rest ;  
But quick life's golden chain decays,  
When falsehood's mildew on it preys,  
—I felt the rust within my soul  
Gnaw link from link!—now snaps the whole !

Thou wilt be near, when I am laid  
In the dark churchyard's darkest shade ;  
But place no stone to tell the spot,  
—For was I not in life forgot !  
And this high spirit would disdain  
The sigh that comes—when sighs are vain,  
The tears—*his* tears—which would not flow  
Till she for whom they fall was low !  
And let no summer blossoms wave,  
To mock my lone and lowly grave :  
Roses torn rudely from their bed,  
Crushed—broken—scentless—bloomless—dead,  
Fling on my grave—and they shall be  
In their bruised beauty, types of me !

Enough !—yet oh ! if near this way,  
*His* steps—they *will*—should ever stray,  
Tell him—and chide not—that in death  
The tremblings of my latest breath  
Faltered—to curse him ?—no, oh no !  
—The words would choke me in their flow !  
Deep in my soul I love him still,  
Through slight and suffering—wrong and ill !—  
Tell him the prayer breathed long and last  
Was peace and pardon for the past ;  
That, pausing on the verge of time,  
—May heaven forgive me, if 'tis crime !—  
My latest, fondest thoughts were given  
To him who was—on earth—*my heaven* !

ELIZA.

## THE WIFE.

### A TALE.

MARY, a young and beautiful wife, sat reading by the window. Sometimes, she looked from her book to admire, unnoticed, the exquisite beauty of her little boy,—an infant of two years old, whose round and dimpled limbs he displayed, in a thousand fantastic positions, on the hearth-rug. She admired, in every movement, the gracefulness of nature; and then turned her radiant countenance, beaming with fondness, on her husband. Thankfulness was at her heart, too full for words—thankfulness for this pledge of their mutual love—thankfulness for her Frederick's tried affection, proof against absence, dissipation, variety, riches,—all the world's dangerous seductions. As she mentally enumerated the blessings of her lot,—state—station—youth—beauty—fortune—and then a husband (such a husband) for whom she would have sacrificed un murmuringly each and all these blessings—and then her cherub boy, more beautiful than fabled love, she paused to think how she had deserved thus to obtain every concentrated joy. “Not in my desert, but in thine infinite goodness, oh! my God, do I find the cause of my



great happiness. May it please thee to continue to me thy gifts!"—She clasped her hands in the fervour of devotion, as she continued, "but if, Oh! Lord, I must know sorrow, let Frederick taste none. Make me a wretch—a wanderer on the face of creation—but spare my husband every pang. I will silently endure torture, mental and physical, so he be happy. And my young innocent—thou delightest in babes—thou wilt let *him* escape deep suffering!" Her fine eyes, raised to heaven, were filled with tears; she was so absorbed in silent prayer, as not to notice that her child was offering his rosy mouth for a mother's kiss.

Stafford, who had been writing, apparently in his calm and usual manner, now put down his pen; and contemplated his wife and child, for some moments, with a strong but compressed feeling of mental agony. "The pretty babe and dearer mother, must I leave ye both!" thought he. "Poor thing! she'll find it hard to struggle with the world. And must that fine form be wasted—those fair hands labour? I cannot, I will not live to see it." He covered his face with his hands, to conceal the big drops that coursed each other down his cheek. But this dew of the heart brought no refreshment to him:—tears gave him no relief; they were proofs of the sincerity and depth of his repentance and agony, but death was his design. Despair was at his heart; he could have borne poverty himself, but poverty for his wife and child—a wife accustomed to all the luxuries of life, and peculiarly formed and fitted by nature, birth,

and education, for their enjoyment and ornament !  
“ I can die,” thought he, shuddering, “ but *they* will suffer when *I* am at peace. The cold and chilly earth will cover *me*,—*I* shall soon be nothingness; but *she* will endure on, and waste and waste, and die the slow death of a broken heart. I know it well; and *I* cause this ! *I*, who might, with my fortune and station, have made the welfare of a little world of my own creation !” He paused for a moment, in his torturing retrospection; then, struggling with a sigh, unconsciously repeated, in a broken melancholy tone, “ Othello’s occupation’s gone !”

Mary’s quick ear caught the words, the tone, the manner; and, herself pale as death, she contemplated the ashy hue of her husband’s countenance. Its very beauty made the grief depicted there the more horrible. “ Frederick, dear Frederick,” said she, when she could articulate, “ you are ill—very ill !” and she put her cool fingers to his burning forehead. “ No, love ! I am quite well; you shall not teach me to be effeminate. Indeed, Mary, you spoil me,” said he, with a melancholy smile. “ I assure you, I am well,” continued he, more earnestly, as he observed the anxious and varying looks of her expressive face. He held her hand in his, as he said this, and tenderly pressed it. Its delicate whiteness was changed, by the pressure, to a deep crimson. Frederick watched it, until it again became white as Parian marble. “ These hands are not made for



"work," he said, calmly viewing them. Mary looked doubtfully at him. "Indeed, you are not well," she said,—"you look wildly, though you speak so gently. You have been up half the night; I pray you, love, retire to rest." "I am well—perfectly well, I repeat, physically speaking; but I am suffering mental torture,—for I am thinking of what would become of you, with such fragile delicacy of constitution, if I were to die. Now tell me, love," said he, in a low tone of sad melody, that thrilled Mary to the heart, "tell me, if I were to die, and poor,—you know it is but a supposition, after all,—where would you seek refuge,—where find consolation?" For an instant, Mary looked reproachfully in her husband's face, for she thought he was trifling with her feelings; but reading a sad earnestness in his eyes, which she could not comprehend, she burst into tears, and throwing herself into his arms, said, "Die on your grave, if, indeed, I survived the knowledge of my loss." "And your child, *our* child,—would you abandon it?" he continued, with vehement emotion. She thought he was displeased with her; but, collecting all her firmness, she replied, "You will be sorry, Frederick, on reflection, that you tried me thus; but it is your wish I should answer; now hear me,—I could not,—I would not, survive you." A sob escaped her, as she looked on the playful boy at their feet, who was hiding his laughing face in his mother's white dress. "*He* would be fondly tended by your mo-



ther." "I thank you, I thank you," said Stafford, as he pressed her convulsively to his bosom, "then we shall die together; it would be cruelty to separate us,—to let you survive me;" and, with an hysterical laugh, he fell senseless upon the floor.

This was the first and last exhibition of Stafford's weakness. He had now wrought his mind up to that high degree of excitation which is heroism or madness, according to its cause or object.—He believed he had a sad and horrid duty to perform.—The struggle between pure natural feeling, with the disinclination to commit a crime against society, and a desire to save his adored wife and himself the pangs of degradation, want, and misery,—was severe, but decisive. No after-thought, for a moment, turned him from his gloomy purpose. Mary had, at first, feared for his life,—then that his intellects were deranged; and the shock had shaken her frame to its centre. But, on finding that he was recovered to perfect speech and recollection, and apologized, in the most affectionate manner, for his foolish jealousy and anxiety as to the force of her affection, and said, he was even jealous of his boy,—those fears subsided. "I am happy," were his concluding words. "You would rather die with me, than live for him; I only wish I deserved such love;" and he fondly kissed her cheek. She smiled, but the smile her lip put on, was not from the heart. She was not imposed on by this calmness of demeanour; she felt that a hidden fire blazed beneath.—What can escape the quick perception of a

woman's love? However, she assumed a tranquillity she did not feel, vainly tasking her imagination to discover the evil which she doubted not had fallen upon her. Her husband was unhappy,—this she saw clearly; but he loved her and her child, with unabated affection. For *her*, had *he* seemed happy,—this had been joy enough. A thought struck her: she knew he played high,—some kind officious friend had told her this,—but she found no change in him, or their style of life; and she was too timid and fearful of offending, to give advice, unasked.

Believing that she had now discovered the cause of his wretchedness, she determined to remove it; and slowly walked to the end of the room where Stafford was writing. Her light footstep approached him, unheeded. "My dear Frederick," said she, putting her hand on his shoulder, "what is it that so absorbs you?" Stafford started, and made a movement to hide his papers, but her quick glance had caught the words, "last will and testament"; and, speechless, she fearfully looked from the paper to her husband. By this time he had regained his composure. "I am writing my will," he said, "that is, my last wishes; the lawyers must hereafter put it into form. I confess, I should not have told you; but I am sure *you* possess too much strength of mind to think a man is dying, because he makes his will;" and he gaily laughed.

Bursting with emotion, Mary yet constrained her-



self to say, "No, certainly; and I have no idle curiosity, but I pray you let me read it." He, playfully, refused her request; signed, sealed it, and directed it to Hugh Mortimer, Esq., his dear and tried friend,—not to be opened till after his decease; then, locking it up in his *escrutoire*, returned to his wife. "And now, tell me what is the meaning of that face, so full of important meaning?" and he pressed her tenderly in his arms. "Frederick," said his wife, as she hid her face on his shoulder, "loving each other as we do, how it places us above the caprices of *fortune*! Death would be preferable to its loss, to most of our fashionable friends; but *we* should find new joy in this absolute dependance on one another. You would toil,—I should prepare your food;—think," said she, smiling, and looking up into his face, "think how pretty I should look in a cottager's dress,—prettier, a thousand times, than in silks and roses; and the boy,—he should be my pupil while young; and, afterwards, you would teach him to be like yourself,—all that is kind and excellent." Unconscious of the mental torture she was inflicting, she proceeded to pourtray a life of such smiling simplicity and modest usefulness, that Stafford would have been won, by her sweet blandishments, from his purpose, had his rectitude of conduct been still unsullied. But what could he offer in excuse for betraying the happiness of those whom he best loved! He had staked his last guinea at a gambling table; and then, with that selfish imprudence which



is positive criminality,—although sometimes, as in the present instance, allied to better feelings,—ventured his wife's fortune, in the vain hope of regaining all he had lost. He found he had rested on a broken reed; and the sense of the distress he must occasion to those he best loved pressed, with maddening force, upon his desolate heart. In all other griefs, to them he would have turned for consolation; but he could neither ask, nor receive, it from those whom he had so deeply injured.

Ashamed of his increasing love for play, yet unable to resist its magic and direful influence, he had concealed from his true friends this dreadful propensity; and to the closer pleadings of his friend Mortimer, he affected a callous insensibility, that equally tortured both.

He was now ruined, and had involved others dearer than himself, in the same utter ruin. He was revolving these distressing thoughts, when he was aroused, by his wife placing her feverish hand within his. "I shall lie down, love, and try to find some rest, and I am sure *you* need it too." He did not appear to have heard her last words, but replied to the first,—"*Aye*, do; and I will send for a composing draught, from Dr. Phillips; then you will get some sleep." He rang the bell, and, in his wife's presence, gave this order; but his lips faltered as he gave it. He hastily left the room, and, seizing his hat, in much agitation, walked out of the house.

Mary watched him from the window, and every

impatient stride he took found an echo in her heart. At length, she threw herself upon her bed: and her maid entering, soon after, with a letter, placed it on a table, without disturbing her; and, softly closing the curtains of the window, left her to repose. Those who watched Stafford on his return, saw none of the indications of wildness and agitation that had so obviously marked his departure; yet, in his hand he now held the principle of destruction, which was to hurl a wife to death, and make his child an orphan.

He went straight to his wife's room; and placing the phial he had held in his hand upon the stand by her bedside, took the fingers that hung listlessly over the counterpane, and kissed them again and again. She unclosed the lids which pain—not sleep—had weighed down, and tried to look the joy she felt. This acknowledgement of his presence and the pleasure it gave her, derived a more forcible eloquence from the very imperfectness of its expression;—and how did he requite it? “Your medicine is here, and you must suffer me to be your nurse,” said he, as he poured it into a glass, and urged her to take it. She drank it eagerly, to shew her prompt obedience; but a cold shudder shook her frame, as she put down the glass, which he had not the power to take from her. “My head feels heavy,” she said; and that lovely head was bowed down, and laid upon the pillow. She slept;—her breathing became faint—and fainter—and scarcely perceptible; and the pulse of the small white hand which he held



beat low and irregularly.—Each little beat seemed to knock at his heart, with a giant's power! Soon, all was quiet;—and now what were the feelings of her *murderer*! He looked on her pale face, with stern composure. The muscles round his mouth, by their fixed and frightful rigidity, alone betrayed his heart's deep agony. “And *I* have murdered her!” He looked at his hands, as if to find them covered with blood; and shuddered, as though he *saw* the crimson stain. “It will not wash out,” said he aloud, harping on this horrid idea, “my heart's blood could not do it.” Reason was wavering in her seat. He took her cold hand in his, and the sense of touch restored it, and relieved him, by a shower of tears. “Thou wilt awake no more,” said he, “like a young bird, to song and gladness! No more will thy presence delight—thy laughter gladden—thy beauty charm. Soon, how very soon, thy best friend will turn from thee in disgust,—thy fondest lover look on thee with loathing. And it is *I*—*I* to whom thy smile was joy, and thy love heaven,—that have compressed thee into ‘a clod of the valley!’” He folded his arms around his inanimate wife, with frantic violence, for a last embrace—then rushed into his dressing-room.

He took down his pistols, and loaded them, with that breathless haste which is intended to shut out thought; but which only serves to tinge actions resulting from remorse and grief, with the bearings of insanity. In how few moments may we revolve



whole years—aye, a whole life—of matchless misery ! The weapon of death was in Stafford's hand, held in a firm and forceful grasp. How soon may that hand be powerless,—the principle of life, that mighty mystery, extinct within a form of manly beauty,—and yet the sun rise on as gay a world as though all smiled who yesterday were young and happy !—But what white form, with noiseless step, and face and hands so utterly wan and tintless that the grave seems despoiled of a tenant, works the mission of death upon the unhappy Stafford ? For a moment, he gazed on the white-robed visitant who stood at the threshold, without speech or motion,—one arm extended, as if denouncing his soul's perdition ; the life and strength of her attitude strangely and sadly contrasting the vacancy of death upon her countenance ;—then relaxing his hold, the pistol dropped from his nerveless grasp ; and covering his face, as if to shut out a sight of horror, he uttered aloud his sense of the scene before him, “ She comes to curse her murderer ! ”—and fell, a dead weight upon the floor.

Three months have passed since the frightful event we have related ; and health, and happiness, and splendour reign, once more, in Stafford's house ; where Mary still presides,—at once joy's image and its cause,—with her boy, who now begins to leave her side, for the ruder romping of his father. During the long illness—the effect of a remorseful imagination—which chained the wretched Stafford,

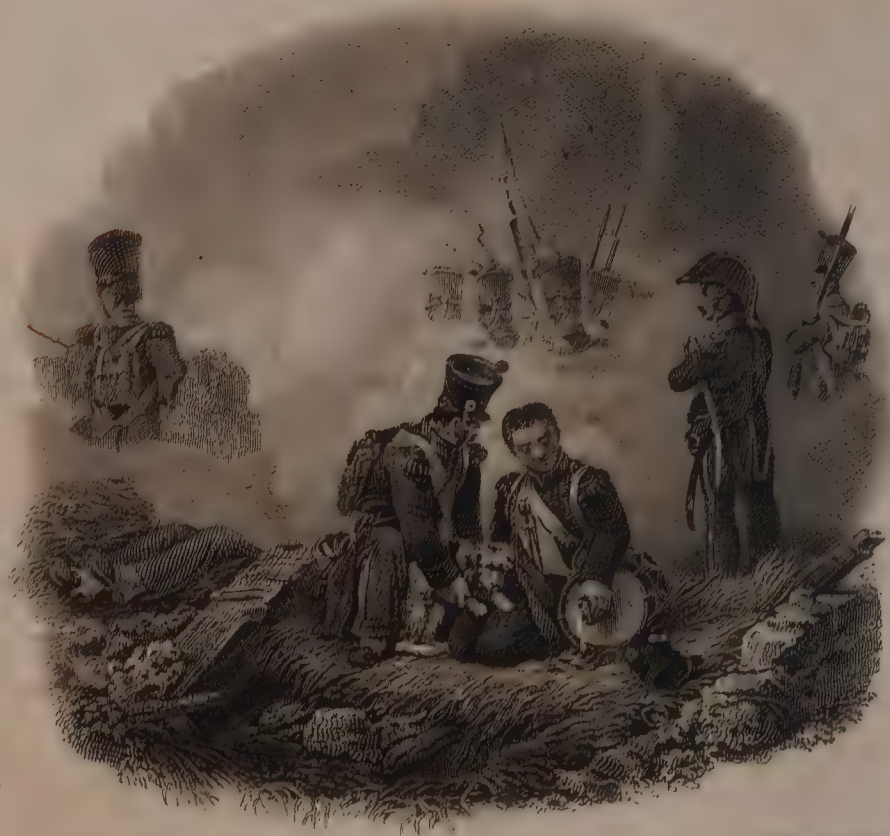
after the scene we have described, there was one voice, which, in the height of delirium, could still his frenzy; one hand whose gentlest pressure could instantly work obedience; one form of beauty, that gave grace and comfort to his sick-room,—that, however indistinctly seen, was recognized by his *heart's* perception, long before he had power to give that form a name. But, when he awoke to perfect consciousness of all that had passed,—when he found, from Mary's conversation, that she did not even guess that he had meant her wrong, but had attributed to temporary derangement the fearful scene which she had witnessed, after his fervent embrace had awakened her from her lethargic slumber,—when he recalled the mistake which he must have made, giving her medicine instead of doom,—then sorrow, the sorrow of humiliation and repentance, yet sorrow mixed with thankfulness and gratitude, was the indulged feeling of his heart.

When his wife deemed him strong enough to bear the glad tidings, she shewed him a letter from his neglected friend, Hugh Mortimer, containing the account of a wealthy nobleman's death, to whom Frederick was immediate heir; and Stafford, with an internal shudder, remembered that he had seen *that very letter* lying by his wife's bed-side, when he had so nearly given her the sleep of death!

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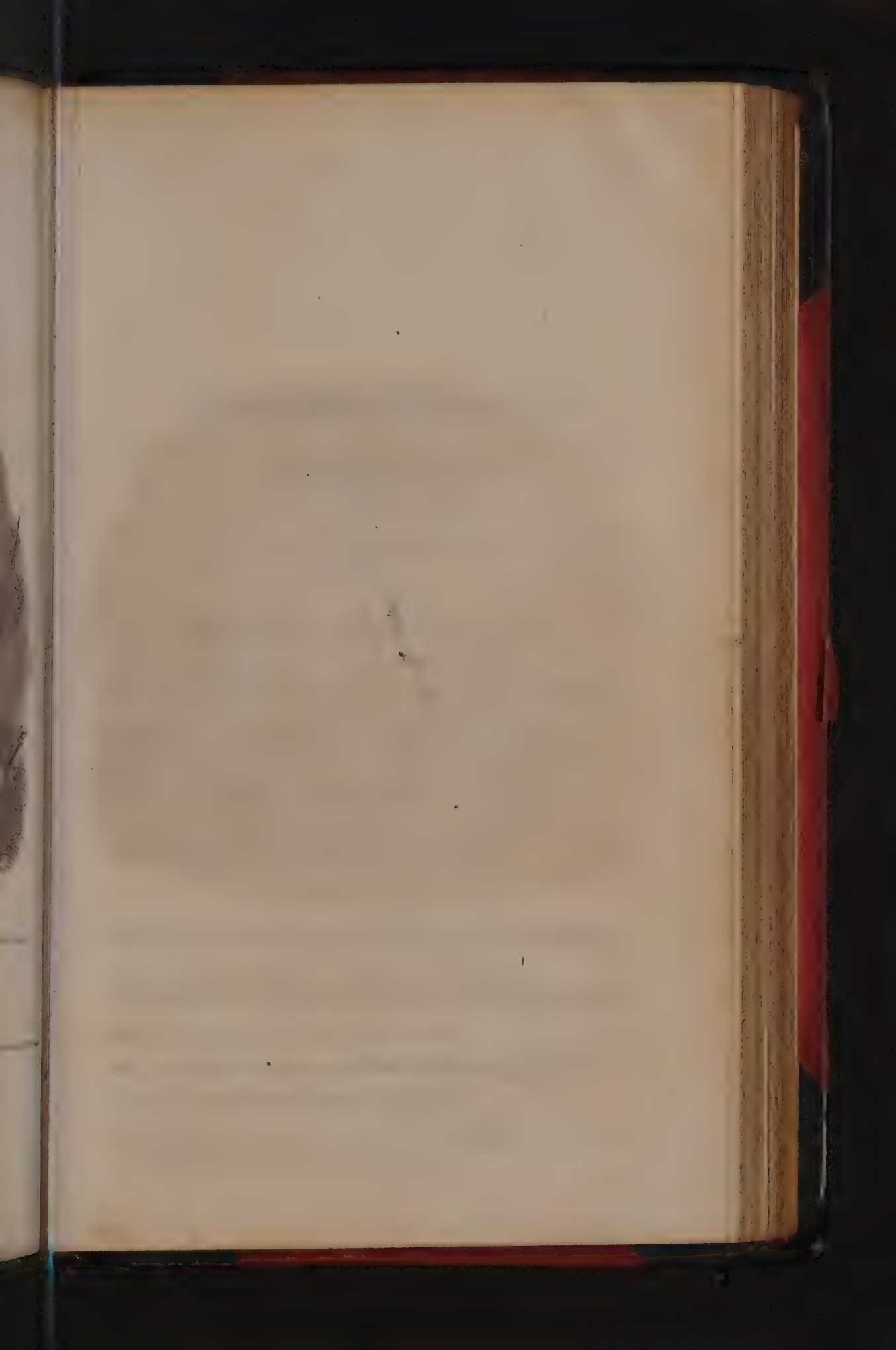


H. G. S. del.

F. T. Allen sculp.

THE DOG OF THE REGIMENT WOUNDED.

Printed by M. J. Green



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## THE SOLDIER AND HIS DOG.

A POETICAL SKETCH.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

THE warrior youth and his dog are come  
Where the banner of war is unfurled,—  
It had eat from his hand, in his mother's home,  
And had followed him through the world.—  
The friends of his heart, in its morning pride,  
Have fled from the gloom of his morrow ;  
And his dog is all that stands by his side,  
Since he has but his sabre and sorrow !

He had doted too well on those perishing things,  
And wept over them long, as they past,  
Till, one by one, they had made themselves wings,  
Save woman—and she went, last !  
So, he wiped from his father's sword the stain,  
And the weakness from his heart,  
And hied him away to the battle-plain,  
—But, his dog would not depart !

He has slumbered beneath a moonless sky,  
While his friend has watched around,  
And soothed, with its tongue, the agony  
Of each—save the spirit's—wound.  
And its faith has been as a gentle dew,  
Shed sweetly and silently,—  
Oh! were the maid of his soul as true,  
How fair a thing were she!

And now, amid the battle's strife,  
He flings his sword away,  
And, as he marks its ebbing life,  
Weeps—as a soldier may!  
—Tears that become the warrior, more  
Than all the weak ones given  
To *her*—the darker, that she wore  
The livery of heaven!

IRREGULAR ODE, ON THE DEATH OF  
LORD BYRON.

BY THE REV. C. C. COLTON.

“Σεῖο Βίρων ἔκλαυσε ταχὺν μόρον Αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων.”

MOSCHUS.

WE mourn thy wreck ;—that mighty mind  
Did whirlwind passions whelm,  
While wisdom wavered, half inclined  
To quit the dangerous helm ;—  
Thou wast an argosy of cost,  
Equipped, enriched in vain,  
Of gods the work—of men the boast,  
Glory thy port,—and doomed to gain  
That splendid haven, only to be lost !

Lost, e'en when Greece, with conquest blest,  
Thy gallant bearing hailed ;—  
Then sighs from valour's mailed breast,  
And tears of beauty failed ;



Oh ! hadst thou in the battle died,  
Triumphant e'en in death,  
The patriot's—as the poet's—pride,  
While *both* Minervas twined thy wreath,  
Then had thy full career malice and fate defied !

What architect, with choice design,—  
—Of Rome or Athens styled—  
Ere left a monument like thine ?—  
And all from *ruins* piled !  
A prouder motto marks thy stone  
Than Archimedes' tomb,  
He asked a fulcrum—thou demandedst none,  
But—reckless of past, present, and to come—  
Didst on thyself depend, to shake the world—*alone* !

Thine eye to all extremes and ends  
And opposites could turn,  
And, like the congelated lens,  
Could sparkle, freeze, or burn ;—  
But in thy mind's abyss profound,  
As in some limbo vast, .  
More shapes and monsters did abound,  
To set the wondering world aghast,  
Than wave-worn Noah fed, or starry Tuscan found !

Was love thy lay,—Cathæra reined  
Her car, and owned the spell !  
Was hate thy theme,—that murky fiend  
For hotter earth left hell !

The palaced crown, the cloistered cowl,  
Moved but thy spleen or mirth ;  
Thy smile was deadlier than thy scowl,  
In guise unearthly didst thou roam the earth,  
Screened in Thalia's mask,—to drug the tragic bowl !

Lord of thine own imperial sky,  
In virgin "pride of place,"  
Thou soared'st where others could not fly,  
And hardly dared to gaze !—  
The Condor, thus, his pennonned vane  
O'er Cotopaxa spreads,  
But—should he ken the prey, or scent the slain,—  
Nor chilling height nor burning depth he dreads,  
From Ande's crystal crag, to Lima's sultry plain !

Like Lucan's, early was thy tomb,  
And more than Bion's mourned ;—  
For, still, such lights themselves consume,  
—The brigh test, briefest burned :—  
But from thy blazing shield recoiled  
Pale Envy's bolt of lead ;  
She, but to work thy triumphs, toiled,  
And, muttering coward curses, fled ;—  
Thee, thine own strength alone—like matchless Milo,  
—foiled.

We prize thee, that thou didst not fear  
What stoutest hearts might rack,

And didst the diamond genius wear,  
That tempts—yet foils—the attack.  
We *mourn* thee, that thou wouldst not find,  
While prisoned in thy clay,  
—Since such there were,—some kindred mind,—  
For friendship lasts through life's long day,  
And doth, with surer chain than love or beauty,  
bind !

We *blame* thee, that with baleful light  
Thou didst astound the world,  
—A comet, plunging from his height,  
And into chaos hurled !—  
Accorded king of anarch power,  
And talent misapplied ;—  
That hid thy God, in evil hour,  
Or showed Him only to deride,  
And, o'er the gifted blaze of thine own brightness,  
lour !

Thy fierce volcanic breast, o'ercast  
With Hecla's frosty cloke,  
All earth with fire impure could blast,  
And darken heaven with smoke :  
O'er ocean, continent, and isle,  
The conflagration ran ;—  
Thou, from thy throne of ice, the while,  
Didst the red ruin calmly scan,  
And tuned Apollo's harp—with Nero's ghastly smile !



What now avails that muse of fire,—  
Her nothing of a name !  
Thy master hand and matchless lyre,  
What have they gained—but fame !  
Fame—fancy's child—by folly fed,  
On breath of meanest things,—  
A phantom wooed in virtue's stead,  
That envy to the living brings,  
And silent, solemn mockery to the dead !

Ne'er,—since the deep-toned Theban sung  
Unto the listening Nine,—  
Hath classic hill or valley rung  
With harmony like thine !  
Who now shall wake thy widowed lyre !  
—There breathes but *one*, who dares  
To that Herculean task aspire ;  
But—less than thou—for fame *he* cares,  
And scorns both hope and fear—ambition and desire !

TO LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

BY THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD BYRON,

*Sixteen Years ago.*

AND say'st thou that I have not felt,  
Whilst thou wert thus estranged from me ;—  
Nor know'st how dearly I have dwelt  
On one unbroken dream of thee !  
—But love like ours must never be,  
And I will learn to prize thee less ;—  
As thou hast fled—so let *me* flee,  
And *change* the heart thou mayest not *bless* !

They'll tell thee, Cara ! I have seemed,  
Of late, another's charms to woo ;  
Nor sighed—nor frowned—as if I deemed  
That thou wert banished from my view.  
Cara ! this struggle—to undo  
What thou hast done, too well, for me—  
—This mask before the babbling crew—  
This treachery—was truth to thee !

I *have not* wept while thou wert gone,  
Nor worn one look of sullen woe ;—  
But sought, in many, all that one  
—Ah ! need I name her ?—could bestow.  
—It is a duty which I owe  
To thine—to thee—to man—to God,  
To crush—to quench—this guilty glow,  
Ere yet the path of crime be trod !

But, since my breast is not so pure,—  
Since still the vulture tears my heart,—  
Let *me* this agony endure,  
Not *thee*—oh ! dearest as thou art !  
—In mercy, Cara ! let us part,  
And I will seek—yet know not how—  
To shun, in time, the threatening dart  
Guilt must not aim at such as thou.

But thou must aid me in the task,  
And nobly thus exert thy power,—  
'Then spurn me hence—'tis all I ask—  
Ere time mature a guiltier hour ;  
Ere wrath's impending vials shower  
Remorse, redoubled, on my head ;  
Ere fires unquenchable devour  
A heart—whose hope has long been dead.

Deceive no more thyself and me,—  
Deceive not better hearts than mine ;



—Ah ! shouldest thou, whither wouldest thou flee,  
From woe like ours—from shame like thine !  
And if there be a wrath divine,  
—A pang beyond this fleeting breath—  
Even now all future hope resign,—  
Such thoughts are guilt—such guilt is death !

# BEAUTY, WEALTH, AND LOVE.

A ROMANCE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

WEALTH, with golden key, once sought  
To win the way to BEAUTY'S shrine ;  
Many a sparkling gem he brought,  
And many a diamond from the mine :—  
But LOVE, veiled in sly disguise,  
Hovered round, near BEAUTY'S bower,  
Lest the gems of Eastern skies  
Should weigh against his power !

WEALTH displayed his dazzling store,  
—Pearly wreaths and ruby crowns !  
BEAUTY ran the treasures o'er,  
And smiles succeeded frowns.  
What could LOVE oppose to this !—  
*He* had but his crown of simple flowers,  
That were bathed in the honied dew of bliss,  
Culled fresh from his roseate bowers !

Then WEALTH, he laughed triumphantly,  
As he led young BEAUTY's steps along,  
Who turned on LOVE a scornful eye,  
And a cold ear to his song !  
—Away they went,—and their path was strown  
With many a rare and precious gem,  
That springs up at WEALTH's command alone,—  
All—all shone brightly for them !

But BEAUTY, at last, found out her mistake,  
When time had broken the charm ;—  
As the moonbeam shines on the frozen lake,  
WEALTH may glitter,—but cannot warm !  
Then—too late—she remembered LOVE's rosy bowers,  
When the spell that beguiled was o'er ;  
And she sighed for the fresh unfading flowers  
That could blossom for *her*—no more !



## LEGENDARY STANZAS.

BY J. B. THOMPSON, ESQ.

ON the top of Ben Nevis, the snow shines bright,—  
No foot but my own shall print it;  
For the feathery feet of my own dear sprite,  
As he springs to my arms, never dint it!—  
When eve paints the sky with her rosy hues,  
And the gorgeous sun is declining,  
I fly to suck, from him, the tender dew  
Of love, on his breast reclining!

Then, his dove-like wings around me curled,—  
Oh, heart! is it not a sweet pillow!  
And is it not sweet—to that bosom furled—  
To be rocked on its gentle billow;—  
To tell all I can of my virgin flame,  
And those lingering days of sadness,  
Ere my love had fulfilled the fanciful dream,  
And breathed, through my frame, all its gladness!

“Oh, never!” I said, “shall a child of earth  
Mix, with mine, the warm breathings of passion,—

For there are spirits of heavenly birth,  
Who, for love, leave their blissful station !"—  
And, in radiant light, before me he stood,  
And sweet were his coveted kisses ;—  
And ne'er was a maiden's soul so wooed,  
Or steeped in such balmy blisses !

He left the bright bowers of Paradise,  
And its fragrance he breathed around me ;—  
And its splendour still shone in his glowing eyes,  
As in softest embraces he bound me !—  
But hark ! 'tis the hour !—I come to thee, love !  
Oh ! had I, too, thy wings of beauty,  
How swift through the mountain airs would I move,  
To yield to soft passion her duty !

## THE LOVER ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

I LOOKED upon the battle plain,—  
I saw the silent hero lie,—  
I saw the life-blood's deepest stain  
Darken the light of chivalry!

Though cleft the brow—the bosom gored,  
Still bore his arm the dinted shield;  
Still grasped his hand the broken sword,  
Shedding a light around the field.

He died—as warriors love to die—  
In victory's proud and burning clasp;  
And, from that red throne, sprung on high,  
Smiling on death's ensanguined grasp!

—I saw the lover wandering by,  
With wan cold cheek and nerveless air,—  
He pressed his heart,—I heard him sigh,  
—Oh! what wild thoughts were gathering there!



The dreamy past had lit his brow,  
With the soft light of love's sweet bliss ;—  
Then came the dread awakening *now*,  
And scared him with her withering kiss !

I saw him start at one loved name,—  
I marked his thickly panting breath,—  
—Rather than live that life of shame,  
Hail, battle field !—hail, glorious death !

## TO AN INFANT.

THOU wak'st from happy sleep, to play,  
With bounding heart, my boy !  
Before thee lies a long, bright day  
Of summer and of joy !

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream,  
To cloud thy fearless eye ;—  
Long be it thus !—life's early stream  
Should still reflect the sky !

Yet,—ere the cares of earth lie dim,  
On thy young spirit's wings,—  
Now, in thy morn, forget not *Him*  
From whom each pure thought springs !

So,—in thy onward vale of tears,  
Where'er thy path may be,  
When strength hath bowed to evil years,—  
*He* will remember thee !

F. H.

## FORGIVENESS.

### A TALE.

THE night was dark and tempestuous :—heavy gusts of wind shook the abbey walls, and resounded, in deep murmurs, along the cloisters ;—while the moon, occasionally breaking through the thick clouds which enveloped her, cast an uncertain and awful light over the surrounding scenery.

The monk, Pierre, had lain down to rest,—but sleep fled from his eyes ; and a broken slumber, which neither absorbed sense nor yielded repose, alone answered his solicitations. The groans of the distressed seemed to mingle with the sighing of the blast ; and he frequently started from his couch, under the impression that he heard the well-known signal of his trusty dog, Fidele. In this manner he spent the hours, till the heavy bell of St. Gothard announced that midnight had passed. The storm was, in some degree, abated ; and the beams of the moon were less interrupted. Pierre, however, no longer endeavoured to sleep. He fixed his eyes upon the bright luminary, which now shone full through the



casement of his little apartment,—and a train of thought, involuntarily, stole over his mind.

“Behold,” said he, mentally, “a picture of myself! Delivered up to the dominion of my own wayward desires, every image was distorted in my imagination; and the common evils of life became burthens too great for endurance. The still small voice of reason was unheard in the whirlwind of passion; and—like the leaf, severed from its parent stem, and hurried down the torrent—I was alone on the sea of life, the sport of every breeze, and at the direction of every current. Oh, Father of Mercies!” he cried, energetically, “I thank Thee for the correction Thou hast given me, and for the light Thou hast communicated to me! A wanderer no more,—though poor and feeble, friendless, and forgotten by the crowds that once hung on my smiles,—I pursue my path with joy, because it leads to Thee; and lose the sense of individual suffering in the humble, but active, endeavour to mark my gratitude,—and imitate Thee, by bringing my fellow wanderers to a place of earthly rest, and preparing them for a heavenly one!”

He was silent. A gentle calm diffused itself over his mind, and sleep began to steal over his eyelids; when, suddenly, he was roused by the reiterated barking of Fidele. He instantly obeyed the summons; and, wrapping his cloak around him, hurried into the air. Fidele fawned upon him with delight,—then sprang forward;—again barked loudly,—and

then, as if dissatisfied at the slow pace that his master was obliged to observe, (for the path was rugged, and impeded with snow,) he returned—jumped upon him—licked his hand—and, with redoubled speed, pursued his own way, through the windings of the mountain. At length, he stopped. Exerting all his strength, Pierre pressed forward; and beheld the apparently lifeless remains of a man, stretched upon the snow. He knelt down, and perceived,—by the rays of his torch, aided by the beams of the moon,—that the ground was covered with blood. He laid his hand upon the breast of the stranger, and, to his joy, some slight pulsation evinced that life was not quite departed. He now dispatched Fidele for further assistance; and, in a short time, the wounded man was conveyed to the Abbey.

Pierre laid him upon his own bed; and, anxious to ascertain the extent of the injury he had received, he proceeded to examine the head, from whence the blood still flowed copiously. With this view he removed his cap, and parted the thick curls that covered his forehead. The light now shone full on his livid countenance. Pierre started back,—his eyes remained fixed upon the stranger,—his whole frame shook with violent and increasing emotion,—and the placid expression of his features was entirely lost. Recovering himself, he hid his face with his hands; and,—after an apparent struggle with his feelings,—he knelt down, and in a short, but earnest prayer, deplored his present weakness, and suppli-



cated the Divine assistance for the future. He then arose;—the smile of benevolence again illumined his pale, but venerable face; and, approaching the sufferer, he applied every remedy in his power, and watched, with trembling anxiety, the result of his cares. With feelings of pure delight, he observed, at length, the heaving of his breast, and heard a deep sigh issue from his lips. In a short time, the stranger opened his eyes, and fixed them upon his benefactor; but seemed to have no recollection of the past, or apprehensions for the present. Pierre took his station by his bedside, and, for many days, assiduously attended him.

At the end of a week, Abdallah—as he called himself—was able to converse; and Pierre now asked the particulars of his disaster, and the meaning of the incoherent expressions of wrath which had, frequently, escaped from his lips, during his late delirium. “You behold,” said Abdallah, “a man who has seen the reverses of fortune, in their greatest extent. I have basked in the smiles of monarchs; I have held the highest posts of office; and wealth unbounded has swelled my coffers. My rank, however, was unable to shield me from malevolence; and the envy of one who had long hated me wrought my ruin. I was disgraced, to make room for my rival; and I became an outcast from that country which had owed its prosperity to my cares, and a vagabond in lands that had lately trembled at the sound of my name.”



Overpowered with the acuteness of his feelings, he paused ;—nor was Pierre less affected. He wrapped his face in his garments, and groaned aloud. “ You feel for me,” said Abdallah, “ but what are your sensations compared with mine ! Listen, however, good Pierre ! and rejoice with me. My injuries have not slept in the dust !—no, no !”—added he, his countenance assuming an expression which made his auditor shudder, as he regarded him ;—“ I swore to be revenged, and I have performed my oath ! Night and day has the desire of vengeance pursued me. It has been my food—my occupation—the height of my wishes, and the very end of an existence of which I had, long ago, rid myself, but for the hope of living to witness the destruction of my enemy.”

“ But, surely,” interrupted Pierre, “ you destroyed, by this means, your own happiness, (for, doubtless, sources of happiness were still open to you,) without injuring his.” “ Happiness !” scornfully replied Abdallah, “ I desired no happiness but to be revenged ; though, perhaps, I could not have wished my rival to endure a more bitter punishment than the state into which he had reduced me. The hope of vengeance haunted me every where. I had sufficient wealth,—but I despised it. I had a wife and children,—but their caresses were poisoned by the image of my foe. I forgot to take my food ; and even sleep brought no repose. Frequently, in my slumbers, I thought I felt him in my grasp, and

raised my arm to stab him to the heart,—when, awakened by the action, I found he had yet escaped, and I wept for disappointment. My wife and children were all swept off by a fever,” added he, in a low voice; “my wealth was dissipated. I renounced every connexion, and hired myself with bravoës. At length, I heard that my rival had received a commission which would compel him to cross these mountains. I instantly bent my course hither; and, having encountered his train, I managed to separate him from his attendants. And now, hear me, old man!—hear the completion of my long-protracted hopes. I met him in the pass. I struck him to the earth; and while he lay bleeding on the ground, I proclaimed myself my avenger, and upbraided him with his perfidy! I witnessed the convulsions of his frame! I heard his dying groans—they were music to my ears! and, in a delirium of joy, I still hung over him, when a blow, from an unknown hand, precipitated me down the precipice. Tell me, am I not to be envied! Can happiness, now, be greater than mine, or revenge more complete!”

He seized the arm of Pierre, as he spoke. The countenance of the latter was pale as marble, and it was some moments before he could make any reply. “Abdallah,” at length, he cried, “I also was once rich, powerful, and renowned;—and I also had an enemy. He was once my friend—my brother—the beloved of my heart. I raised him to power, and gratified all his desires. But, he betrayed my love,—he brought dis-



grace and ruin upom my name, and drove me an exile from my country and mankind. Like you, I carried revenge into my retreat ; and, like you, I suffered it to prey upon my heart. I planned various schemes of vengeance, but none answered the extent of my wishes. At length, I, fortunately, became acquainted with one who was well skilled to assist my research, and guide me in the right way to obtain satisfaction for my past wrongs. It was long, however, before I could obey his suggestions, or listen to his entreaties ;—but, in the end, he prevailed, and opportunity alone was wanting to complete my projected plan.”

“And has that opportunity been granted ?”—eagerly enquired Abdallah.” “I thank heaven,” replied Pierre, fervently, “it has ! Years had passed away, when, in an unlooked-for hour, my treacherous friend was thrown into my power. His life was in my hands ;—no one was near to witness the deed ;—he was alone, undefended, and ——” “And,” cried Abdallah, in a voice which shook with emotion, “you slew him !” “*My* revenge,” returned Pierre, “was not to be so gratified.” He raised his eyes to heaven ; and then, extending his arms towards Abdallah, he exclaimed,—“*I forgave him !* Look at me, Abdallah !—Poor and mean as I am, do you not recognize, under these weeds, your once loved, once honoured, Hamet ? Nay, hide not your face, but repose, again, on the bosom of friendship. I have learned a better lesson than to take vengeance. I



have exchanged the slavery of passion for the freedom of the Christian ; and entreat you to partake of that peace which has long filled my bosom,—and which now swells it with joy unutterable !—Your enemy still lives, and is sheltered, with yourself, in these walls.”

Abdallah paused for a few minutes,—and his varying countenance shewed the perturbation of his mind. Then, throwing his arms round the neck of Pierre, he sobbed—“ Hamet ! teach me this lesson, and bring me to your God ; and let the restoration of your friendship be the promise of his pardon and acceptance !”

## THE BANQUET.

A SCENE FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAMA.

*Imitated from the Ancient English Dramatists.*

BY LAURENCE YOUNG, ESQ.

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SCENE—AN ILLUMINATED HALL.

*Marquess Veroni—Marchioness, his wife—Erixine, his mistress—Count, brother to the Marchioness—Bartolo, and other Guests—surrounding a Table.*

*Veroni.* Fie! Count!—thou dost affect a ceremony  
With our poor fare, and make our wine a stranger.

*Count.* And if it were so—but *that* it is not—  
’Twere that my glutted senses feast each other,  
And eyes and ears do make the lips pay forfeit;—  
A thirsty friar might well forget his bowl,  
Content to gaze;—but thus I drown your censure,  
Full fain to swallow your unjust upbraiding! [*Drinks.*]

*Veroni.* Hist, hist! a pledge to all!—  
Here’s to the noble patron of our revels!  
This was the Marchioness’s marriage day!  
—How old’s our Hymen-calendar, my love?

*March.* Just seven sweet years.

*Veroni.* I would have guessed it nine.

*Bartolo.* Shrewd reckoning that!—more stale than old, it seems! [Aside.

[Aloud.] In truth, his godship ages cruel quick.

Some say he measures his years by the moon ;  
—Not that he'll ever keep the clock in my house,  
I drink his distance!—still, for his friends' sake,  
Wishing he'd please to take his birth-day wings  
For common, daily wear.

*Veroni.* Unmannered caitiff!

—So, thou art wooing for a song out yonder,  
Where thy success shall richly fee thy pleading!

My sweet Erixine!

Sure tones like thine, breathed out in Paradise,  
Waked the first emulous nightingale to song!

*March.* What needs, my lord! to bid the fair Erixine?  
We will not so task her timidity,  
Bid in the minstrels. [Enter Music.

*Chorus.*

Wake, O! wake, the sprightly measure,  
Count it by the pulse of pleasure,  
Softer, slower, bid it move,  
Soft as sigh of yielding love;  
Love and beauty—music—wine—  
What more hath heaven to call divine!

*During the music, Bartolo talks apart with another of the guests.*

*Bartolo.* Mark how his wistful eye fawns on his minion!



*Guest.* And by my troth, she is a pleasant prospect.  
 What wealth hath nature lavished on her face!  
 What a soft splendour glows around her form!  
 See,—as she drinks,—how, from her ripe, red lip,  
 The conscious cup essays a brighter hue,  
 And senseless gold grows proud within her clasp!

*Bartolo.* Tut, tut! a piece of blotted alabaster,  
 That doth betray its own dishonesty!  
 Shame's crimson front glares through her crystal  
 cheek,

As to reveal—See how her downcast lid  
 Declines her lover's passionate communion!  
 But hist! Veroni speaks!—be still a while,  
 And but enrich thy sight with observation.

*Veroni.* Nay, I will have it so; come, sweet Erixine!  
 Make our ears happy.

*Erixine sings.*

I've woven a garland—a wreath for my love;  
 The bloom of the woodland—the garden—the grove!  
 Behold, here, the laurel—the chaplet of fame—  
 The bays of his prowess encircling his name!  
 The dew-spangled rose-bud—an emblem of youth,  
 And the fresh sprig of myrtle, to stand for his truth!  
 The branch of the oak tree, to shew forth his power,  
 With the peaceful green olive plant, opening its flower!  
 And the fragile, the sensitive lily is there,  
 —A type of his honour, untarnished and fair!  
 A few rigid leaves, too, inserted, beside,  
 Of the tall, stately fir-tree—to speak of his pride!

And O! for his love, what so apt to entwine,  
As the tender, the graceful, the fond eglantine!

This my coronal shall be,  
Made for mirth and revelry,  
Wreathed around the brimming bowl,—  
Sweets of sense and flowers of soul!  
—In the cup the tendrils dip,  
The mantling juice the blossoms sip;  
So nourished, shall it live and bloom for ever,  
The verdant margin of a rosy river!

*Marquess.* O! ravishing sound!—echo's in love  
with it,

And lingers on the air, in humble mimicry!  
Thanks, fair Erixine!—

Look to the Marchioness!  
Faint?—overcome, sure, by the mingled odours!

[*To the Marchioness.*

Rear up thy heart—taste of this wine—so pale!  
What ails my mistress?

*March.* I'll return anon;  
Speak my excuse, and let me seek my chamber,—  
I shall find fitter time for being well. [*Exit.*

*Veroni.* Thanks, fair Erixine!—my heart's sole  
queen!

Sit thou by me!—and bid our jester here!  
Fellow! a savour of thy quality!  
—Not that of Ariadne on the rock,  
Or Leucothoe mourning for the sun,  
But make thy chaunt on some right merry theme,—  
We would be gay!

*Count.* My lord ! a moment stay,  
I would my lady-sister should be here ;—  
I'll seek the cause of her so long delay,—  
Is she, indeed, so sick ?

*Exit, and, after a short space, returns, bearing the  
dead body of the Marchioness in his arms.*

*Count.* Ho ! ho ! a feast of death and ghostly guests !  
Murder's abroad—and martyrdom—and blood !  
Pour out your tears for wine ;  
And turn your glowing tapers into corpse-lights.  
Alas, alas !—yet 'twas not her own act !  
'Twas thou, fair wickedness ! that drugged the draught,  
And thou, brave husband ! put it to her lip !  
Look on this scroll !—she did conceive her wrong,  
And the sufficient thought hath *murdered her* !—  
The affronted soul's gone up to heaven, complaining !—  
—So,—how your asking eyes accuse each other !  
What ! ye'd entice her back to life again,  
With fruitless wishes !—there, to please ye, then,  
I'll set her in her chair of state, again,  
And place your richest cates before her.—No !  
She'll not be tempted—she has lost her appetite !  
Ho !—she's asleep !—wake up your loudest timbrels !—  
Or stay—haply, she'll hear her husband's voice !  
—Away, ye revellers—insects of a sun-beam !  
Beauty ! go, tell thy beads !—for thee, false Marquis !  
I'll have a trial of skill to reach thy heart.  
Hence—hence !—let all be dark—for death is dark-  
ness !—

Away !—but hush ! steal softly, lest ye waken her !

*[Scene closes.]*



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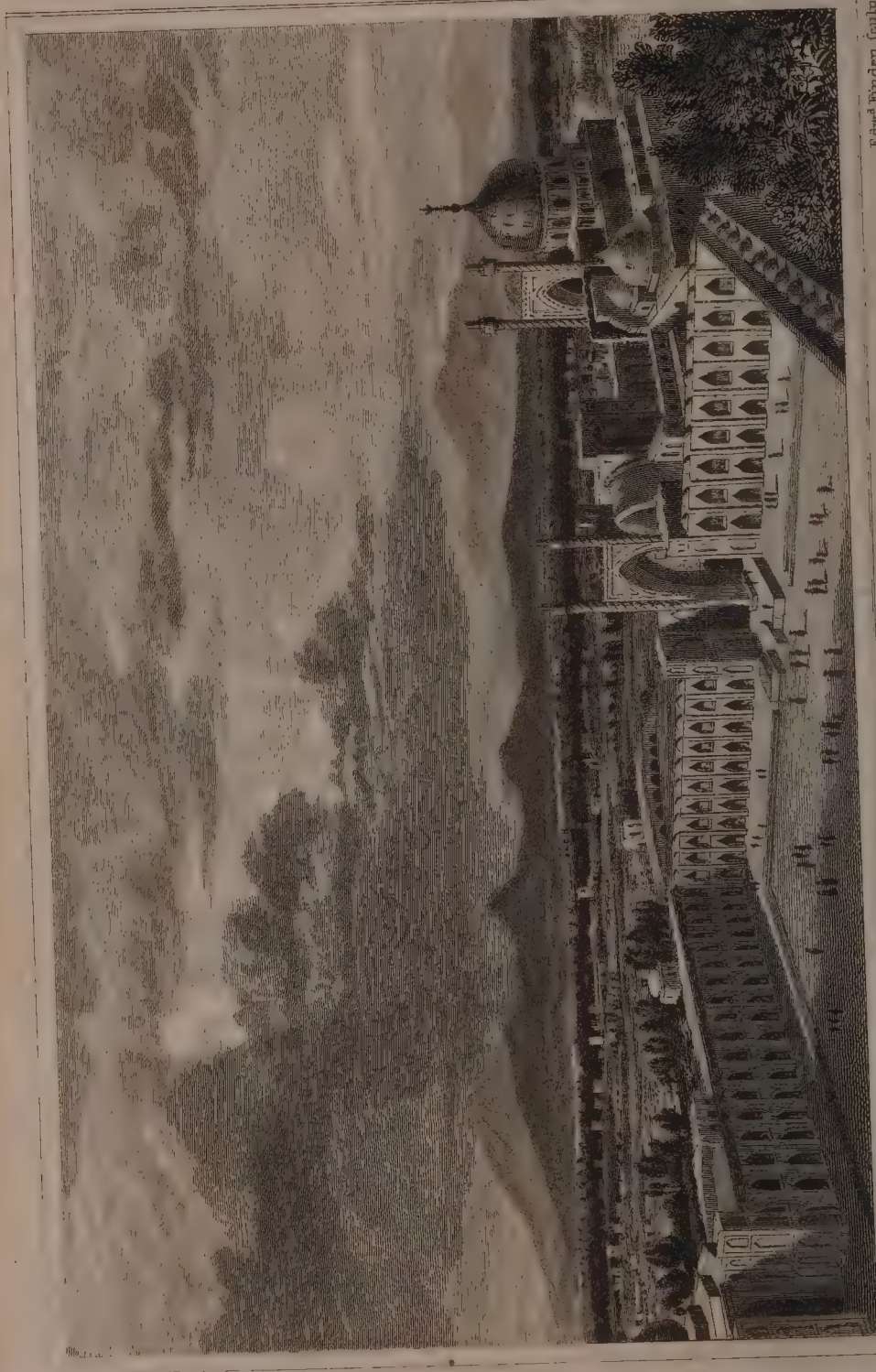
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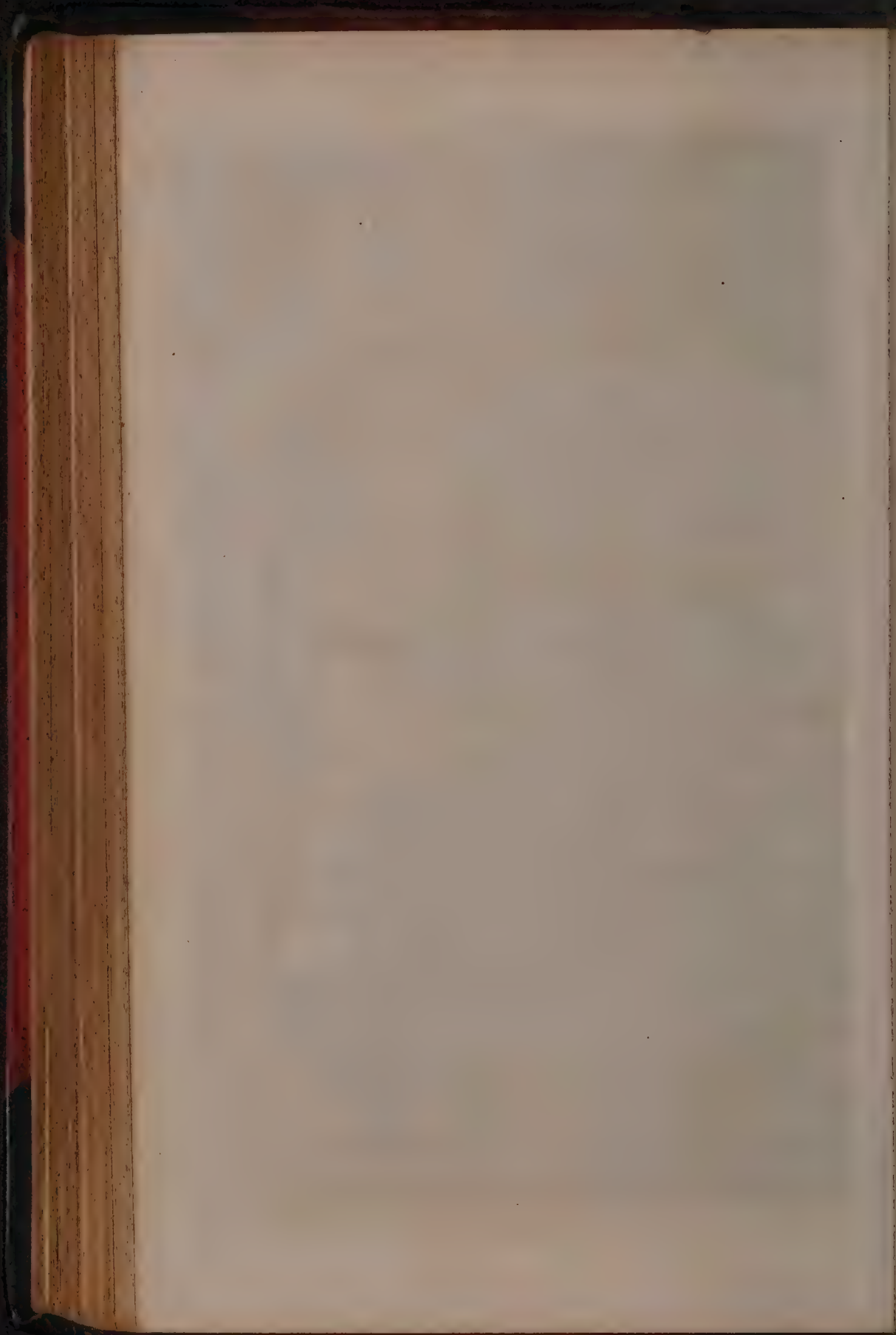


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## A TALE OF ISPAHAN.

BY MISS JANE PORTER.

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Far in the East,—behold, in letters, arms,  
Fair mien, discourses, civil exercises,  
All the full blazon of a gentleman.

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WHEN Robert, the young and aspiring brother of Sir Anthony Shirley, the first noted British traveller in Persia, arrived there,—also bearing a special mission from the King of England to that court,—he was lost in wonder at the magnificence of Ispahan; then the most celebrated city of the East, for regal splendor, chivalric spectacle, and a display of merchandise unrivalled in the proudest emporiums of Europe.

Robert Shirley had left the British metropolis, under a conviction, that nothing in architecture could be more august, than the embattled towers, and gothic pinnacles, which adorned its structures, public and private; nothing more refreshingly de-

lightful, than the elms' walks in Saint James's Park, or the holly vistas in the old Palace, and Temple Gardens, sloping their smooth green terraces down to the river side. Then, for the gaiety of festival, what could transcend the lists in the tilt-yard of Westminster, where a maiden queen sat, amidst her ladies, dispensing the rewards of knightly prowess ! That was, indeed, passed away ;—the sometime waning star of the royal Elizabeth had set in the grave ; but a prince, reported wise and brave, now held the sceptre, and what might not be expected of gallantry and grace from the son of Mary Stuart ! His first acts honored the hopes of men.

Elizabeth having taken note of Anthony, the elder brother of Robert Shirley, for good service to his country, in useful observation, and happy influence at the court of the young Shah Abbas, even while only a traveller,—first signalized him by the honour of knighthood, and then created him her ambassador with the Persian king. And, such was the brave knight's sway with that accomplished prince, by the power of character alone, founded in spotless faith and romantic heroism, that Elizabeth held no ally more enthusiastically devoted than the Sophi Shah. He wore her picture (painted, indeed, when she was very young, with something of a flattering pencil,) upon his heart. It was fair, and smiling ; seeming a lovely girl, who might have placed a crested diadem



upon her head in sport, had not the jewelled garter round it borne a sterner assurance. *Cœur de Lion* was its motto; and the gallant Abbas was fond of calling her his "*Lion Bride*." The present mission of the younger brother of the British resident-minister, could not, then, be very acceptable to the Persian monarch, when it brought intelligence that, instead of this bright and cherished object of his chivalric idolatry, a successor of "beard and batôn" now sent him greeting.

Abbas, however, received the herald of so illustrious a decease, and worthy an heirship, with every distinction due to his own dignity, and that of the sovereign whence he came; and Robert Shirley first beheld the great Shah of Persia in his hall of audience, on a throne of such splendor, mingling with his diamond-set corslet, that he shone one blaze of light. All his people bowed at sight of him, in like manner with their ancestors before the noon-day sun. But, to the messenger of his new ally, to the brother of his personal friend, this earthly successor to the solar deity gave a welcome, in which majesty and graciousness were so blended that Shirley felt his imagination dazzled, even more than his eyes. To him it was a day of wonders; and, in the evening, he retired from the palace of the *Heste Beheste*, or Seven Paradises, in speechless admiration of all which he had seen and heard.

The palace, itself, was more like a vision of fairy-land than a fabric raised by mortal hands. Every kind of marble, of gorgeous painting, burnished gold and silver, precious stones, carved work, and compartments of mirror reflecting those components in every possible direction, gave so endless a variety and infinity of parts, that the gazer hardly knew where to look for the grand reality or the splendid, bewildering illusion. Then, for the gardens, so aptly named after that of Eden, every thing that nature or art could do with the sylvan world,—from the magnificent cedar to the elegant chenar, from the pomegranate, laden with fruit, to the rose of Shiraz, perfuming the air from forests of fragrance,—all were collected there; mingling with grottoes, fountains, streams, and every luxury of coolness and shade that make earth feel like heaven, to the senses of the sun-burnt Asiatic. Indeed, the traveller from England hailed such soft freshness, in such a hemisphere, with delighted surprise.

But the tournament which he was, next day, taken to see, in the *Moidan Shah*, or Great Royal Square of Ispahan, was,—to his taste, who had lately won his own spurs in the list,—a yet more amazing and interesting spectacle. The place itself is a quadrangle, about two thousand six hundred feet in length, surrounded by ranges of building adapted to the different purposes for which they were designed. A portion of



each side of the square, is occupied by a double arcade, beneath which, every rich commodity, from all quarters of the globe, was disposed for sale; while, in the centre, an immense area presented itself, where the royal guards exercised, or the nobility exhibited their chivalry. But, the features of this celebrated Square which more particularly distinguished it, beyond all other similar objects in the noted cities of Asia, were four majestic edifices, each occupying parallel situations in the sides of the quadrangle. Two were dedicated to religion; two were called *Gates*,—the Gates of the East,—meaning structures erected for public uses,—immense as palaces. One of the mosques,—and, certainly, the most superb,—stood in the south-east. Having been finished under the command of the reigning monarch, it received the title of *Mesjed Shah*, (literally, the Mosque of the King). Its ample cupola, and four towering minarets, each at the extremities of a grand porch-way leading from the Square to the domed body of the building, were all decorated with a brilliancy of exterior ornament that time cannot injure, in that pure atmosphere. The second, and more ancient mosque, though of less imposing dimensions, occupied the north-east point of the *Moidan Shah*; while the north-west presented the great gate of entrance from the Bazaar—the mercantile world of Is-  
pahan; and, over its rainbow-stretching arch, shone



the famous clock of the city, the gift of Shah Abbas, fastened against the main tower,—a sufficient proof of the judicious munificence of that monarch. In a parallel position, stood the most majestic object of the whole, the *Ali Copi*, or Gate of Ali,—also an edifice of the architectural ambition of the Sefi (or Sophi) dynasty. Over its noble portico, appeared the open saloon where the king sat, when he wished to view the spectacles below, whether festival or military.

From that saloon, seated on ivory chairs, on each side of the cushioned throne of the royal knight-commander of his newly founded order of the *Shah Sevan*, (literally, the King's Companions), the two British knights were spectators of their varied chivalric exercises, whether of the lance, the sword, or the jerreed; and in all, Robert Shirley was surprised at such knowledge of the lists, dexterity in arms, and courtly grace, in what he deemed hardly better than "a paynim land." Shah Abbas observed the admiring amazement of the young envoy, and, guessing his thoughts, smiled, with a glance which spoke his own commentary, to the elder Shirley.

The spectacle over, the king rose; but, in leaving, he requested Sir Anthony to remain, and shew his brother the archives, and other note-worthy objects within the *Ali Copi* chambers. With the

departure of the sovereign, the square below was vacated, under a peal of trumpets, accompanied by the roar of the royal guard of elephants, which announced the exit, as it had done the entrance, of the king. The congregated sound of these animals was absolutely tremendous. It seemed to shake the foundation of the building; and, for a moment, Robert Shirley started back into the room, with his hands on his ears. Sir Anthony laughed at the change of effect on his brother; for, on first hearing the bellowing of the elephants, at the coming in of the monarch, the stagger and pale cheek of the young knight had shewn that he could be made to fear,—the strange sound appearing to him the explosion of an earthquake. On recovering himself from the deafening peal, this second time, he joined in the laugh against himself; and, advancing to the front of the Royal Saloon, on looking out, beheld the Square empty. The silence and solitude, after such a concourse and such an uproar, seemed the result of enchantment; and the objects left imparted a delicious feeling of repose to the then deserted place. The evening was glowingly sultry, and a refreshing air rose from the abundantly-flowing fountains, and their connecting marble-bedded canals, still glittering below, under the slanting beams of the setting sun. The refreshing breeze soon drew into the open chamber above, and thence, through gilded trellis, or



half-curtained portals, into other apartments of the *Ali Copi*, not less magnificent than the Royal Audience; and all of which Sir Robert Shirley, now, took his leisure to examine.

He found them divided into several ranges of stories, and the flights of steps which approached them formed of the most beautifully variegated porcelain. The first ascent conducts to the Royal Saloon, directly over the gate. This chamber is open on all sides but one. The roof is sumptuously carved, and supported by eighteen lofty pillars, all richly emblazoned with gold, and other decorations, conformable to the splendid ornaments of the rest of the building; but the most delightful was a marble fountain here, too, which threw up its waters, by machinery, from below, into a basin of sparkling alabaster. On the side of this Saloon, directly facing the great area of the Square, was placed the royal seat; and quite at its back appeared an embroidered curtain, which, when drawn aside by Sir Anthony Shirley, to admit his brother, displayed an interior apartment, sacred to the retiring of the monarch, which might beggar fancy to describe. Besides the usual decoration of gold, mirror, arabesque wreathing, and tissue hangings, the finest pictures of the East covered the walls. Robert Shirley stopped before one of them. It was that of a lovely young woman, dressed in the ancient costume of Persia, with the



globed diadem upon her head. He seemed immoveable from the spot. "This is female perfection!" cried he, "such a woman might make a man forget his country. Who is she?"

Sir Anthony replied that she was the beautiful Shirène, and the portrait supposed to have been painted by a noted painter of her father's court. "He must have been an artist, indeed!" answered Robert, still gazing on it with almost an enamoured eye; "But who was this Shirène? When did she live? And, yet, surely nothing of earth's mould could have been so completely beautiful." "I could give you proof of it," returned the ambassador, "had you patience to listen to her story. It is the burthen of many a song in Persia."—"Tell it me, Anthony, on the spot;" cried his brother, throwing himself on a low brocaded couch, just before the picture; "here will I sit, like Abbas, himself, hearkening to his best minstrel; and I shall be well off if I lose not my heart and wits, out at my eyes and ears, before you bring the tale to an end!"—"Then, it will not be for me to run you into such peril," replied the ambassador, smiling, and moving onward, "though I have, myself, stood, unscathed, the charms of a living princess yet more lovely than this;—in fact, the Shah's sister. He loves her, as we do ours, in happy Christendom. She is worthy of it,—wise and fair! and, sometimes,

he admits me to sup with him, when she is present."

"Surely, Abbas is a most extraordinary mahometan!" exclaimed Robert, with his eyes yet fixed on the picture; "but, is his beautiful sister at all like this? If she be not, were she perfection to you, I should find her charmless. I never saw my mind's image of female beauty, till now!" "It would be dangerous to answer that question to so true a knight-errant," returned Sir Anthony, "so, pray come away, while any wits are left you." Robert started from his position, to follow his brother through a golden-latticed winding passage, that opened towards a remoter part of the building. The flutter of a bird, escaping from its cage, seemed to fly before them, till they emerged into a deeply wooded recess of the royal gardens, and there they lost the sound of the invisible fugitive.

"We have been observed," whispered the ambassador; "but whether from bad or good will, no long time, probably, will shew. There are those here, from foreign courts, who would gladly blot our escutcheon in the eyes of Shah Abbas, and, through us, tarnish our country."

But, such was not the intent of the eyes which had beheld Robert Shirley, from the gauze-veiled window of the picture-saloon; which, by a side



view, had alike commanded the chamber of presence and the tournament; and, that very night, he formed suspicions of a fairer promise. When composing himself to repose, on the splendid cushioned carpet of a thousand colours, which the royal pages had spread for him in a chamber of the palace, he observed that one lingered behind the departing steps of the others. The youth seemed of an elegant deportment, beyond his fellows; and, while attending his bath, Robert had noticed a particular attention in his service. He now called to him, and, in Persian, asked why he did not withdraw with the rest. The young slave bowed his head to the ground, and replied, "The wish of my lord's heart was that he should hear the story of the loves of the beautiful Shirene, and the matchless Ferhaud,—a stranger from distant lands; and I am sent to tell it."—"And who sent you?" demanded Shirley, "my brother, or some invisible Hourie?—for, none else heard me express the wish."—"I come to tell my story," answered the youth, "but I know no more."—"You are a cunning boy," returned the Englishman; "making sure of keeping me awake, while satisfying one appetite of curiosity, by exciting my *goût* for another. But, good! proceed with your tale; and, when that is over, we shall settle the answer to my question."

The page made no reply, but by a second bowing of the head; and, seating himself down on a silk



cushion, which he had carried under his arm, at a very short distance from the pillow of the young envoy, folded his arms over his breast, and, in a low, monotonous, but sweet tone of voice, recited the following

### PERSIAN LEGEND.

“ A thousand years ago, lived Maurice, Emperor of the West. He had one daughter, the most incomparable princess the sun ever shone on. And when Khosroo Purviz,—the great Shah of Persia, and sole monarch of the East,—heard of her transcendent beauty, he visited her father’s court, with a mighty train, to see whether report had spoken true; and, if so, to open his treasures to her father, and make her his queen.

“ Khosroo Purviz found that nature had never before made so fair a creature. His soul took fire, at first sight of her; and, falling on his face before her, in presence of the emperor, he swore that he would give the seven golden mountains of his kingdom for one of her smiles. But Shirene wept; and then, he made oath that she was more lovely in her tears, and he would cast all the riches of his navies,—from India to the Red Sea,—at her feet, to purchase one drop from that bright eye, to bless his lip. But the blessing

of her lip, or of her eye, was not for him. Shirene looked around her, and sighed ; no sigh answered hers, and she sighed again and bitterly. Khosroo put a golden ring on her pale, cold hand, and believed himself the happiest of men.

“ Shirene sailed from the shores of her father, and her tears flowed into the parting waves. Shirene set her foot on the land of her nuptials, and a smile visited her face no more. But Khosroo, the great king, was her husband, yet, but by a half rite ; and he wooed her to the bridal altar of Mythras, the god of his country, in vain. Still, it was woman’s heart he sought, and he thought it had a price. He built her palaces, to court her eye ; he planted her gardens, to win the soul. ‘ Pleasure,’ said he, ‘ dwells in the shade ; and the song of the wood-pigeon, wooing his mate, will call my fair one to look up from the earth, and, meeting the gaze of Khosroo, teach her to love and to be happy !’

“ Of all the paradises which he prepared for her, for a long time, none were to compare with that of Dustejard ; and which, to this day, in memory of her, is called Kæsra Shirene. The palace was like the abode of the genii, and filled with the rarest carvings in ivory and precious metals, imitating the embellishings of her native land. There were, also, delicious fountains and streams ; and one particular open grotto of a thousand spars, commemorating that in



which he had first beheld the lady of his heart. Yes! fated was the hour, when the still planet of evening led him over the bowery terrace of the palace roof, to look down upon the garden of the imperial harem. He there beheld the Princess Shirene, bathing in the lucid waters of a grotto, directly beneath his gaze; and, from that moment, her celestial beauties so consumed his soul, that even possession of her presence did not sufficiently fill his eyes with their bright perfections. He would multiply them everywhere; and, on his bringing her to his kingdom, he caused her image to be moulded in gold or silver, and placed, as he had first beheld her, in the midst of some transparent fountain, in the loveliest spots of every palace-garden in his dominions.

“Yet, nothing of all this adulatory wooing touched the heart of the virgin queen. She looked on all, with the vacancy of one who sees not. Gilded palaces were trod by her as indifferently as the lone moss-walk of the garden; and the lone moss-walk of the garden drew equal attention from her with the chenar avenues, crowded with alternate statues—mocking apparitions, alas! of her native home. Parterres of luxuriant flowers spread their splendours, unnoticed by her eye. The nightingales in the rose branches strained their little throats, unheard. Shirene moved in beauty, bright as when she smiled, like the morning star, in her father’s court; but, it was



the brightness of a wandering spirit, regarding no more the world in which, for awhile, she is doomed to tread.

“ But there came a day. It was the feast of the Nowroose,—the opening of spring,—the awakening of joy in every heart. Khosroo had sent messengers into all countries, to summon the most renowned sculptors to repair to Persia, and, there, try their art in making a marble figure of the divine Shirene, of more admirable workmanship than any which had hitherto been produced. The artists arrived at the season of the great festival ; and each shewed a specimen of his skill, in wax,—some moulding a foot, others a hand, of the faultless original. One, alone, chose for his trial the bold attempt of copying the matchless face. He was veiled to the eyes ; but, those eyes did their duty, as if by magic,—for, he never raised them to the face of the queen, while appearing to be modelling her features under that part of his robe which hung over his heart. In a few minutes, he took the finished work from his bosom, and, with a bowed head, presented it to the king. It exhibited, at once, to the enamoured Khosroo, not merely the form of the features of his adored Shirene, but all the breathing lustre of her cheek and lips ; the eyes, alone, were a blank of colourless wax.

“ ‘ Enchantment ! ’ cried the monarch ; ‘ it is my beloved—her second self ! Open but these sealed

orbs, to look like hers; and the treasures of Gumj Namhah shall be yours !'

"Ferhaud, the incomparable artist, obeyed. He put the moulded head back into his bosom ; and, taking it thence again, the blue eyes of the image shone like those of the queen, and the lips were then seen to dimple with a smile. Khosroo snatched the wondrous piece of art to his breast, and covered it with kisses. During all, Shirene, herself, sat unheeding, speechless, and unmoved ; and, the great lords present thought there was little difference, in reality, between the waxen effigy and its living, lifeless model.

" ' Oh !' cried the king, ' make but that insensible mistress of my soul to smile on me, like this image ; give me but that moment of cheating bliss, and I could almost reward you with the lovely cold one ever after !—I cannot live, and see her thus.'—The artist stood up before Khosroo, and, with the air of some supernatural being, solemnly whispered, ' Weigh well your request, monarch !—for you speak to one who can grant it ! Is not yon frozen beauty your wife ? and would you barter *herself* for a *smile* ?'—' She is my queen !' answered the king ; ' but, as my bride, she repels me—hates me ! Yet, I adore her, spell-bound ; and, one look of graciousness, such as she wore when first her beauties maddened me, might bring me to my peace again—or, in its vanishing, break the talisman, and give my cap-



tivated heart its liberty.'—'Then,' replied the artist, raising his voice so that all should hear him, 'swear, O! Khosroo, Son of Cyrus! that, if my art can make your princess smile on you, you will give her to my arms!'—'By Mythras sacred self, I make the vow!' returned the king, with a frantic gasp, as if under incantation.

"When, lo! at the moment, turning his eyes towards the queen, he beheld, to his amazement, that she no longer sat like an enshrined statue, but, with looks as if her soul would start from every glowing feature, gazed on the veiled face of the mysterious artist, whose voice had seemed to strike her, as by a wand. Ferhaud, immediately on the oath of the monarch, approached the beautiful object of his art, and, throwing himself on his knee before her—'Lady,' cried he, 'whatever form this face may wear, when its withdrawn shroud may briefly expose it to those august eyes, for the sake of him whose life is nought unless you live for him, smile on the great king!' While he spoke, those in the presence beheld the countenance of the queen undergo a variety of changes, from the lily's paleness to the rose's tender blush; but, when he ended, and, for one second only, dropt the veil from his face, she sprang from her seat, with such a smile as angels enter paradise. The king, enraptured, started towards her, as that gleam of heavenly brightness flashed upon him:—



and she, with a panting shriek of suffocating joy, fell, with her closing eyes fixed on the again-covered head of Ferhaud ;—but the arms of Khosroo caught her. He clasped her close to his breast, exclaiming aloud—  
‘Magician, thy soul shall be satisfied!—she has smiled again—she will now love me—and here is her fond place for ever !’

“Ah, not so, Khosroo, son of Cyrus ! It was on Ferhaud—but not the humbly born, of a slave’s cast—it was on Ferhaud, the young Prince of Corinth, the beloved of her childhood, the betrothed of her youth,—from whom the treasures of Persia had purchased her of her ambitious father,—it was on him she had smiled, and into his arms she would have sunk, there to sigh away her happy spirit in that chaste re-union.

“Nights came, and mornings rose, and still, the seeming artist pleaded, to the king, his oath ; and still, the monarch, more and more enamoured, delayed to ratify his bond. For, now, Shirene smiled—smiled always ; though it was often amidst sighs and tears of smothered tenderness for the dear dweller in her thoughts ; whom, indeed, she, almost every day, saw ;—for, by the irreversible law of the Medes and Persians, Khosroo dared not, absolutely, deny fulfilment of that which he had so solemnly sworn. But, to gain time, he promised the performance of his engagement, first, at the end of one great work

by this wonderful artist, and then, at the termination of another; till, at length, the last prodigious task he had assigned him being nearly finished, the monarch was driven to despair.. He had commanded this extraordinary master of the chisel to transform a particularly wild track, in a vast rocky desert leading to the city of Dustejard, into a region of sculptured palaces, far to transcend the proudest in that favorite royal residence.

“Ferhaud hastened to obey; and the moon, whose crescent shone on the commencement of this his last labour, seemed hardly in her waning bend, when news was brought to the king of its near completion. He stood aghast—no subterfuge remained—now, or never, he must perform the vow which would separate him, for ever, from the light of his eyes, the being in whose presence alone he felt existence! and—what, yet further, augmented his desperation—even on the evening in which such evil tidings came, he discovered that his yet unwedded queen was more ready to depart with the mysterious artist, and risk the fortunes of his apparent wandering fate, than abide in Persia, with all the honours of the monarchy. In passing by the golden trellis of an orange grove, her lately chosen place of repose at set of sun, he perceived her, through the gilded wire, reclining on her pearl-embroidered cushions, and holding a white rose in her



hand, which she pressed alternately to her lips and heart.

“ ‘Oh, sweetest flower!’ she softly exclaimed, ‘and sweeter, as the gift of my beloved! Dear emblem of the life of purity and tenderness I should pass with him! Yea, my Ferhaud! thy native hills, of still-remembered fame, shall soon receive us. There will we live, beneath the olive shade, unvisited by any splendor but thy virtues. Oh, rather would I be thy bride, under a humble roof of sedge, green as thine own laurels, than the queen of the great king, mistress of the world! Yet, Khosroo, Khosroo, my own pangs of anxious love, teach me to pity thee!’

“ Khosroo fled, at these sounds, and tore his jet-black beard. ‘Witchcraft, from the first,’ said he, ‘has held that gentle heart from mine, and vengeance shall restore it to me. I dare not forswear my oath, but I can render its fulfilment impossible.’

“ He called to him Gorgone, the base daughter of the aged nurse who, in fatal hour, had accompanied the beautiful Shirene from the land of her happiness. This woman was soon purchased to assume the character of her mother, and accomplish the will of the king. She clad herself in garments of sackcloth, and,—with a mourning veil, steeped in ashes, on her head,—hastened to the vale of Tackt-i-Boston; which name, literally, means the throne in the garden. At



the entrance of the vale, where two golden gates, under a marble portal o'er-canopied with trees, rolled back to receive her, the slaves who carried her litter set it down. She stepped out, and proceeded alone. She had never visited the spot before; and even *her* fiend-like spirit, for a moment, was diverted from thoughts of her errand, in admiration of the paradise which her proposed victim had created.

“When Ferhaud first entered it, it presented a scene of the wildest desert,—a vast green wilderness, surrounded by mountains, craggy, barren, and terrific. It now appeared the garden of the Hourii. The rugged heights were crowned with trees, and robed in richest verdure; while the marble rocks beneath were, every where, sculptured into the forms of Sylvan grottos, and chambers in the bosom of the mountain, whose branching arcades and pillared supports might have vied with the proudest temples of the West and East. At the foot of the centre mountain, a fountain gushed, clear as the fabled waters of the magic valley, where female loveliness need only bathe once to render it immortal. Here Ferhaud had displayed his whole skill; adorning it with such statuary as never had been seen, since the master hand of Phidias completed the glory of Athens. For here, the young and enamoured artist had thronged together the loves and the graces, in beauteous assemblage, around the still more trans-

endant beauty—the image of Shirene herself, bathing in the crystal wave. From this marble fount, over which the fairest roses of Persia shed their softest shade, flowed a stream of such pellucid water that a lover might have compared it to the eye-beam of his love :—and a lover did call it so ; for, to this day, that brook of the valley bears the name of Shirene. All along its banks was fragrance, from bowers of every shrub and flower that drinks the dew of heaven ; and, on every leaf, the drops of a recently fallen shower,—rare in that region,—were sparkling, like pendant diamonds, or the lucid tear on the cheek of a happy bride.

“ Just over the bright bosom of the fountain, rose a high perpendicular front of the rock, smoothed to the polish of a mirror ; and, above, on its platform surface, there seemed to have just alighted, from the cloudless sky, a little army of guardian spirits, hovering their snowy wings over the virgin bather below. In the midst of them stood the form of a knight, in Grecian armour ; his shield, too, was stretched over the fountain, as if to shut its beauties, alike from his own gaze and that of the ardent sun. But, instead of a warrior’s sword, he grasped the torch of Hymen in his hand, and his unhelmed head was bound with laurel, mixing with the rivets of a broken diadem.

“ Resounding from the depths of that sculptured platform, Gorgone heard the chisel of the devoted



Ferhaud striking against the triumphal wreath of that martial figure, as if only a few strokes more were to finish the last leaf of the chaplet; and then, his task completed, he would descend, fly to the king, and, demanding his bride, power itself could not withhold the well-earned guerdon. Gorgone listened, and threw her eyes around. A thousand echoes, reverberating stroke after stroke of the chisel, seemed calling her to hasten, ere it were too late to execute her purpose. On one side, almost hidden amongst trees, she perceived a flight of steps; and, hurrying towards them, after ascending seven hundred, arrived, panting, on the platform's summit. There, affecting fatigue and anguish, she stopped, leaning against an altar-column on the brink of the precipice.

“At that moment, the thoughts of Ferhaud were bent on the near completion of his task,—on the instant grasp of his long-promised happiness: but, he heard the sounds of sorrow, and he looked around. He descried the aged nurse of Shirene, who, though veiled, was recognised by the royal amulet on her bosom, and he hastened to her side. One word demanded why her feeble limbs had dared such a height, and wherefore was her grief.

“‘Oh, Ferhaud!’ cried she, ‘I bring thee this cup from thy mistress and mine. The treachery of Khosroo forced it to her lips. She drank; and, dying, bade



me take the dregs to thee. Her nuptial cup, she called it, and she bade you drink it.'

"Ferhaud stood, now, like a statue of horror. His hand, mechanically, took the golden chalice,—drugged, indeed, with a deadly poison,—which the woman put into his grasp. But he moved not; he raised it not, to obey the last injunction of his beloved—to *drink it!* The woman, with the perseverance of a ruthless heart, twined her arm around his; and, looking in his fixed and glassy eye, in a tone of seeming pity, murmured—'shall not the nourisher of Shirene's fatal beauties assist her bereaved lover to meet his expecting bride in paradise?'—and, with the words, rather too abruptly moving his arm, to raise the chalice to his lips, he staggered under the impulsive weight, and, with this female fiend self-coiled to his almost unconscious body, fell headlong over the precipice. Both perished in the fall.

"But, was the murderer blessed in the crime?—No;—Shirene's faithful heart had only to hear her lover's fate, and hear no more. Her bright eye closed, and Khosroo clasped a lifeless statue. Smote, too late, with remorse, he placed the two incompatible beings, whom his injustice had destroyed, in the same grave;—union, at least in death, he gave them. Nature, too, bore evidence of their love; for, ere the return of spring, when the turtle should seek the grove, two rose trees grew out of the mould of the

faithful pair, and a huge thistle marked the clay of their cruel destroyer.

“Stranger! travel towards Dustejard, by the way of Tackt-i-Boston; and there wilt thou, still, see the spot where the pilgrim weeps for the peerless Shirene, and the warrior sighs over the dust of the brave Ferhaud,—where the nightingale sings in the branches, and wails over the fate of human loves!”

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“You are asleep, sir?” gently added the young Asiatic troubadour, having paused a moment, without answer, after he concluded his tale.

“No,” replied the Englishman; “but, perhaps, I am thinking more of the beautiful Shirene who yet lives, and inhabits this palace, than of her who—a shrouded bride—sleeps sweetly, at last, under the roses of her lover’s garden!”

“Ah!” exclaimed the youth, starting from his carpet seat; and, touching a few notes on a little lute-like instrument that hung at his neck, he softly chanted these words:—

‘Stranger! love the soul of her  
Who loves that soul of thine;  
Nor think ’twas lightness sent me here,  
To tell this tale of mine!

What Shirene was to Greek Ferhaud,  
Zelmaine would prove to thee,  
—A handmaid,—blest, in thy abode,  
A Christian bride to be !'

With the last strain, the page vanished from the chamber. But, ere the moon, that then shone bright in at the young envoy's window, again appeared there in full orb, it lit the nuptial chamber of the English knight and the Persian princess. And, in after days, when many suns and moons had revolved their course, the portraits of Sir Robert Shirley and his beautiful bride, the Lady Zelmaine, were seen, by future travellers, in the very same picture-saloon of the Ali Copi,—side by side with those of the lamented Shirene and her incomparable Ferhaud.



STANZAS,

*Composed during a Tempest.*

BY BERNARD BARTON.

DAZZLING may seem the noontide sky,  
Its arch of azure shewing ;  
And lovely to the gazer's eye  
The west, at sunset glowing.

Splendid the east—at morning bright,  
Soft moonlight on the ocean ;—  
But *glorious* is the hushed delight  
Born in the storm's commotion !

To see the dark and lowering cloud  
By vivid lightning riven,—  
To hear the answer, stern and proud,  
By echoing thunders given ;—

To *feel*, in such a scene and hour,  
—'Mid all that each discloses—  
The presence of that viewless power  
On whom the world reposes ;—

This, to the heart, is more than all  
Mere beauty can bring o'er it ;  
Thought—feeling—fancy own its thrall,  
And joy is hushed before it !

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## FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

*Written in an Annual Publication, presented to a Lady, who  
had suffered much and long Affliction.*

REVIEWING time's perennial flight,  
We mark some lovely hours,  
Like stars amidst a stormy night,  
Or winter-blooming flowers.

Such as among the gloomy past  
Your happiest days appear,  
Such—but improving to the last,  
Be all in this new year !

*Sheffield.*

J. M.

## SPAIN.

### AN INVOCATION.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD DILLON.

OH, that the SPIRIT of my votive song  
Would pour her sybil oracles along ;—  
Go forth where despots sway, and dastards yield,  
And rouse a tented Israel to the field !  
—Oh ! for the mystic harp of Kedron's vale,  
To fling its music on the tameless gale !  
As erst, in Israel, when—at God's command—  
Saul was sent forth to blight the chartered land,  
When Siloa's brook was gathered to a flood,  
And Sion wept—till every tear was blood !

Oh ! for a spell—like her's who called the dead,  
And brought the prophet from his dreamless bed,—  
To wake the spirit of the martyred brave,  
And break the slumber of Riego's grave !  
—Oh ! for the warrior-youth of Judah's line,  
Divinely missioned to a work divine,—  
A David to “go up”—with staff and sling,  
And pebbles for the forehead of a king,—



And, in the spirit of a holy wrath,  
Smite the Goliath of a sceptered Gath!

Alas! the lovely land!—where fetters bind  
All but the sighs their captives give the wind!  
Where life is stagnant—but when stirred by fears,  
And patriots have no weapon—but their tears!  
Where the free breezes and the dancing waves  
Utter vain language to a world of slaves;  
And hope—a “fitful fever”—wakes and dies,  
Like clouds that form—to melt—in Spanish skies!

It comes—it comes!—like a far trumpet blast,  
I hear the tumult and the stir, at last!—  
Through the dull distance of a few short years,  
The gathering-cry is borne to prophet ears,  
When nations shall go forth, like water poured,  
To see an Agag hewn before the Lord,  
And freedom lift, again, her starry crest,  
High o’er the new-born Hebron of the west!

## TO A WREATH OF DEAD FLOWERS.

*Shewn to me by a Friend, on his return from Abroad, to whom I  
had given them, in bloom, on the eve of his departure.*

PALE, fragile flowerets ! I remember ye,  
In all your pride of fragrant witchery ;  
Shunning broad day-light—like a bashful maid  
To woo her lover closer in the shade ;—  
Winging the breeze with perfume soft and sweet,  
—A scented guide to lure the willing feet !—  
But, now—with colours faded, odour gone,  
No sweetness left for any other one,—  
Ye have for me a beauty, passing all  
Your pomp of purple, in your paler pall ;  
—Withered and silent vouchers for *his* truth,  
Whose love has been the star light of my youth !

MONA.

## THE EXILE.

### A POETIC FRAGMENT.

THE vessel left the shore,  
Braving the restless ocean;—for the sea,  
As though it scorned the burden which the will  
Of man had cast upon its glittering plain,  
Murmured with sullen voice,—and seemed, awhile,  
As it would fling the trace of earthly power  
From off its glorious face, into the air,  
Or whelm it in its own blue shining depths!  
—One stands upon the deck, and, through the war  
Of waters, watches where the blood-red sun  
Sinks o'er his own far valley of the west,  
And lights the distant home that never more  
Shall come, with all its music—but in dreams!  
Never shall vision rise upon his sight  
Like that, this moment, o'er the billows fading,  
Dim in the distance!—Onward goes the ship,  
To meet the rising sun!—but on his soul  
Has sunk—morn' shall not lighten it—the night  
Descending o'er his own Hesperia!

The vessel glided onwards!—onwards still,  
In music and in moonlight!—and the waves—



The little wavelets—lighted by the moon,  
Play, like a thousand stars, upon its path!—  
And the light pennon streams upon a breeze,  
Winged with the perfume of far orange bowers!—  
And birds go flashing by, like silver gleams,  
Or ride, like snow-flakes, on the dancing waves!—  
And sounds steal o'er the waters—and the breasts  
Of many throb, with that delicious thrill  
That marks the weariness and peril past;  
And—where she rises—hail the glowing East,  
—Fair as a new-born Venus from the sea!  
And eyes look out, where hearts have gone before,  
Through many a weary day and heavy night;  
All, all—save one!—He leans upon the deck,  
And, through the waters, sends his spirit forth,  
To seek another “land”! For him—for him,  
The ample world has but a single home;  
All else a waste—of water or of plain,  
What boots it which!—and the glad land-cry comes  
Light to his ear—but heavy to his heart,  
Marking the space he never must repass,  
That hides the valley where he was a child!  
—His mother's white-walled cottage—far away—  
Lost—like the dove that wandered from the ark,  
And never came again!—all this, and more,  
A thousand thoughts—each one an agony—  
Swell in his bosom!—and he turns to *weep*,  
Amid the *smiles* that greet the lovely land,  
Where he is but AN EXILE!

FROM THE SPANISH OF FRANCISCO DE  
LA TORRE.

1.

BEAUTIFUL is my nymph, if gay she spread  
Her golden hair, dishevelled on the wind ;  
Beautiful, if, in the disdain I dread,  
Estranged, she turns from me her eyes unkind.

2.

Beautiful angry,—beautiful when glad,—  
Beautiful cruel,—beautiful when shy ;—  
But O ! most beautiful, when, mute and sad,  
She draws a gentle cloud o'er sun and sky !

3.

Beautiful, when she stills the storms and seas,  
With that blue eye which only I adore ;  
Beautiful, when, in pity for my peace,  
She smiles as angels who were sad before.

4.

A nymph whose beauty, amiable and calm,  
Cannot be fancied unless seen ;—nor, seen,  
Can it be found in what consists the charm  
Which sheds such interest o'er her angel mien !

W.

## CONSTANCE.

### A TALE.

“ Notwithstanding, these citizens of Gaunt, in all their publike actions, have ever shewed more grosse folly than cunning, and no marvel; for they that carrie credit and authority among them, are for the most part wealthy men, of occupation, vnaquainted with waightie affaires, and little vnderstanding what belongeth to the gouernment of a state. Their cunning consisteth but in two points: the one, that they studie, by all means possible, how to weaken and impouerish their prince; the other, that when they have made a fault, and finde the partie offended too strong for them, they craue pardon with greater humiliation, and buie peace with larger gifts than any people in the world.”

*Philip De Commynes.*

“ HE is taken! the minion of the tyrant is secured! see, Constance! they are bringing him down the street,” exclaimed Martin Jansens; “ here, Brawn! Peterkin! my gown and wand of office! I must follow my father to the town house, where the burgesses will sit in consultation.”

Constance Lindorf, left alone by the departure of her kinsman, approached the window with trembling



steps, and leaned for support against the stone frame-work of the balcony. The yell of the infuriated populace announced the approach of the prisoner. His hands were fettered, he was bare-headed—for his cap had been lost in the desperate resistance which he had made against his assailants—and pale; but with brow erect, and casting, at intervals, a look of scorn upon the multitude, who loaded him with threats and execrations.

Count Adolph, of Blumenberg,—the trusted knight of Charles, Duke of Burgundy,—walked boldly in the midst of the hostile crowd; who were only restrained by the weapons of the guard, from tearing him to pieces. Here and there, a burgess, floundering along upon a horse only less clumsy than himself, strove to keep order; but the shouts and the curses of the multitude increased. Every base mechanic and greasy artisan quitted his employment, and rushed into the street, rejoicing, like a wolf, in the scent of blood, and hungry after slaughter. Hotly,—eagerly they pushed upon the soldiers, their ferocity heightened by the calm self-possession of their intended victim.

“They will murder him,” exclaimed Constance, “ere he reaches that gloomy prison which is but the prelude to his grave. I see him for the last time upon earth!” Earnestly, passionately she fastened her gaze upon his noble countenance; admiring, despite of her terror, the unshrinking eye, the curled lip, and the firm step with which he met the

savage exultation of his enemies. But tears bedimmed her vision, as she thought upon that evening when—the star of his master's court—every tongue had spoken in his applause; where—the most graceful amid a train of gallant cavaliers, radiant with happiness,—he led the sprightly dance. A thousand recollections rushed upon her soul. She, the humblest of all his partners, one whom he had selected because she was the orphan daughter of his father's friend, was probably forgotten. But where was the proud beauty who, on that triumphant night, lavished such flattering distinctions upon him,—the acknowledged object of his fond idolatry? She had forsaken him, and married another. Fortune, also, had played him false; and now, perchance, only one heart remained faithful,—and he would sink into a blood-stained tomb, unlamented, except by the devoted girl who loved not the less ardently that she loved in vain.

Adolph was now out of sight. The roar of the multitude became fainter and fainter. Constance learned, by the disappointed words and gestures of the few who fell back, sulkily, from the crowd, that he had been conveyed, in safety, to the town house; and, relieved from immediate apprehension, she sat down to recover herself. Gratefully attached to her hot-headed uncle, Ludwig Jansens, the rich merchant of Ghent, she grieved to see him plunging into rebellion against his sovereign. Though, in the absence of Duke Charles, in Germany, the citizens had



risen upon his officers, murdered his friends, and proclaimed themselves free, she was aware that they were not strong enough to cast off a yoke which would be made more burthensome than ever, when the Duke, incensed by the wanton cruelties which accompanied all their outrages, should return, with a force sufficiently potent to bring them into subjection. But, elate with the triumph which they had achieved, exulting in their own wisdom, and puffed, by self conceit, to the highest extreme of folly,—it would have been worse than useless for Constance to have remonstrated with senators, who, in common with all men of weak understanding, held the mental abilities of the other sex in unmitigated contempt. Conscious of the tender feelings which she cherished for Count Adolph, she had never mentioned her acquaintance with him in the family by whom she was, now, protected; and she resolved to conceal the strong interest which she took in his fate,—well knowing that it would raise the jealousy of Martin Jansens, who, angry and mortified by her rejection of his addresses, was ever ready to ascribe it to a preference for another.

The father and son returned home, full of the proceedings of the day;—the elder in a high state of irritation, occasioned by the successful opposition of a rival orator. In mere contradiction to Hans Vandergild, who had triumphed over him on several occasions, and not through any particular blood-thirstiness,—for Ludwig was more silly than wicked,



—he had advocated the immediate execution of the prisoner. But his opponent, who piqued himself upon carrying a point, raised such an outcry against this mode of proceeding in the absence of several burgesses, who, he contended, ought to have a voice in the business, that Adolph was committed to prison, and his sentence deferred for nearly a week. Still, there could be no doubt of his final condemnation; for he had incurred the hatred of the trading community, by his contempt of their brutal ignorance; and, however differing respecting the time and manner of it, his death was universally decreed, by all classes of those into whose hands he had, so unhappily, fallen. Leige, Arras, and other cities, following the example of Ghent, were in a state of insurrection; and a considerable period must, necessarily, elapse before the fiery-hearted Duke could disengage himself from his distant campaign, in order to reduce them to obedience.

Constance withdrew, early, to her chamber; but, in the certainty that sleep would be a stranger to her eyes, she did not attempt to seek repose. Her thoughts were full of Adolph; and the desire of saving him rose so strongly in her heart, that, notwithstanding her perfect conviction of the impossibility of the undertaking, project after project,—each more wild and hopeless than the preceding,—rushed across her brain. She had read, in story, of great exploits achieved by even weaker instruments;—but they must be false, she thought; for no one had ever,

yet, brought more enthusiasm to their aid, and she felt that she could do absolutely nothing, in behalf of one whom she would have died to rescue. Agitated, restless, and impatient, she wrapped herself, from head to foot, in a dark veil; and stole into the garden. After wandering through its paths, for a short time, an irresistible impulse prompted her to sally forth, by a side door, of which she had the key, into the street; in order to indulge a melancholy satisfaction, in gazing upon the walls which held the man she loved, in dread captivity. Gliding softly along, she reached a spot opposite to the prison. It was a large, massy, frowning building, which seemed to bid defiance to her feeble powers; and her spirit, hitherto supported by a vague and undefined hope, sunk within her. Standing in the deep shade of a buttress which supported the walls of a church, the approach of a man caused her to shrink into closer concealment. The stone work had fallen into decay; and presented a small aperture, into which she pressed her slender form, so as to be completely hidden from view. The person, who had compelled her to take this shelter, advanced to the very spot which she had just vacated; and, looking upwards to the prison, heaved a deep sigh. In another minute, he was joined by a friend; and they began to converse together, in low tones, but sufficiently audible to be overheard by the trembling Constance.

“Where have they placed him?” cried one. “At the summit of the western tower,” replied his com-



panion. "Then," said the first speaker, "all hope of aiding him is at an end; had it been below—— I know a secret of the prison; I have tasted its delights, and worked a subterranean passage, from my dungeon, into the burying ground of this very church. Unexpectedly released, a day or two before my intended escape, my operations have never been discovered. A piece of blanket, painted to an exact resemblance of the wall,—for I had implements conveyed to me from without,—conceals the chasm. If the rascal burghers had, in their wisdom, confined the Count in this apparently secure retreat, we might have saved him." "Scarcely," returned the other; "the city gates are doubly watched. Obligated, ourselves, to adopt mean habits, and to live in the greatest publicity with our vulgar neighbours, to avoid suspicion, where could we have hoped to have concealed him until enquiry was at an end?—I would set fire to his prison walls, with my own hands, if, in the event of his escape, there was a single spot, throughout the accursed city, where he might rest secure."

Constance could withhold no longer. Catching at the desperate hope which these strangers held out, she glided, like a phantom, between the speakers. "Be not afraid," she cried; "you behold a friend; and think not evil of me, that I join your conference. I were unworthy to be the daughter of a brave man, if I shrank from assisting the son of his beloved companion in arms." Recovered from their sur-



prise, a fresh consultation ensued. It was brief; but not a single point which related to the deliverance of the Count was left untouched. Having settled the mode of their future correspondence, the meeting broke up; and Constance returned home, followed, at a convenient distance, by her new acquaintances,—who watched her, until assured of her safety within the garden wall.

At one moment, certain of success,—in the next, struck with sudden despair,—Constance passed the remainder of the night in continual alternations, between hope and fear. But, compelled to assume the semblance of composure, she soothed her perturbed brow; and descended to the breakfast table, with calm features and an agitated heart. Proceedings had, already, commenced. Martin,—more easily cajoled than any other person in the world, except his father,—sate swelling with the happiest notions of his own sapience. “Here’s a pretty mismanaged business!” cried he, to the worthy burgess; “they have put Count Adolph at the top of the western tower; and he holds signals, through the grated windows, with his colleagues, below.” Ludwig, who held great command in the prison, pleased with the blunder committed by Vandergeld, and with the opportunity which it gave him of displaying his more active vigilance, instantly invested his son with an authority to change the place of Count Adolph’s confinement; and Martin, having received a hint from the correspondent who had favoured him with an account of

the Count's mode of communicating with ill-disposed persons, outside the walls,—that the dungeon under the moat was the most secure place,—adopted the expedient, as a suggestion of his own ; and, forthwith, directed the removal of the prisoner to this dismal cell. To make assurance doubly sure, he ordered the jailor to fasten the captive to the wall ; nor would he suffer the slightest alteration to be made in the furniture of the apartment,—because, as he jocosely remarked, they need be at little pains for the accommodation of a man who had not another week to live in the world. Now, Martin was impelled to this wanton cruelty, merely to shew his wit and his authority. He had a confused notion that it was a patriot action to cut the throats of all the nobility ; but, individually, he bore no malice to the man whom he now subjected to the most inhuman usage. The next morning, he was advised by his anonymous friend to inspect the food which was delivered to the Count ; and, charmed with this new method of appearing zealous and important, he prepared to pay another visit to the prison.

Constance asked his escort to a neighbouring church. Such an unusual request filled him with delight ; and, giving her his arm, they walked, in a lover-like manner—very much to his fancy—through the streets. The church was a little way beyond the prison ; but, on reaching the gate of the latter, Constance was taken suddenly ill,—so ill that she could not proceed a step further. She was, therefore,



obliged to enter the dark edifice. Rest, and a glass of water, almost recovered her; but she could, no longer, think of going to church; and, frightened at the strange and melancholy appearance of every thing around her, she refused to stay with the jailor's wife, but, clinging to Martin's arm, entreated him to remain with her, or to allow her to accompany him. Her companion, gladly, embraced the offered alternative; and they trod the mazes of the dreary labyrinth, together. The, naturally ingenuous, heart of Constance revolted at the deception which she practised; but Adolph's safety demanded the hateful task, and she repulsed her scruples. She had a file, in her sleeve, ready wrapped in a written scroll. On arriving at the vaulted anti-room of the dungeon, Martin placed a loaf of coarse bread in her hands,—after he had broken it in half, and turned it round and round, in his own,—whilst he poured the water from one jug into another; and, with the file and the letter ingeniously inserted in the bread, he sent the prisoner's allowance into the dungeon, in the full conviction that he had baffled the most cunning device of the Count's friends.

The birth-day of Martin Jansens was at hand; and more than ordinary preparations were making, to celebrate that happy event. Constance suggested the propriety of a masked ball, and recommended her lover to appear in the character of Brutus. Nothing could, he thought, be more appropriate; and he, forthwith, set all the tailors in Ghent to work



upon the intended habiliment. Though, hitherto, her design had been carried on in the most prosperous manner, Constance could not repel the alarm excited by the dangerous nature of the enterprise. The crisis approached ;—a few hours, alone, remained for action ; for, on the following morning, Count Adolph was to be summoned to his mock trial, and the increasing clamours of the people rendered his immediate execution a dreadful certainty. With difficulty, she arrayed herself in the gorgeous apparel which she had selected to do honour to her cousin. She wore an Asiatic dress, supposed to represent the costume of Judith,—a bright idea of Martin's ; who, anxious to return the compliment which she had paid him, fixed upon the blood-stained heroine, as the prototype of his gentle relation ;—there, certainly, could not have been a better disguise. Evening approached.—Garlands of flowers festooned the tapestry hangings, which draperied the walls of the principal apartments. Floods of light streamed from the illuminated tapers, upon the gold and silver ornaments ; and a rich strain of music stole upon the ear.

The motley group assembled. Constance rallied her flagging spirits ;—she laughed, and talked, and danced.—But instinct seemed to be her only guide, for she saw not one of the grotesque figures around her—heard not a word of the nonsense they uttered ;—her whole soul was in the prison, and the churchyard. At length, she was aware that the appointed

hour was at hand. She threw a cloak over her splendid garments, and directed her trembling steps, unperceived, to the garden. A few breathless moments elapsed,—they were ages to Constance!—Her eager ear detected the sound of footsteps; the signal was given, and she opened the door to three masks;—one was, indeed, Count Adolph! A few hurried words passed between them; for, protracted converse would have been dangerous. It was necessary to pass along the reception-rooms, to reach the small cabinet inside her chamber, which she had prepared for the knight's retreat. She dared not hasten through them, with the stranger guest; and, for a short time, he must make one of the company. Attired with a rich plainness, the least calculated to excite remark, Constance trembled as he folded his mantling domino around him. The superior elegance of his demeanour, she feared, would infallibly betray him; and she whispered words of caution. Pleased with the odd situation in which fortune had placed him, his fearless spirit would have entered gaily into the humours of the scene, had he not been restrained by the terrors of his fair preserver; and, in obedience to her entreaties, he seized a convenient opportunity to retire.

The next morning, Martin Jansens was awakened from his first slumber, with the astounding intelligence of the prisoner's escape. He was, at first, incredulous; but,—compelled to believe the fact, from the evidence of his own eyes,—he raved, and stormed,



in a fearful manner ; and instituted so strict a search throughout the whole city, that had not the Count, fortunately, taken refuge under his own roof, he would infallibly have been discovered.

No other inconvenience resulted to the Jansens, from their blunder, than a few sneers from Hans Vandergeld ; which Martin answered with this incontrovertible truth, that “ had the Count been beheaded, according to his father’s recommendation, he could not have got away, alive, out of their hands.”

It became necessary for Constance to devise some means of conveying Adolph beyond the barrier,—an undertaking of considerable difficulty, as the alarm and suspicion excited by the late evasion rendered the town-guard doubly alert. But, in this case, as in the former, she was assisted by the wilful conceit of her cousin Martin. He claimed the privilege of taking the air in a clumsy open chariot,—an invention which preceded the covered coaches of the following century,—nor would he be stopped, a moment, in his career, or submit to any of the regulations imposed upon persons of less consequence ; and the instant that a running footman announced his approach, the gates were, always, thrown open. A livery was, in consequence, provided for Adolph ; his ingenious friend, Richter, helped him to a vizor, exactly resembling the broad features of honest Peterkin ; and, thus disguised, he mounted at the back of the equipage,—Constance having previously sent



his double on a sleeveless errand. Away galloped the two Flanders mares with the trio,—for the lady chose to be of the party.—Not a moment's delay occurred at the barrier. The Count slipped down, when the road was clear ; and was, soon, beyond the power of his enemies.

Time passed away, in feasting and dancing, at Ghent. The burghers thought themselves the masters of the world ; and an earthquake could, scarcely, have astonished them more than the report of the approach of the Duke of Burgundy, at the head of a numerous army. They did not choose to believe the intelligence ; and they, wisely, put the messenger to a cruel death. Consequently, they remained in perfect ignorance of the Duke's proceedings, until he was almost at their gates. Then, the scene was immediately changed ; from the highest insolence, they sunk, at once, into the most abject meanness. Each studied how he should degrade himself lower than his neighbour ; and he who dared to speak of courageous defence, was either imprisoned or hung.

The Jansens were not behindhand with their brethren, in the servility by which they hoped to disarm the resentment of their sovereign. In consequence of their advice, three hundred of the citizens were dispatched, in their shirts, to meet him ; and they, themselves, together with all the principal burgesses, clothed in sackcloth garments, barefooted, and with ashes on their heads, advanced be-

yond the gates of the town, to lay their keys, and all their privileges, at his feet. Martin, as with downcast looks he prepared to join the procession, caught a glance of Constance, and started with surprise. Instead of a sad-coloured robe, and her hair hanging dishevelled on her shoulders, like the rest of her towns-women, she was attired in white and silver, and wore a wreath of roses round her braided tresses. He had no opportunity, however, for remonstrance, ere he joined the dolorous ranks,—with the certainty that this ill-timed gaiety would draw down tenfold vengeance upon their devoted house. Nor were his fears at all allayed, by perceiving that Count Adolph, mounted on a white courser, rode by the side of the Duke.

Charles of Burgundy condescended not to inform them of their doom ; but, ordering them into the rear, paced proudly, at the head of his lancers and men at arms, into the city. Constance saw the cavalcade advance ; and rejoiced that her spirited interference in the fate of Count Adolph had, not only saved the man she loved from an untimely death, but would, now, afford her the means of pleading in the behalf of those kind relatives who so truly merited her gratitude.

The mansion of the Jansens was the first house tenanted by the rulers of Ghent, which occurred in the Duke's progress. He halted before it, called out the father and the son, and directed six of his archers to shoot them like dogs, and leave their



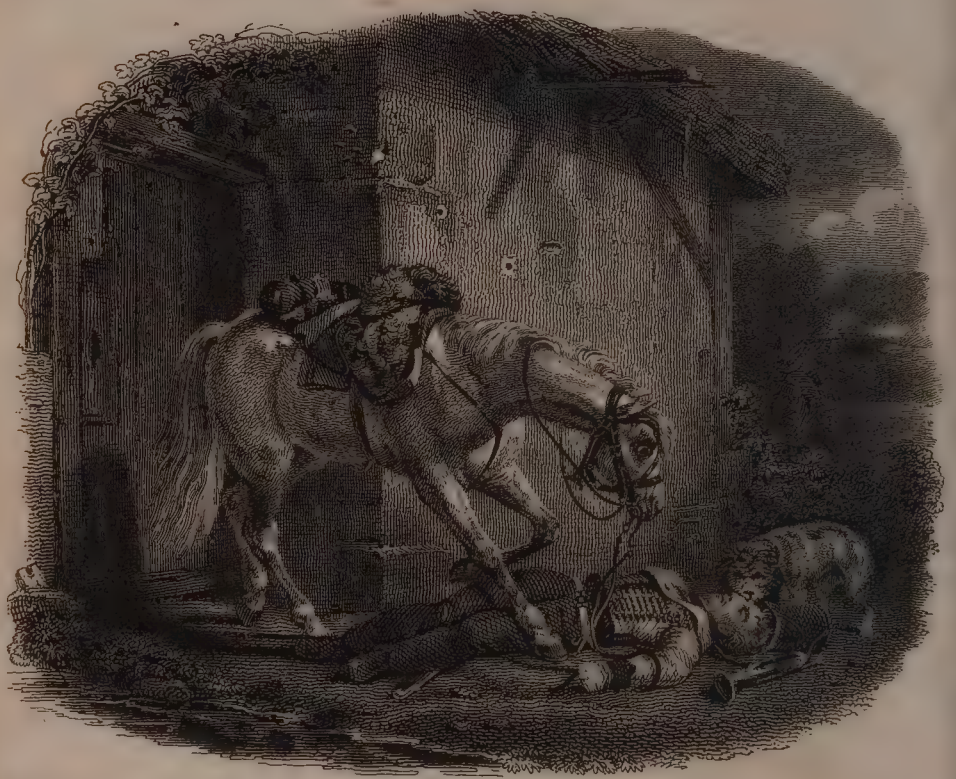
worthless bodies to the kite and crow. Constance saw there was not a moment to lose. She rushed through the gate, and,—seizing the bridle of the Duke's horse, with her small, white hands,—entreated him to spare the lives of those who had preserved his trusty knight. Adolph joined in the prayer; and, more dead than alive, the two delinquents were released from their perilous situation. Hans Vandergeld, at whose intercession the Count's execution had been delayed, was likewise pardoned; and, these three being the most deeply implicated in the rebellion of the burgesses, the Duke could not, in justice, visit others with severity, but contented himself with the offer which they made of purchasing his mercy, at the price of thirty thousand gilders.

It was long before the Jansens could comprehend the possibility of Adolph's concealment in their house. But, highly delighted with the result of the contrivance,—when the Count asked the hand of their fair cousin, in marriage, they gave her a larger portion than any one of the daughters of the family had ever, before, received.

EMMA R.



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THE DEAD TRUMPETER.





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## THE DEAD TRUMPETER.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

WAKE, soldier!—wake!—thy war-horse waits,  
To bear thee to the battle back;—  
Thou slumberest at a foeman's gates;—  
Thy dog would break thy bivouac;—  
Thy plume is trailing in the dust,  
And thy red faulchion gathering rust!

Sleep, soldier!—sleep!—thy warfare o'er,—  
Not thine own bugle's loudest strain  
Shall ever break thy slumbers more,  
With summons to the battle-plain;  
A trumpet-note more loud and deep,  
Must rouse thee from that leaden sleep!

Thou need'st nor helm nor cuirass, now,  
—Beyond the *Grecian* hero's boast,—  
Thou wilt not quail thy naked brow,  
Nor shrink before a myriad host,—  
For head and *heel* alike are sound,  
A thousand arrows cannot wound!

Thy mother is not in thy dreams,  
With that wild, widowed look she wore  
The day—how long to her it seems!—  
She kissed thee, at the cottage door,  
And sickened at the sounds of joy  
That bore away her only boy!

Sleep, soldier!—let thy mother wait,  
To hear thy bugle on the blast;  
Thy dog, perhaps, may find the gate,  
And bid her home to thee, at last;—  
He cannot tell a sadder tale  
Than did thy clarion, on the gale,  
When last—and far away—she heard its lingering  
echoes fail!



## CŒUR DE LION'S ADIEU TO PALESTINE.

"It needed not many arguments to convince Richard of the truth of his situation; and, indeed, after the burst of passion, he sat him calmly down, and, with gloomy looks, head depressed, and arms folded on his bosom, listened to the archbishop's reasoning on the impossibility of his carrying on the crusade when deserted by his companions." *The Talisman.*

### 1.

JERUSALEM!—for thee—for thee,  
May I a king and warrior weep,—  
And other kings and warriors see,  
Nor deem my lion heart asleep;  
—He was a God who wept of old,  
Thou wert not, then, a heathen fold!

### 2.

Think not—to look on Syrian skies,—  
For Moslem spoil,—or gorgeous ease,—  
I bade mine ancient banner rise,  
And traversed earth, and braved the seas;—  
—I have a realm as Eden fair,  
A thousand woods and streams are there.

3.

Thou wert the lure!—could I forget  
That men and angels, earth and heaven,  
Where now the scorner's foot is set,  
In peace had walked, in vengeance striven!  
Could I forget thy first estate!  
Could I forget thine after-fate!

4.

I came—and there were with me fought  
Leaders as noble and as free,  
And many were the *swords* they brought,  
But not the *soul* that lived in me;  
They asked for spoil—I did but crave  
To free thy towers, or find a grave!

5.

Oh, were the strength of yonder host  
But mine—were even my spirit theirs,—  
Brief—brief should be the Moslem's boast,  
As brief the Christian's coward cares;—  
Yet, on those towers the cross should rise,  
And England's \* Lions guard the prize!

6.

Adieu—adieu!—This is a dream  
No waking hour may render true;

---

\* Alluding to the Royal Standard.

Leader and vassal homeward stream,  
I, too, must hence—adieu—adieu!—  
Must leave unreaped this field of fame,  
A victor—but in will and name!

7.

In every land the laurel grows,  
And many a wreath shall yet be mine,—  
But Judah's palm and Sharon's rose  
Are only plucked in Palestine;  
—I dreamed of them and Kedron's rill,  
Alas! the spoiler guards them, still!

8.

Adieu—adieu! In other days,  
—When youthful minstrels sing of thee,—  
Let this be Cœur de Lion's praise,  
He left a throne to set thee free!  
Say, that he strove till hope was o'er,  
And wept—when he could strive no more!



## WRITTEN AT SILCHESTER,

### THE ANCIENT CALLEVA:

*A celebrated Station and City, on the great Roman Road from  
Bath to London;—the walls of which, covered with trees, yet  
remain nearly entire.*

BY THE REV. W. LISLE BOWLES.

THE wild pear whispers, and the ivy crawls,  
Along the circuit of thine ancient walls,  
Lone city of the dead!—and near this mound, \*  
The buried coins of mighty men are found,—  
Silent remains of Cæsars and of kings,  
Soldiers of whose renown the world yet rings,  
In its sad story!—These have had their day  
Of glory, and are passed—like sounds—away!

And such their fame!—while we the spot behold,  
And muse upon the tale that time has told,  
We ask, where are they?—they whose clarion  
brayed,  
Whose chariot glided, and whose war-horse neighed;

---

\* The Amphitheatre.

Whose cohorts hastened o'er the echoing way,  
Whose eagles glittered to the orient ray!  
—Ask of this fragment, reared by Roman hands,  
That, now, a lone and broken column stands!  
Ask of that Road—whose track alone remains—  
That swept, of old, o'er mountains, downs, and  
    plains;  
And, still, along the silent champain leads,—  
Where are its noise of cars and tramp of steeds!  
Ask of the dead!—and silence will reply,  
“Go, seek them in the grave of mortal vanity!”

Is this a Roman veteran?—look again,—  
It is a British soldier, who, in Spain,  
At Albuera's glorious fight, has bled;  
He, too, has spurred his charger o'er the dead!  
—Desolate, now—friendless and desolate,  
Let him the tale of war and home relate.—  
His wife—(and Gainsborough *such* a form and mien  
Would paint, in harmony with *such* a scene,)—  
With pensive aspect—yet demeanour bland,  
—A tottering infant guided by her hand—  
Spoke of her own green Erin, while her child,  
Amid the scene of ancient glory, smiled,  
As spring's first flower smiles from a monument  
Of other years, by time and ruin rent!

Lone city of the dead! thy pride is past,  
Thy temples sunk—as at the whirlwind's blast!

Silent—all silent, where the mingled cries  
Of gathered myriads rent the purple skies!  
Here—where the summer breezes wave the wood—  
The stern and silent gladiator stood,  
And listened to the shouts that hailed his gushing  
    blood!  
And, on this wooded mount,—that oft, of yore,  
Hath echoed to the Lybian lion's roar,—  
The ear scarce catches, from the shady glen,  
The small pipe of a solitary wren!



## THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade ;  
Seek thou the well-known glade  
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,  
Gleaming through moss-tufts deep,  
Like dark eyes filled with sleep,  
And bathed in hues of summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed  
Around my dying bed,  
A breath of May, and of the wood's repose ;  
For I, in sooth, depart  
With a reluctant heart,  
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee,—  
Alas ! this must not be ;  
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours !  
Go where the fountain's breast  
Catches, in glassy rest,  
The dim green light that pours through laurel bowers.

I know how softly bright,  
Steeped in that tender light,  
The water-lilies tremble there, e'en now ;  
Go to the pure stream's edge,  
And, from its whispering sedge,  
Bring me those flowers, to cool my fevered brow.

Then,—as in Hope's young days,—  
Track thou the antique maze  
Of the rich garden, to its grassy mound ;  
There is a lone white rose,  
Shedding, in sudden snows,  
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around !

Well know'st thou that fair tree !  
—A murmur of the bee  
Dwells, ever, in the honied lime above ;  
Bring me one pearly flower,  
Of all its clustering shower,—  
For, on that spot we first revealed our love !

Gather one woodbine bough,  
Then, from the lattice low  
Of the bowered cottage which I bade thee mark,  
When, by the hamlet, last,  
Through dim wood-lanes, we passed,  
Where dews were glancing to the glow-worm's spark.

Haste ! to my pillow bear  
Those fragrant things, and fair ;—  
My hand no more may bind them up at eve ;

Yet shall their odour soft  
One bright dream round me waft,  
Of life, youth, summer,—all that I must leave !

And oh ! if thou would'st ask  
Wherefore thy steps I task  
The grove, the stream, the hamlet-vale to trace ;  
'Tis that some thought of me  
—When I am gone,—may be  
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell,  
(Oh ! break thou not the spell !)  
In the deep wood, and by the fountain side !  
Thou must not, my beloved !  
Rove where we two have roved,  
Forgetting her that in her spring-time died !

F. H.



## AN ADDRESS TO THE GARDEN ROLL.

A MOCK HEROIC.

*Written for the Album at B—; in which are Verses on the  
Garden Pump, an old Chair, and an Hour-Glass.*

BY MRS. OPIE.

How sweet the task, from the inglorious shade  
To call neglected merit, and to urge  
Its claims to just applause,—claims which itself  
Can never hope to urge!—That task be *mine*!

Hail, Garden Roll!—What! shall the Garden Pump  
Be hung with flowers from fancy's richest wreath,  
Nor thou one bud of simple field-flower boast,  
To grace thy iron sides! And shall a Chair—  
An old and wooden Chair, of cumbrous form—  
Call forth the sweetest carols of the Muse;  
And eke an Hour Glass;—yet, shalt thou remain  
Unsung, great Garden Roll! No!—in the teeth  
Of the old proverb, that the rolling stone  
Ne'er gathers moss,—a votive wreath I'll weave,  
(But more of moss composed, I fear, than flowers,)  
And hang it o'er thee!

## Friendly Garden Roll !

Full well I ween that many a beauteous foot  
Has cause to bless thy influence here ;—for oft,  
Even in the slender shoe of Tyrian die,  
May lurk some dire excrescences on toe,  
Or sole of foot, which—but for thy kind aid—  
Had throbb'd with agony,—as pointed stone,  
Or rough protruding flint lay on the path  
Where heedlessly it stept :—but, crushed by thee,  
Those foes to feet bow low their humbled heads ;—  
For, true republican ! thou canst not bear  
To see one pert, proud pebble lift its head  
Higher than others, nor a lump of earth  
Of power ambitious ;—but, before they knit  
Close ties with other pebbles—other lumps,  
Thy levelling influence keeps their daring down,  
And lo !—the gravel, in one equal tint  
Of glowing orange, richly spreads around !

But thou, alas ! like other potentates,  
Can'st not with power be trusted ;—not, alone,  
Proud earth or pebble feels thy awful force ;—  
Lo ! busy ants, beneath the little hills  
Their virtuous industry had raised, thy weight  
Descending crushes, and their tiny limbs  
Buries beneath ;—to them, those little hills  
Proving like pyramids to Egypt's kings,  
Their pride when *living*, and their graves when *dead* !  
Nor does the humble worm escape thy might ;  
—Meekest of creatures !—though it never lifts

Its icy head, like its own cousin, snake,  
To hiss and wound :—beneath thy giant tread,  
It writhes and bleeds ; and, on thy circling snow,  
Its thread of blood, in pallid stains, distils !

Sometimes the snail,—if snail, like Mungo Park,  
Or noted Bruce, on bold exploring bent,  
Leaves the sweet bosom of some yielding fruit,  
And, full of enterprize and love of fame,  
Dares cross the *awful gravel*, which divides  
Grass plot from shrubbery, and, with quickened pace,  
Presumes to tread where snail ne'er trod before,—  
Thou checkest in its progress ; and the mail  
In which it sallied forth—like knight of old,  
To tilt at tournament—avails it nought ;  
But, with its horns outstretched, and shivered coat,  
The victim “ on sweet nectarine thinks,—and dies !”\*

And when, intent to make the smooth more smooth,  
Thou roll'st thy massy body o'er the grass,  
In vain the daisy lifts it modest eye,  
To bid thee spare its beauties :—thou, alas !  
Continuest, still, thy progress,—till thy track  
Is marked by daisy deaths !

Yet, Garden Roll !

The good thou dost outweighs the evil, still,—  
If thou art judged as man should always judge

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\* “ Et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.”—VIRGIL.



His fellow man, and would himself be judged,  
—A frailty pardoned for a virtue's sake!—  
And thence, to thee this strain of praise I breathe,  
These beauteous scenes among;—where handmaid Art,  
With graceful skill, has dressed fair Nature's form,  
Hanging, in easy folds, her verdant robe,  
To veil—but not obscure—her beauties!—Garden Roll,  
Farewell!

# MARIAN SEAFORTH.

A TALE OF AMERICA.

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“Thy destined Lord is come too late.”

*Bride of Abydos.*

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It was a beautiful autumn evening, in Pine Hollow. The sun had almost set; and deep rays, bursting through the clouds, glowed upon their leaden masses, in a dusky purple tinge. But it was on the horizon only that the shadow of a cloud could be seen, for all above was clear uninterrupted space. The blue vault, immediately overhead, declined, at the sides of the vast arch, into all those delicate untraceable tints, the exquisite blending of which lends so soft a charm to evening skies. The face of the earth partook of the influence of the hour. The wind had sunk so low that no leaf trembled in its embraces. Nothing fell upon the ear, to interrupt that murmuring which perplexes us to know whether it is

the creature of reality or of imagination,—save the faint and monotonous rippling of the stream, or the chirping of the owls, as they flitted around.

Pine Hollow was, at the period of my tale, one of those small, sweet vallies which, in an irregular country, like America,—unlevelled, or levelled only in a very partial degree, by the almost omnipotent power of civilization,—so often arrest the wanderings of the trans-Atlantic traveller. Lofty pines which, with their far-spreading summits, seemed monuments of living antiquity, clothed its sides; and cast a dark shade over the bubbling stream that glistened beneath, wherever a gleam of light broke through the overhanging foliage. Lichens, nameless herbs, and wild-flowers perfumed the banks of the diminutive stream. These, becoming detached by the unceasing flow of the waters, and congregating with loose pebbles and other accidental obstacles, formed, at irregular distances, dams, over which the flood fell in noisy cataracts. The gloom which canopied the whole was such as inspired a pleasing awe,—wholly distinct from that terror with which the more secret recesses of nature are, sometimes, apt to invest the beholder; and, to one fond of indulging in fanciful reveries, at the expense of judgment, might have seemed one of the sylvan retreats of classic mythology, or the scene of the wilder and more romantic superstitions with which the traditions of the darker ages has delighted to people the more secret localities of nature. But the discoverer of the western hemisphere is not



supposed to have been anticipated, in his researches, by the deities of ancient Greece ; and no spectre of modern date was known to have chosen, for the stage of its exhibitions, the spot of which I speak. It is, therefore, to be feared that Pine Hollow was,—and may yet remain,—undignified by any more astounding apparitions than the squirrels that sprung from branch to branch of the clustered walnut-trees, at the southern extremity of the Hollow ; or the lizards, butterflies, and other reptiles and insects, which claimed an immemorial right of enjoyment in the produce of the uncultivated district (by far the most extensive) of the valley.

It may be inferred, from what has been just said, that cultivation was not entirely excluded. On one bank of the valley,—where the descent, becoming less precipitous, formed a gentle slope,—the neatness and conveniency of art had supplanted the wild luxuriance of nature. The turf had, in many places, been removed, to make way for small gravel walks, bordered either with shells or neatly clipped rows of box. A small grove of firs half concealed from view a dwelling, originally built of wood and plaster ; but the additions and alterations which had been made to it, and of which the number was by no means small, were of brick and other modern materials. The windows were small, and the glazing in the minute diamond style, except where the operator had chosen to exhibit his taste and skill, in stars, circles, and other such fantasies. The little light which

could, under any circumstances, penetrate through the green glass of which they were formed, was, in a great proportion, intercepted by the intermingling tendrils of the hop-plants and ivy which clasped and kissed the white-washed casements. After the fashion of ancient dwellings, in our own country, the upper story of the building projected to a considerable distance beyond the level of the lower part; and was painted in chequers of black and white, and decorated with rude alto relievos, intended to represent human countenances, or cattle, or such nameless objects, as it had entered the head of the artificer to conceive. The roof was covered with tiles, intermingling with thatch, which a slight verdure had clothed with an uniform coating of green. The total want of design, and the irregularity observable in every point, gave a romantic, though not unpleasing, wildness to the retired dwelling. Yet, there was not wanting an appearance of neatness and comfort about it.

On the green platform before the house, stood a dial,—which was so situated as, in sunny weather, to point out the progress of time, during three hours in the day. This, together with an hieroglyphic image, emblematic (for the obscure hint at the meaning which it conveyed, could not be called representative) of St. George and the Dragon, were the chief artificial adornments of the exterior part of the establishment. But the tulip-tree, on whose branches rested the pendant abodes of the fiery hang-nest, shed its perfume around; and, the lattice porch, al-



most hidden by the vines which twined up its sides, gave a cheering promise of the spirit that dwelt within.

Glowing in all the richness of young loveliness, Marian Seaforth, in her seventeenth year, was the enlivening spirit of the abode which her presence consecrated. Tall in stature, and exquisitely proportioned, her figure met the eye as that of a perfect model. Her eyes were blue; and a common spectator would have said that they were beautifully bright. One of closer observation would have seen that their brightness was softened down into a mild and affectionate lustre, in harmony with the sweet and gentle expression of her features; while, they were the very eyes on which a poet would have gazed with inspiration, till he dreamed of liquid stars, and melting suns, and all the fond unintelligible of simile and metaphor,—and saw, in the brown locks that clustered around them, clouds, veiling the luminaries which his imagination had given birth to. But Marian knew little of poetry,—except the poetry of nature, which had taught her to feel, and admire,—and this was language which, in her situation, the breath of adulation had never carried to her ear. She was, at once, lovely, simple, and affectionate;—attributes which can so seldom be conjointly predicated of the same female, that nothing but the consciousness of inflexible veracity could have induced me to assert what the sceptical may consider as verging on the borders of improbability,—at least. Her mother had



died and left her, then a girl of thirteen, to the care of her father. This early sorrow had made an impression on her mind, which imparted to her character more seriousness than might otherwise have belonged to it,—for she was naturally lively; and now that time had softened the harshness of her grief, and that the solitary condition of her surviving parent required all her endeavours to enliven his days, she was contented and cheerful.

But, on the evening of which we have spoken, a cloud hung over Marian. She paced sadly, and somewhat hurriedly, round the little garden. Yet, there was no expression of impatience in her sorrow,—no forgetfulness of that placid gentleness which was ever, as a soft music, about her. But tears fell fast and silently, as she, alternately, took from her bosom, and returned to its sacred depository, a paper, which seemed connected with her griefs; and she sighed heavily, as she pressed to her lips some object, for her fondness to which, the blush that overspread her cheek, though alone, seemed intended to atone. We must digress, to make our readers acquainted with the cause of Marian's sorrow.

Her father was an Englishman, whom misfortunes had induced to leave his country; which he did with the reluctance of one who clung, with bigotted fondness, to the land of his sires. He crossed the Atlantic, and arrived at the shores of the New World, some years previous to the commencement of those

dissensions which ended in the dismemberment of the American States from the parent country. Here he married the mother of his daughter. Bound by such ties, and placed in a state of independence, by a train of prosperity which his native land had refused to his endeavours, he became so far an American as to lose the wish of departing from the country. The death of his wife, however, considerably altered his sentiments; and, on the breaking out of the independent spirit among the Americans, his warmth in favour of Britain destroyed the cordiality which had, till then, subsisted between him and many of the inhabitants of his adopted land. He had, therefore, retired into privacy; where the irksomeness of solitude, though alleviated by the soothing attention of his child, gave additional strength to his wish for departure. Circumstances, however, connected with the commercial undertaking in which he had been engaged, delayed his carrying his resolves into execution, till the increased seriousness of the political affairs of the time rendered such an attempt hazardous.

Amongst the forces of the provincialists, one of the earliest who enrolled themselves in the cause of American independence was a young man, named Frederic Muir. Brave, impetuous, and devoted to the cause in which he was engaged, he had attracted the notice, not only of his commanding officer, but, upon an occasion of a sudden and hazardous attack, of Washington,--who had lately been elected the ge-



neral of the provincial army. But what entitles him to notice here is, that he was an admirer of Marian Seaforth. Their acquaintance had commenced before the dispute between America and England had arrived at any great height ; and political differences had not occasioned any change in their feelings towards each other. But, between the father and lover, the case was altered. Men are more forcibly actuated by impulses, arising from the changes of public and external affairs. Woman reposes more wholly upon her own domestic circle,—that microcosm of affectionate hearts, with which consanguinity or friendship has raised up, in her bosom, a kindly communion.

Between old Seaforth, then, and the lover, it is not surprising that differences arose ;—it would, rather, have been strange had it been otherwise. It is true, the youth endeavoured to avoid all discourse which might lead to subjects upon which he was certain to differ from the father of his Marian,—and he succeeded ; but the prejudices of age are not equally flexible, and the father would often throw out observations which could not but be painful to Frederic. Love, however, induced him to bear patiently the persecution which he endured. But the honour of a soldier ought to be dearer than even his love ; and when he was attacked on that ground, it was no longer possible for the connection between Muir and Seaforth to continue.

One evening, when the intelligence which had



reached Seaforth, respecting the conduct of the States, had been particularly displeasing to him, he threw out invectives against the American cause,—so bitter that Muir, who was present, could not avoid replying. In spite of his endeavour to frame his reply as gently as might not compromise his sense of duty, a dispute ensued, in which each party considered that the degree of respect which was due to himself was neglected. Marian, too, thought that the deference to which her father was entitled had not been yielded to him; and, when the disputants parted in anger, and the lover entreated her to hear him, in private, a moment, before they separated, she refused his request, in an accent which those lips had never before given to words addressed to him. For a moment, he stood, as if irresolute;—for a moment, his paling cheek and quivering lip were as a comment upon the deep, sad, yet melancholy-fond expression of his eye, as he gazed upon her whose every look had, till that moment, been the echo of his own. It was but for an instant,—ere the consciousness that he no longer lingered on the threshold of a friend recurred to his mind; and, uttering a farewell, he compelled his features to assume the appearance of calmness,—and left the house.

But, in the memory of her whom he left, the tone, the look of that farewell dwelt, for many a day, mournfully engrossing her every thought and feeling. Day after day, she found herself mentally

repeating it,—inwardly brooding over the glance of suppressed anguish which accompanied it. Her's was no longer the smile of the heart which—like a sun-beam on a diversified landscape—was wont to lend a lustre to every occupation in which she engaged,—

“ to shed

*A tenderness on all she said.”*

Her step no longer bounded over the ground—a light emblem of a lighter heart. Sad, mournful, and unhappy,—and yet more sad, more mournful, more unhappy, from being compelled to hide, or to endeavour to hide, the feelings which swelled her bosom,—when she could steal a moment of privacy, she would give way to her sorrow, and pour forth her grief in tears;—happy if, with her tears, the source of them could also have been dried up. But it was not so: “ it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury;” and, till she could forget what her heart too plainly told her could never be forgotten, it was vain to look for happiness.

In vain did she cling to the hope which, day after day, deceived her, that he would yet return; vainly did she try to convince herself that, if he had, indeed, on so slight occasion, abandoned her, he was unworthy of being regretted. The cold, heartless sophistry that seeks to cheat our feelings, never deceives, even when the tissue of its argument seems most plausible and complete; and the



altered look,—the pause,—the start, at every footstep, which approached the unfrequented valley of Pine Hollow,—the palpitation of heart, till the comer was ascertained,—and the sinking of the spirit, when the certainty that no intelligence of *him* had arrived extinguished the newly lit-up blaze of hope,—these told too well that Marian's peace was no longer the inmate of its native home. At last, the wasting anxiety of suspense was determined. A messenger arrived, with a letter for the almost hopeless girl; and it was after the perusal of that epistle, that Marian was first introduced to the reader.

It was from Frederic. It informed her that he was about to go, with his regiment, to a somewhat remote part of the country; implored her forgiveness; entreated her acceptance of a ring, which accompanied the letter; and begged, in return, as a mark of her pardon, a lock of her hair. It concluded with an assurance that those vows, once so dear to Marian, now clung faster to his heart than ever; and an entreaty that if, amid the troubles which disturbed the country, an hour of distress or danger should arrive to *her*, she would send back his ring, as a token,—and it would bring him to her side, through every risk.

A weight of sorrow was lifted from Marian's heart, by this letter. Still, the danger to which her lover might be exposed pressed mournfully upon her. She sent the lock, with a few lines expressive of



her forgiveness and her love; and returned to her accustomed employment, with a cheerfulness to which she had long been a stranger.

But other griefs awaited Marian. The day was closing, and Seaforth had not yet returned home from the town of B——, which was within four or five miles from Pine Hollow, and which—contrary to his usual retired habits—he had, that day, visited. As the light rapidly decreased, and the foliage which shaded the windows took a darker tinge, Marian felt some degree of apprehension;—for Pine Hollow was situated in a lonely and unfrequented spot, and the unsettled state of the country rendered caution essential to safety. Her fears increased as the hour grew later, in spite of the endeavours of the old man, their servant, to persuade her that her father had been induced, by the gloominess of the night, to accept some friend's invitation, and pass the night at B——. Marian watched till midnight,—when, despairing of her father's return, she retired to her chamber, and passed the remainder of the night in anxiety and apprehension.

At the first dawn of morning, she was up, and on her way to B——. Suspense is heavier than the heaviest evil under the sun. On her arrival at the town, every thing which met her eyes was indicative of some late commotion. Many of the shops were closed, and the people in the streets were collected in scattered groups, discoursing eagerly, and with an appearance of mystery and deep concern. Small

bodies of the provincial militia occasionally paraded the streets. Every thing wore the appearance of doubt and alarm.

Marian needed all the little stock of happiness which had been let in upon her heart, to enable her to bear up against the shock which awaited her. Close on the outskirts of the town, a skirmish had taken place with a party of British troops. Unhappily, Marian's father was passing at the time; and, seeing a disarmed British soldier about to be cut down; when begging for quarter, his natural feelings, aided in no slight degree by his political prejudices, had prompted him rashly to interfere, and strike down the American. The action was not unobserved; he was taken prisoner; and, at the conclusion of the fight,—which was almost immediate, and in favour of the Americans,—he was lodged safely in the town; where the fear of the inhabitants, (amongst whom a rumour was spread that a larger body of the enemy was advancing on them,) caused Seaforth to be watched closely, and treated with some degree of rigour.

Two days after this event, a young man, of slight form, and apparently delicate constitution, presented himself to the recruiting officer at B——, and signified a wish to become a member of the provincial corps. He represented himself as a Canadian; and the eagerness which he expressed—the resolution marked on his sallow features—overcame the scruples arising from his want of strength. He was accepted; and



—the most experienced troops being needed, to partake in the active service,—he was, with two others, placed to guard the prisoners.

The next day, the recruit, together with the prisoner Seaforth, were missing. Immediate search was made, and the younger of the fugitives was soon apprehended, in a wood adjoining the town. To all enquiries respecting the prisoner, he either refused to answer, or spoke from the purpose; and seemed totally unmoved by any thing that passed,—save that, when a party returned from the pursuit of Seaforth, with the intelligence that they had been unable to discover any trace of the fugitive, the smile of a moment passed over his lip, and the blaze of rejoicing which burned in his eye shewed how much interest he took in the information. To find treachery among their ranks was a blow which Americans—struggling for all that was dear to them,—could not bear. The deserter was tried, and, being found guilty, sentenced to death.

During these transactions, Frederic Muir—at a distance of nearly two hundred miles from the spot of his Marian's residence,—was actively performing the duties of his station, and reaping laurels which he fondly hoped his reconciled girl might, one day, share with him. His buoyant spirit looked forward to the time when peace and independence should be acquired by his country, and the dissensions of party should no longer poison the serene happiness of private life. He beguiled his lonely hours with



bright recollections of the past, and brighter picturings of the future; and never paused to doubt that time would put the seal of reality upon the promises of fancy.

A bright moon-light night had tempted him to walk a few paces from his tent. The whole camp lay in stillness before him, interrupted only by the regular measured steps of the sentinels. The white canvas glistened in the moon-beams;—the sky was spotless;—the far woods—the farther hills were lit up with a softened radiance. The young man sighed, as he looked on the picture before—around—above him. On such a night, he had first, with hesitating lips and a trembling frame, sued for the favour of his ladye-love! Again he looked on the white tents and the far landscape,—but his heart was at the cottage of Pine Hollow!

His reverie was broken by the sound of his name, and the approach of some one who delivered into his hands a sealed packet. His eye fell on the superscription—it was from Marian. With all a lover's eagerness and a lover's hope, he broke the seal, and a ring fell out! The scarcely audible report, as it reached the ground, startled him like the sudden blast of a trumpet;—it was the signal of danger! He sat down, and passed his hand across his brow, for a few moments, ere he ran over the contents. It was written in danger, and in doubt if it might reach its object till the hand was cold that traced it; and, before these feelings, maidenly reserve and maidenly

pride had given way, and it breathed a love whose expression—even in their fondest hours,—had never before blessed him,—but in Marian's eye. His ashy features, which had gradually stiffened with horror, as he read the contents of the letter, softened before the tenderness of her language; and a long burst of weeping gave relief to feelings, whose tension would have prevented the immediate exertion necessary to track the single ray of hope that, at once, presented itself to his mind.

The letter was long. It told of Seaforth's offence and arrest;—of his escape by the aid of Marian, disguised as a recruit;—of Marian's capture and condemnation;—of her determination to conceal her sex and character, lest it should reach the ears of her father, who would immediately give himself up to save her;—it adjured Frederic, by their long love, and by the confidence she had reposed in him, not to thwart her endeavour by any discovery;—and implored him, by the promise of that ring which she now returned, to come to her,—that she might see him once more on earth, after so long separation and sorrow.

Four days were yet to pass, ere the morning which was to terminate the existence of Marian. Frederic's resolution was speedily taken. He had, in the first violence of his grief, determined upon going at once to Marian; but a better hope dawned upon his calmer reflection,—and he resolved, if leave of absence could be procured, to go to the camp adjoining



Philadelphia, where Washington, with his army, were then stationed. The distance was little short of two hundred miles; and from Philadelphia to the town where Marian was confined, more than a hundred. This space was to be traversed over the face of a country of varied aspect, and very imperfectly provided with roads of any description; at the constant risk, too, of falling in with parties of the English army,—and being thereby delayed, without the hope of proceeding in time for the accomplishment of his object. He provided himself with a fleet horse, and as much money as he was master of; for he foresaw the necessity of this, in order to procure fresh horses, and otherwise accelerate his progress. The life of a soldier accustoms him to dispatch in his preparations, and a space of half an hour saw Frederick's completed, and him on his way.

The day was half past, when the rider stopped to take some refreshment, at a small farm-house, that appeared to be the intermediate limit between the cultivated and rude divisions of the district he was crossing. Had it depended on Muir alone, a brief time had been sufficient to supply his wants; but those of his companion,—upon whose strength and swiftness so much depended,—were to be regarded. Half an hour's delay was afforded to recruit the animal, and Frederick proceeded. He now entered a wild and hilly country; the wood that obstructed this region had been but very partially cleared away, and that little



for a small extent only. Amid huge clusters of pine, oak, and chesnut, spreading and interweaving their vast arms, his progress was much slower than was congenial to his wishes. Autumn was advancing, and the decaying leaves were falling around him, on every side, offering an obstacle to his horse's motion. This woody tract was succeeded by a sandy plain, which lay so deep that the horse sank three or four inches into it, at every step.

By evening, he had arrived at the small village on the banks of the Connecticut which certified him that a considerable portion of his journey was passed; and saw the majestic waves of the noble river, swelling and glittering, by the uncertain twilight which prevailed. Here it was necessary to pass the night; but he was awakened, in the morning, from a dream of pleasant omen, by the first rays of the rising sun, shining in diamond-shaped sections on the floor through the panes of his window. Again mounted,—again he pursued his journey; and, the road being somewhat better than on the preceding day, his dispatch was such that, by noon, he had accomplished more miles than in the whole of yesterday's course. But he thought it doubtful whether his steed could sustain such continued exertion, and therefore procured another, instead of his present one,—which he left, with a sum of money, as a security for the return of his substitute.

The sun had, some time, given place to the bright star which gemmed the edge of the dark clouds that

skirted the horizon,—when Frederic approached the station which the commander-in-chief had chosen, near Philadelphia, for the entrenchments of the American army. A deep orange tint, blending insensibly into a rich saffron, spread over the sky. The mild beauty of the heavens was in keeping with the silence which lends so peculiar a witchery to evening,—silence rather marked than broken, by the distant hum of the camp, “stilly sounding.” Here, then, was his goal—the spot where his hopes and his fear were to be determined!

He addressed himself to an officer who was inspecting the progress of an out-work; and, being examined, was conducted to a tent,—the superior structure of which, and the flag by which it was surmounted, pointed it out as the one appropriated to Washington. Into this Frederic was introduced, and was placed in its outer compartment. In a few minutes, the canvas of the interior division was pushed aside,—and he stood in the presence of the commander. We must not dwell upon the particulars of his interview with the hero of America. During the time which he had remained alone in the tent, his anxiety had increased to such a degree that his agitation, for a time, deprived him of utterance to tell his story. The favourable opinion which his commander had previously formed of him, and the anguish painted on his fine manly features, were, all this time, speaking for him; and Washington listened, with deep interest, to the affecting details



which he, at length, drew from the young soldier. Another pause of agony awaited Frederic, when, after listening to his recital, Washington withdrew to confer with his council on the petition. A few minutes, and the curtain was again drawn aside; and Washington, in person, announced to him—Marian's pardon!

The same mercy could not be extended to Seaforth. His hostile interference in a quarrel, in which (considering that America had afforded him those means of acquiring independence which his native land had refused him,) he ought, at least, to have maintained neutrality, had placed him, in the opinion of those with whom the general had conferred, beyond the reach of lenience. The necessary documents for Marian's pardon were delivered to Frederic Muir; and Washington, after ordering him refreshment, and reminding him that when the immediate pressure of his domestic afflictions were removed, he was, once more, the soldier of America—the child of a great nation, struggling for freedom,—left himself rooted in the young man's heart.

In the morning, on preparing to depart, Frederic found his horse exchanged, for one infinitely superior. Secretly thanking the foresight and generosity of the donor,—for, he had no doubt by whose directions the substitution had been made,—he set spurs to his new acquaintance, whose pace speedily justified the opinion which, from his appearance, Frederic had been inclined to form of him. For a



few hours, his journey continued fair and prosperous; but from the darkness,—which, every moment, increased, as the day advanced,—and the massy clouds which drove with fitful violence across the face of the heavens, he augured an almost immediate storm. Unbuckling his ample war-cloak, he disposed of it in such a manner as to shelter, not only himself, but, in some degree, the horse which he rode. But his caution was superfluous; for the storm which burst upon him, came with such violence as completely to drench him, in less than five minutes. This, however, was an inconvenience to which—as one accustomed to camps, and to brave all seasons,—he was not inclined to attach much importance. He hastened on, therefore, with slight interruptions, until the evening. He then halted at a small house, which stood at the skirts of a woody district, of no great extent, which he had to cross; where, having obtained shelter and food for his horse, he procured the same indulgences for himself.

An almost sleepless night, ushered in the dawn of that day which was to bring him to the termination of his journey,—to restore him to the arms of his Marian. Naturally ardent and impetuous, and elated by the pictures which imagination painted to his view, and by the glad consciousness of merited success,—the fleet steed which bore him seemed, to his impatient apprehension, to go with tardy steps; and his anxiety was increased, when,—on arriving at the interior recesses of the wood,—the overplus of vegetation, and

the propinquity of the vast trees, impeded his progress. He pressed onward, however, in hopes of arriving at a small river, beyond which, he remembered the country become more open and unincumbered. Meantime, the storm not only continued with unabated force, but became more terrific, by the hollow muttering of the thunder. Frederic was not unaware of the danger with which a storm of thunder and lightning is accompanied, in woody regions. The darkness had, also, encreased to a considerable degree; and this added no little to the perplexity of his course. In vain did he stretch his eyeballs amid the gloom, to discover, if possible, the river which he was to cross. The flashes of lightning—which now streamed frequently and vividly,—only rendered more distinct the dimness of the forest in which he was enveloped; nor, from the uneven rate at which he advanced, could he form any conjecture as to the distance he had yet to pass, before he should clear the woods. Things continued in this course, till the approach of night; and still, the object of his search had not met the gaze of the traveller. Sometimes, he thought he had lost his way; but, if that were the case, he was unable to divine any more probable course, and he pursued his track. The thunder had now ceased. For some time, Frederic had heard,—or fancied that he had heard,—mingled with the noise of the storm, a hollow boiling sound, like the strife of rushing waters. He now heard the sound more plainly, and was confirmed in his conjecture, with



some degree of alarm ; for, though he could not account for it, nor had he any remembrance of the neighbourhood of any flood greater than the rivulet already alluded to, yet he feared that it foreboded any thing but good. His mind was by no means at rest :—he had hoped to be, by this time, enjoying the reward of his labours, in the approving smiles of the dear one for whom they had been incurred ; and, at his most moderate computation, he had between forty and fifty miles, yet, to travel. Still, he had no doubt of being in time for the object of his mission. Whilst he was revolving these thoughts, the noise burst more violently on his ear ; and, through a sudden opening to the left, he beheld a scene which filled him with surprise and alarm.

He had, at last, reached the river which he had so long looked for. But, the stream—which, in general, the horse that bore him would have crossed, in a moment,—now presented to his eyes a roaring and foaming torrent, swelled by the unremitting rains which, for two days, had inundated the region,—and tumbling and dashing about its waves, with a violence which would have appalled an indifferent spectator ! Huge trees, torn up by the headlong course of the flood, were hurled along, either entire or in fragments, or whirled in the circling eddies of the waters. The waves, dark and discoloured, were boiling with foam ; and the fearfulness of the scene was deepened by the doubled gloom which hung over it, and shrouded—without diminishing—its hor-



rors. Frederick gazed on it, as one deprived of sense. The roar—the flash of the rioting waves—the gloom, and solitariness of his situation—pressed upon him, with maddening force. But there was no time for delay. With a decision almost fearful, in such a state, — he determined upon his course. He darted his spurs into his horse's flanks. The animal started, and looked fearfully round. Frederick patted him encouragingly, and again applied the spurs,—and horse and man were, instantly, plunged amid the waters !

The violence of the current hurried them, irresistibly, along; but, still, the efforts of the horse—whose great strength was, here, of incalculable value—succeeded in slowly forcing a passage. But there were many dangers to be avoided : for the whirlpools created by the rapidity of the stream were numerous ; and it required no little address to escape from the trees which were hurriedly tumbled down the stream. Courage and presence of mind, however, were balanced against these difficulties ; and two-thirds of the course were accomplished, when the trunk of a vast oak, which had been whelmed under the waters, suddenly rose, and, — violently striking the horse, — at the same time, stunned Frederick, with a blow from one of its branches, so as, for a moment, entirely to deprive him of sense. When he recovered,—which he did immediately,—he found himself without his horse, and sinking amid the waters. With an effort which was aided by a sudden swell of the flood, he

rose to the surface, and struggled to make for the shore. But his efforts availed little, against the overpowering torrent ; and he speedily found the strength of his limbs relaxed, and himself borne away, without the power of resistance. Such, then, was to be the conclusion of his labours ! All the fairy schemes of happiness which he had formed rose up, as in mockery, before him, in this, his hour of trial and deep suffering. The doom that awaited Marian, was now inevitable !—His struggles were fearfully violent ; but they rather accelerated, than retarded his fate. Soon, insensibility came to relieve his pangs ; the toils he had passed faded from his memory ; his hopes—his fears—even his present situation—at last, the confused idea which lingered longest, of her for whose sake he had risked, and (as it now seemed) lost every thing, failed him.—Nerveless and unconscious, he was hurried away by the waters !

We must return to the town of B—— ; on which, slowly and heavily, dawned the morning that was to terminate the earthly sufferings of Marian Seaforth. For four long days, there had hung about her young heart that hope of life which never, wholly, forsakes even those who are best prepared for death. Her consciousness told her that she would have purchased, at any price, so much of life as should suffice to bring her some assurance of her lover's truth. She had never seen him, since the day when they parted in unkindness ; and her woman's heart swelled with upbraidings, as she remembered that the last look



she had ever given—or could give—him on earth, was one of reproach. More than the promise of long life without him,—even in that time of extremity,—would she have valued one hour, to tell him of that love which the grave was about to consecrate, and whose unreserved utterance the crisis would have privileged. Had her token failed to reach him? Why had he not redeemed his own pledge? Was he false to Marian? Strengthened as her mind was, by its own inward consolations, *that* was too heavy a thought for it; and her pure confiding heart rose at once, to repel the stain upon his faith, and do justice to her lover, even in that hour of weakness and of trial. He was *not false*. The belief—*the assurance*—fell like balm upon her spirit; and, with that last offering of womanly love and confidence, she turned from the one earthly thought which she had permitted to haunt her longest and last, to meditations more high and heavenly. Ere she retired to rest, on the last evening of her numbered days, the triumph was complete; and—though, again and again, the thoughts of dear faces and beloved voices would steal in, amid her holier aspirations,—they came in no form, and mingled with no feeling, which could darken the purity of her worship. That evening, she slept calmly as an infant; and when she awoke from slumbers—light as had ever visited her couch in Pine Hollow—three hours were all that stood between her and eternity!



One by one, the hours were tolled upon the bell whose vibrations were the measure of her existence. Eight o'clock was the fatal hour. A few minutes before that time, the door of her prison opened, and she was conducted to the destined spot. The approach of death is always awful,—perhaps more so, though less fearful, to those who have most contemplated it. Marian trembled, as she beheld the file of soldiers whose aim was to conclude her earthly course. A dim mist rose above her eyes,—but it passed away ; and, though her cheek was pale, and her lip bloodless, there was, after a moment, no struggle of the countenance—no quivering of the lip—no tear on the eyelid—to speak, by outward token, the sinking of the inward spirit. As usual at all public occurrences,—whether on occasions of sorrow or of gladness,—a multitude of the idle and unoccupied, of all ages and sexes, were gathered together. Murmurs of compassion rose from the crowd ;—for the pity inspired by the youth and interesting appearance of the criminal overcame even the violence of political hostility. But,—as the dreadful moment approached,—those murmurs sunk, gradually, into the deep and fearful stillness of expectation.

As Marian stood prepared for the signal, she pressed to her lips a small flower, carved in ivory. It was the last memorial of her lover's affection ; and with it, she seemed to take leave of every human tie—of every feeling towards earthly objects ;—for, im-

mediately on withdrawing it from her lip, she broke it, and cast away the fragments from her. The smile of a moment passed over her pallid features, and lingered in her uplifted eye,—when the first toll of the fatal bell, whose latest vibration was to carry fate to Marian, fell heavily on the ear!

At that instant,—some of the spectators, who were farthest from the scene, observed, at a distance, a figure on horseback, advancing, apparently, with tremendous speed. They who first saw him said that the arm was lifted up, and the body bent forward, as in desperation. Many eyes were turned towards the approaching horseman,—when the hollow peal of the musquetry struck upon the heart!—and all saw the raised arm fall, and the body drop lower on the horse,—as if some mighty stimulus had been, suddenly, removed,—at the instant when Marian fell, without a groan!

Still, the rider kept his seat,—and still the horse came, rapidly, forward. The crowd divided, right and left, to let him pass;—and they who saw him, as he rushed by, agreed in declaring that his limbs seemed stiffened into their hold, and his face was the face of a corpse—the teeth screwed together, and the eyes starting from their sockets! At a few yards' distance from the place of execution, the exhausted horse fell; and the rider was thrown forward, on the platform,—with his right arm over the *dead body* of Marian, grasping in its clenched hand, the promise of *her life*. When taken up, Frederic Muir was

*quite* dead ;—yet, no outward bruise or injury was discovered on the body. It was evident that he had died,—as the mysterious whispers of the crowd imported,—at the same moment, and by the same shot, as his Marian !



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Guarin pinx.

AENEAS AND DIDO.

W. T. sculp.





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## ÆNEAS AND DIDO.

BY T. K. HERVEY.

HE comes—he comes through storm and night !  
No sail impels—no pilot guides,—  
The sky has not a single light  
To lamp him o'er the tides !  
Through breeze and billow—swell and spray,  
He stands upon his fated way ;  
One of those fair and visioned forms,  
That—like the rainbow—come in storms !—  
And bears, through more than mortal strife,  
The treasure of a charmed life !  
—Upon his brow the grace revealed,  
Which kings have stamped—and gods have sealed,  
He rises on her, through the night,  
Like some bright spirit of the sea,  
And stands before her, in the light  
Of his own high nobility !

But he is as those meteor things  
That tread, like monarchs, through the sky,  
Yet have their red and burning wings  
Controlled and plumed by destiny !—

He came like light—like light is gone,  
Where far Hesperia beckons on ;  
And a young blighted passion-flower  
Lies withering in Elissa's bower !

Born eastward, where the palmy Tyre  
Holds spirits, like its daylight—fire ;  
And passion takes a deeper tone  
From Syria's warm and glowing zone ;  
And love—and every sunny thing—  
Spring upward on a brighter wing ;—  
Her heart is *like* her native scenes,—  
(And all a woman's—though a queen's !)  
—A heart, whose fountains dried away,  
Have left it to the scorching ray  
That makes her young and wasted breast,  
Like wilds and waters in the East,—  
A lifeless and a tideless sea,—  
A desart—to eternity !



## THE BROKEN VOW.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, ESQ.

I HAVE a lock of raven hair,  
A gold ring, and a glove ;  
They are the tokens of a fair,—  
A fair and faithless love.  
My kisses, yet, are on her lips,  
The blush scarce from her brow ;  
Her witching tongue seems yet to speak  
The false and joyless vow.

She sat,—and, with her lily hand,  
Pressed her ripe rosy cheek ;  
And glanced on me her hazel eye,  
Which speechless love did speak.  
A gentle lisp was on her tongue,  
With words both mild and meek :—  
Oh ! soon my sick and slighted heart  
Maun scorn her, or maun break !

Her homely hose are cast aside,  
Her bodice jimp and brown ;

She wears a mantle rich and rare,  
And gold upon her gown.  
The song I love no more she sings,  
By river-bank and grove ;  
Nor 'neath the dewy star-light comes,  
To meet her own true love.

Go, show those gems and links of gold,  
Hung o'er thy bosom bare :  
Go, dance till all those diamonds gleam,  
Which star thy inky hair :  
Go, show thy bowers and gilded halls,  
And lands both broad and fair ;  
Then kneel, and show thy heart to God,—  
What broken vows are there !

## THE MOURNER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

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“Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove.”

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I stood beside the parting bed  
Of all I ever loved below ;  
I gazed until the soul was fled  
From earthly pangs, and earthly woe :—  
Then the first tears were felt to flow  
Which thou, sweet angel ! didst not share ;  
Then, first, my heart was doomed to know  
The loneliness of cold despair !

Till then,—though many a grief were mine,  
That well might wring the sternest breast,—  
With loveliness and love like thine,  
I was not—could not be—unblest :  
For when, with causeless wrongs opprest,  
From the false world I fled to thee,  
Thy smiles could soothe the thought to rest  
Which—but for them—were agony !



Now am I left to beat, alone,  
A shattered bark on life's rough sea;—  
To muse on pleasures fled and gone,  
On hopes that ne'er can beam for me!—  
Once to have been—and not to be—  
THIS wakes the pang that cannot die;  
As none, but those who once were free,  
Feel the full weight of slavery !

But oh ! I may not thus repine,—  
Guilt mingles with the vain regret;  
And, though the gem that once was mine  
I cannot—save in death—forget,  
E'en while the mourner's eye is wet  
With nature's tears for nature's woe,  
There is a balm—a solace, yet,  
For all that wrongs or wounds below.

*My* griefs remain—but thine are o'er !  
*My* loss thy endless gain shall be !  
I weep—but thou canst mourn no more !  
I still am bound—but thou art free !  
My joy was ever bliss to thee,  
—Then be thy bliss my solace now;  
Until thy perfect charms I see  
In happier regions,—blest as thou !

## WELSH MELODY.

AIR—MORFA RHUDDLAN\*.

AWAY to thy forest, thou down-stooping raven !  
Away from the banquet the Saxon has spread !  
And thou, smiling river, roll on to their haven  
Thy beautiful waters—insult not the dead.  
Your path is in freedom still, billow and pinion,  
In sunshine, in shadow, have yet a domain ;  
But, ghosts of my fathers, your plume of dominion  
Shall float in ascendance, no, never again !

I heard, in my slumbers, your harps wailing lowly,  
I dreamt of dishonour, but none would believe,  
Nor deem that in battle for pledges so holy,  
The sword of the Briton should ever deceive ;  
Woe, woe ! for Caradoc, the gloriously gifted,  
The last of the Cymri, lies cold on the plain ;

---

\* In the year 795, a dreadful battle was fought, in the Marsh of Rhuddlan, betwixt the Welsh, under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces, under Offa, king of Mercia. The Welsh were routed, their commanders slain, and a cruel and indiscriminate massacre took place, by order of the Saxon prince.

Woe, woe ! for his standard, triumphantly lifted,  
Shall never, no, never, be lifted again !

The tears be of wormwood, by mother and daughter  
Poured forth, but in frenzy *my* sorrows are poured,—  
We are motherless, childless ; vowed, vowed to the  
slaughter,

The bosom of beauty sheathes victory's sword.  
O God ! that the bosoms which deepest adore thee,  
Should plead to a spoiler for mercy in vain ;  
Wales ! ages on ages in joy may roll o'er thee,  
But thou shalt smile never, no, never again !

W.

## WIDOWED LOVE.

BY THOMAS GENT, ESQ.

TELL me, chaste spirit ! in yon orb of light,  
Which seems to wearied souls an ark of rest,  
So calm—so peaceful—so divinely bright—  
Solace of broken hearts—the mansion of the blest !

Tell me, oh ! tell me—shall I meet again  
The long-lost object of my only love !  
—This hope but mine, death were release from pain ;  
Angel of mercy ! haste,—and waft my soul above !



## LUCALPINE.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD PORCHESTER.

---

When musing on companions gone,  
We doubly feel ourselves alone.

*Scott.*

---

KIND friends and companions of many a long day!—  
Should your eye o'er this tablet of verse chance to  
stray,

A son of Lucalpine would bid you recal

That evening—so lovely and dear to us all—

When Rhone's distant murmurs fell faint on the ear,

And Cynthia! thy crescent rose cloudless and clear!

'Twas bright, my kind friends! as your fancy's bright  
glow,—

And calm as each feeling your pure bosoms know,

So bright and so calm was her crescent of light;—

How bold—yet how lovely—the scenes of that  
night!

Those mountains, like giants, that frowned o'er the  
glade,

That forest, so chequered with silver and shade,

Where we silently sat, on the brow of the hill,  
And our hearts were o'erfraught—though our voices  
were still !

Now, farewell to the scenes—to the friends that are  
dear,

Whose eyes never streamed with the fast flowing  
tear,—

Save tears of such pure and such passionless woe  
As only the good or the guiltless can know !

But, oh ! when the year, fast revolving, shall bring  
That evening's return, with the first glow of spring,  
If hapless—away from the souls who, that night,  
Made beauty more graceful—enchantment more  
bright,—

Where'er fate may find me—'mid sunshine or  
shade,—

My soul shall revert to Lucalpine's green glade ;  
To the friends who were with me, on Dunrois' wild  
shore,—

And each coming year shall but rivet them more !

## EPITAPH ON WILLIAM HAYLEY.

BY MRS. OPIE.

“ When the ear heard him, then it blessed him—because he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.”

WHAT though, beloved friend ! around thy head,  
The muse's wreath its graceful foliage spread !  
Though fame was, long, thy talents rich reward,  
And fashion smiled upon *Serena's bard* !  
Though thou wast formed in polished courts to shine,  
And learning's stores and playful wit were thine !  
Though Cowper's self thy tuneful strains approved,  
And praised the *poet* while the *man* he loved !  
—Cowper, who lives in thy recording page,  
To interest, charm, and teach the future age !  
Oh ! not on these alone thine honours rest,  
But, that thy name pale want and misery blest !  
That,—such thy glowing zeal for all mankind,  
So vast thy charity—so unconfined,—  
Thy hand had spread a scene of blessings round,  
If ample wealth thy ardent hopes had crowned !  
That, whatsoe'er thy bounty *could* impart,  
Was given to teach the mind, and cheer the heart,



Neglected talent's drooping head to raise,  
And lead young genius on by generous praise !  
—Yet, friend beloved ! this *higher* meed be thine,  
Faith in thy Saviour cheered thy life's decline !  
Nor, by that God on whom thy hopes relied,  
Was the sweet recompense of faith denied ;  
*He* gave thee strength to smile 'midst torturing pain,  
And even the slightest murmuring moan restrain ;  
*He* cheered with pious hope thy dying bed ;  
*He* on thy soul the Christian's sunshine shed ;  
And crowned,—to prove his favour's blest increase,—  
A life of kindness, with a death of peace !

## SONNET ON AUTUMN.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

*Author of "Sonnets and other Poems."*

How sadly moans the bleak autumnal blast  
O'er faded summer's tomb! The drifting shower  
Is pattering on the lone deserted bower;  
While, fitfully, the sear leaves rustle past!  
Along the troubled sky, lo! gathering fast,  
In fiercely-frowning hosts, the storm-clouds lower,  
And shroud the struggling sun! The fearful power  
Of desolation rules, and all is overcast!  
—Yet mourn not, wanderer! glories that have been,  
Nor dream of vanished joys! Though thus depart  
The light and bloom of this terrestrial scene,  
And earthly visions mock the cheated heart,  
There are celestial hopes no fate may part,  
And cloudless realms eternally serene!

## COUNTRY AND TOWN.

BY HORATIO SMITH, ESQ.

HORRID, in country shades to dwell !  
One, positively, might as well  
    Be buried in the quarries ;  
No earthly object to be seen,  
But cows and geese upon a green,  
    As sung by Captain Morris.—

One's moped to death with cawing crows,  
Or silent fields ;—and as for beaux,  
    One's optics it surprises  
To see a decent animal,  
Unless at some half-yearly ball,  
    That graces the assizes.

O ! the unutterable bliss  
Of changing such a wilderness,  
    For London's endless frolic !  
Where concerts, operas, dances, plays,  
Chase, from the cheerful nights and days,  
    All vapours melancholic !



There, every hour its tribute brings ;  
The future comes on golden wings,  
    Some new delight to tender ;  
And life,—deprived of all alloy,—  
Is one unceasing round of joy,  
    Festivity, and splendour.

So cries the rural nymph !—while they,  
The wearied, disappointed prey  
    Of London's heartless riot,  
Sick of the hollow joys it yields,  
Gladly, withdraw to groves and fields,  
    In search of peace and quiet !

O, happiness !—in vain we chase  
Thy shadow, and attempt to trace  
    Its ever-changing dances ;  
Like the horizon's line, thou art  
Seen on all sides,—but sure to start  
    From every one's advances !

## AUTUMN.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

*Author of "Odes and Addresses to Great People."*

THE autumn is old,  
The sear leaves are flying ;—  
He hath gathered up gold,  
And now he is dying ;—  
Old age, begin sighing !

The vintage is ripe,  
The harvest is heaping,—  
But some that have sowed  
Have no riches for reaping ;  
Poor wretch, fall a weeping !

The year's in the wane,  
There is nothing adorning,  
The night hath no eve,  
And the day hath no morning ;—  
Cold winter gives warning.

The rivers run chill,  
The red sun is sinking ;  
And I am grown old,  
And life is fast shrinking ;—  
Here's enow for sad thinking !







Drawn by R.P. Bonington.

ROUEN.

Engraved on Steel by W. Cooke Junr.



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## WRITTEN AT ROUEN.

The city of Rouen, (formerly the capital of Normandy, the land of chivalry,) is one of the most extraordinary-looking old towns, in Europe. The extreme narrowness of its streets, and great elevation of its houses, with their overhanging upper-stories, give an appearance of heaviness and gloom to the town, that contrasts finely with the beauty of its situation. It is surrounded, on all sides, by heights, laid out in *Boulevards*; receiving first, and retaining last, the rays of the rising and setting sun; and affording magnificent panoramic views of the windings of the Seine. Its squares and streets are ornamented with fountains.

THE Seine is like a belt of gold,—  
Beneath an autumn sky,  
That floats, in many a crimson fold,  
Like a banner hung on high !  
The town sleeps, darkly, on the stream,—  
Where lights and shadows play,  
While wave on wave—like dream on dream—  
Smile, as they glide away !

And here I stand—as here I stood,  
How many years ago !  
When life danced onward, like the flood,  
With music in its flow !  
But now, my breast, like yonder dome,  
Where sleeps the Lion-heart,\*  
Is half a temple—half a tomb,  
But has no earthly part !

My spirit keeps the trace—like thee,—  
Of many a lost parade,—  
Dreams of the soul's young chivalry,  
Of many a wild crusade !  
—Like thee, dark town !—like thee, in all  
But thy many gushing fountains,  
Yet, brightened, still, by lights that fall  
From heaven,—like thy blue mountains !

---

\* The heart of Richard, of England, is deposited in the Cathedral, at Rouen.

## THE ASTROLOGER.

BY THE HON. LORD PORCHESTER.

'Twas the still midnight hour!—from his cavern of  
dread,

The Astrologer watched o'er the vaults of the dead!

—That cavern so peopled with horrors,—that time  
So dear to the children of wonder and crime!

Before the dark stranger, unbending, he stood,  
And his gaze chilled the youthful adventurer's  
blood!

Deep sunk were his eyes, yet shone piercing and  
bright,

With a lurid, and wild, and unnatural light!

His black, shaggy locks floated down to the floor!—

His years, they were numbered a hundred or more!

His garment was traced, both without and within,

With strange figures of anguish, contortion, and  
sin!

—It sure was a gift from the rulers who dwell

In perdition, and worked by the demons in hell!—

A branch of the deadly yew-tree in his hand

He held,—as a badge of unearthly command;



And slowly he lifted it thrice to the sky,  
And enchanted the planets, revolving on high !  
Then, that mystical sign o'er the pavement he drew,  
That were impious to name, and was dreadful to  
view !

“ Speak ! why hast thou sought the astrologer's  
cave ? ”—

And his hollow voice rang like a call from the grave !  
“ I know, dreadful spirit of darkness ! to thee  
The future is clear—as the past is to me ;—  
Am I doomed the stern cares of ambition to prove ?—  
Shall I drink—as I drank—from the fountain of  
love ? ”

“ Can the fountain of love be renewed ?—Where is  
she

Who roamed, at thy side, by the bright southern  
sea,—

Whose eye was as sparkling—whose spirit as free—  
Whose step was most blithe 'mid the light-hearted  
throng,

And who charmed the mute group with her inno-  
cent song ?—

And where is that loved one,—who, once, to thy  
breast,

With the transport of wildest affection, was prest ?  
How many long months on her lone couch she lay,  
In tears and in solitude wasting the day !

How oft did she stand on the desolate shore,  
And await thy return!—she shall wait thee no  
more!

Never more! never more!—she reclines by the  
wave,—

Calm and reckless, she sleeps in her cold narrow  
grave!

Fallen! fallen!—as the leaf, that falls blighted and  
sear,

When the gale shakes the grove, at the close of the  
year!—

To love and be loved,—but to cherish in vain,  
And in vain to be cherished,—is writ in thy brain!”

“ I sought not thy precincts, Enchanter! to know  
That my youth has been sullied with passion and  
woe!—

Call forth the slow-coming events, from the night  
Where, pregnant, they slumber,—and drag them to  
light!—

Tear away yon dark veil,—and, inflexibly true,  
Be my shame or my glory displayed to my view!”

“ More yet wouldst thou learn?—haughty stranger,  
forbear!

Nor rend from my bosom a tale of despair!

—When the meed of thy daring ambition seems nigh,  
And the wreath that has lured thee most bright to  
thine eye,

And the voice of the tempter most sweet to thine  
ear,—

Then, the bolt that shall quell thee, for ever, is  
near !

Then the fire and the vigour of youth shall depart,  
The cold langour of death shall creep over thy heart,  
And the son of a long and illustrious line  
Shall be borne to the vault where his fathers re-  
cline ;—

While the vassal—and child of the vassal—shall go  
To gaze on their lord, like a holiday show !”

“Be my doom then fulfilled!—come it early or  
late,

I yield not to mortal,—I bend not to fate !

—And ye who, afar, in your glory recline,  
Shine forth !—ye bright rulers of destiny, shine !

Who have shadowed my spring-tide with sorrow,  
and still,

Shall darken my manhood,—work out your dread  
will !

Pour your sinister beams on my closing career !

The doom ye decree—though untimely and near—

I quail not to learn—and shall meet without fear !”



## REICHTER AND HIS STAGHOUNDS.

### A TALE.

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“ There was, an’ please your honour, a certain king of Bohemia—  
—Leave out the date, entirely, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby.”

---

ERNEST, or Albert,—I forget which,—a king of Bohemia, was a prodigious lover of hunting,—a very Nimrod, in his way. From Prague, the seat of his Court, he used to make great excursions into all parts of the kingdom; diving into those thick, dark woods that lie scattered over the face of the country, like the grim and exaggerated cobwebs patching the ceiling of a disused apartment, in an antiquated mansion.

One day, when he had returned from the chace, and had sat down to dinner with his nobles, in even a better eating cue than usual,—and he had a royal appetite in ordinary,—and had commenced the attack upon a boar which he had killed with his own hand, and which had been, that day, roasted,—whole, of course,—his chief huntsman, suddenly, entered the dining hall.

"May it please your majesty, a man craves admission to your majesty, who—"

"Were he an angel, he must wait the completion of our meal. I thought thou hadst known that, Hans Weller."

The huntsman was a favourite, and, after a low inclination of the head, ventured a reply ;

"He refuses, please your majesty, to wait an instant longer than whilst I can report your answer."

"Ranch und blitz !" exclaimed the monarch, deserting the boar, and springing on his feet, in amazement,— "refuses to wait !—what mould of man may he be that sends us such a message ?"

"A little man, your majesty,—scarce as high as his dogs."

"Dogs !—what dogs ?"

"I was about to tell your majesty : he has two dogs,—staghounds. Gütiger Gott ! such hounds !"

"How !—equal to my Molch ?"

"Molch is a two months' pup to them ! Germany cannot furnish two such other !"

"Away with thee ! bring the schelm hither, with his dogs !"

And the huntsman went.

Presently he returned, bringing with him a man, scarce four feet high, and whose proportions corresponded with his height. The man was perfectly black,—so black, that his eyes had no whites, and his teeth were like polished jet. His clothing was a

close dress of dark red, buttoned at the neck, and extending midway down his legs. Round his shoulders was slung a loose cloak of blue. His head was uncovered, save by the thick hair which twenty torturing irons appeared to have united in crisping and burning. In his hand he held a leash, that confined two mighty staghounds, whose fierce eager eyes, broad chests, and muscular haunches, bespoke their spirit and their power.

The owner of these animals entered the chamber as unconcerned as if entering an assembly of Westphalian swineherds. Making an indifferent sort of inclination to the king, he stood still, surveying the nobles with a contemptuous curiosity, that bespoke marvellous self-possession. Some frowned, and some muttered. The prime minister, who had been deservedly raised to his station for being seven feet high, and an excellent hand at spearing a boar, —the prime minister frowned at the black man!— One would think the frown of so big a man ought to have extinguished a creature of four feet.—The prime minister might as well have frowned on a stone.

“ So !” said the king ; “ is it thou that canst not wait our leisure ?”

“ Yea !” said the Black.—His voice was like the roar of a furnace.

“ Who, and what art thou ?”

“ *Who* am I ? I have no name, though I am called by many names. Thou mayst call me Reichter



Brand.—*What* am I? Why, I am the owner of these dogs,—which is all it concerns thee to know.”

“Thou art, at least, a most impudent bosewicht,” said the easy king. “But, what of thy dogs?—bring them nearer!”

The king and his courtiers examined the dogs, with the eyes of sportsmen. The animals were faultless, and raised admiration by their size and apparent strength.

“Wilt thou sell these dogs, Reichter?” asked the monarch.

“It was therefore I came hither.”

“What is their price?”

“Hear me! you shall, to-morrow, hunt with these dogs. All they kill shall be mine, and the dogs are yours!”

“Man!” exclaimed the king, rejoicing at the easy terms upon which the owner of the dogs insisted, “thou shalt have more than thou askest; thou shalt not only have the game, but wherewithal to buy sauce, I warrant thee! A hunt to-morrow-morning, my lords!—you will not fail us.”

“Stay!” exclaimed the bishop of Prague, “your majesty must be informed that to-morrow is St. Martin’s day; on which you are bound, by your vow, made on the recovery of the royal lady, your daughter, from a dangerous illness, to partake of no amusement, to take no meat, and, save the pure spring, to taste no liquor.”

"Thou art right—thou hast done well to remind us;—we must delay, till the following day, our intended sport. Thou shalt lodge, meanwhile, to thy liking—so hold thee in readiness!"

"I may not stop here," replied Reichter, "after to-morrow; therefore determine!"

"May'st not stop!" Why, what, in heaven's name, should be the mighty need for such an one as thou to be a stickler for times! Wait, man!—thou shalt gain the more for thy dogs."

"Not for thy treasury, king of Bohemia!—to-morrow, or never!"

"Obstinate schelm!" exclaimed the king; "thou shalt stay;—dost thou dispute with us! Stay thou shalt; let to-morrow pass—the day after it we will hunt, and the dogs shall be mine."

"That they shall, and without condition or price, if thou find me here after to-morrow noon," returned the unabashed Black.

"'Tis very well," replied the king; "seize him!—a day's confinement may cool this madman's temper."

An eminent lord of the treasury stepped forward to obey the monarch's command. But he was stayed; and, to his astonishment, found himself suddenly laid prostrate, and under the foot of one of the dogs, which detained him with the hold of a lion.

The Black drew off the dog. "Has your majesty determined?" said he.

The overthrow of the courtier had redoubled the



king's anxiety to become the owner of these powerful animals. "I know not," said he, doubtingly; "I would St. Martin had had some other day. Canst thou not," addressing the bishop, "absolve me from this vow?"

"I may not," returned the prelate; "it was made before the Pontiff himself; I cannot, and dare not, dissolve it."

The king blasphemed inwardly. "I see not," said he, made a casuist by the emergency, "if I kept holy some other day,—or say two, which I would not grudge,—in lieu of to-morrow, why the saint might not be as well pleased. Where is Pierre le Tambour?—fetch him hither!"

Now, when Madam Nature compounded the essentials and the accidentals of Pierre le Tambour, and placed him in the age of this king of Bohemia of whom we are talking,—she played one of those freaks from which the old lady is not wholly free, and anticipated some centuries. Pierre le Tambour was a Frenchman; he was, likewise, *un philosophe*,—one of that species of philosophers of whom the race was well known, some twenty or thirty years ago, when they saw fit to philosophize the wits out of all, and the heads off many of their countrymen. How he came to be born so many years before his time, heaven knows!—how he became a member of the court of the king of Bohemia, befell thus. Having, publicly, preached the doctrines of Epicurus, at Montpellier, the canons of that place made it much



too hot to hold him; so, flying to Bohemia, where it appeared to Le Tambour that men approached more nearly to an unsophisticated state, he addressed himself to the king,—who, finding himself unable to comprehend a syllable of the philosopher's doctrines, was mightily struck with them; and Le Tambour was immediately domiciled into the palace, with a pension of fifty guilders per annum. And,—despite of the opposition which the new comer, of course, experienced from the aborigines of the court, who prophesied the downfall of all boar-hunting and religious principle, in the encouragement of the new philosophy,—he maintained his ground. Fortunately, however, the philosopher,—finding, in his new situation, abundant supplies of the necessities of life,—became fat, and of opinion that he had already done enough for the world at large; so that, instead of lecturing in person, he now contented himself with privately expounding to the monarch the doctrines of liberality,—which, had his majesty understood them, would, possibly, have produced marvellous changes in the moral and political state of Bohemia.

When Le Tambour entered the chamber, the king hastily addressed him;

“Come hither, Le Tambour, and solve me this difficulty.” And he stated to him the perplexing case.

The philosopher was not a moment at a loss—your philosopher never is;—“Allons,” said he, “ce n'est rien—it is not necessary for you to have scruples;—

the reason is manifest—attendez. If you break your promise to the saint, the saint is defrauded, and a moral guilt incurred;—but, give the saint two days, in lieu of one,—he is benefited and not injured.—Where is the evil then ! apprenez-vous ?”

The king apprehended well enough, as most other people do, an argument seconding his own inclinations. So, for a moment, he elevated his eyebrows, pressed his lips together—probably to guard his teeth during his temporary abstraction,—meditated five seconds, and exclaiming, “I am satisfied”—proclaimed the morning’s hunt; and, giving especial charge that Reichter and his dogs should be well accommodated, turned to the table, with a “Push the bottle about;”—to hear which delighted the courtiers, who loved the philosophy of the Epicureans in the concrete more than the abstract.

The following was a bright, sharp morning.—The leafless branches were clothed with a white brilliancy.—The stag, as he rustled from his lair, shook off the hoar frost from his coat, and bounded away on delighted feet. Great was the assemblage before the palace, at Prague, prepared for his destruction. There were the king and his nobles—the huntsman, with his assistants—and there was Reichter Brand, with his dogs. A neighbouring wood had been searched by the rangers, who reported the discovery of a noble game; and the monarch and his retinue, being mounted and equipped, rode gaily forward, all lightsome and joyous,—except that a shadow, which



occasionally crossed the royal countenance, betokened some remnants of a scruple which the logic of the philosopher had not wholly dispersed.

By the side of the king, rode Reichter,—mounted on a beast as black as his own visage, and scarce larger than one of his dogs. There was something in his countenance keenly sarcastic, which occasionally deepened into malignancy. His eye, except the pupil, was dull, opaque, and unreflecting; but the pupil was bright, and gleamed with intermittent flashes, that lightened over his whole countenance. He spoke not, save when addressed by the king;—but his royal companion started, at times, to hear him, as it were, inwardly murmuring a self-colloquy, in a language that seemed devoid of articulation.

“The stag! the stag!” exclaimed the huntsman and his rangers. The cry was answered by the halloos of the rest of the party. On the brow of a hill, at some distance, they saw the antlered brute stand for a moment at gaze. He tossed aloft his proud brow, as if in disdain of his pursuers; then ranging around with his eye, he selected his path, and bounded away from sight, down the declivity. The king’s pack—of hounds, that is—opened their mouths, and bayed a pursuit; and among and above them all, rose the quaking voice of Reichter’s dogs. Away they went,—hounds, horses, and men,—amid the beating of hoofs, the clamour of the dogs, and the sonorous excitement of the clanging horns!



But, eager as was their pursuit, its termination was, even in the view of the most sanguine, very uncertain. The swiftness of the game surprised the oldest and most experienced sportsmen. The dogs, themselves, seemed astounded, and cast bewildered glances at each other,—all, except the two new hounds, which, excelling the rest, kept about midway between the pack and the stag.

On they dashed, over hill and plain—through wood and water! The wild scenery, on either hand, vanished like a dream; and trees and rocks seemed chasing each other, in very madness!

This had continued more than an hour, when they found themselves on a level plain, apparently of some miles extent, and circled by the darkest forests of Bohemia. The stag was bounding away, with unabated pace. Reichter's dogs still preserved the same relative situation. No other object broke the continuity of the plain, until a man—it might be a weary peasant—was discerned, traversing slowly towards the hunters. He raised his cap in salutation, though yet distant from the sportsmen;—he had not replaced it, ere one of the two dogs, deviating from the direct track, sprung at his throat, and bore him to the ground. None heard the death rattle that sounded in his throat, as life deserted his convulsed and quivering limbs.

“Mine—mine—mine!” shouted the Black, with a roar of laughter, that rung back on the ears of the terror-struck hunters, from the mockery of a thou-

sand echoes. At the same moment, the horses of the Black and of the trembling king seemed seized with a preternatural swiftness. Sooner than thought, they had reached the spot where lay the yet shuddering corpse. Reichter stooped from his steed, as they passed, and flung the load on his left shoulder, —where it hung, as if fastened with fifty cords.

The respiration of the monarch was impeded, as much by the horror with which he was seized, as from the haste with which his courser spurned the ground. He looked on either side; but his companions of the chase and their dogs were vanished,—all, save his hideous companion, and the two terrible hounds.

Intermission there was none to their course. The plain was crossed, and the crashing of the interposing branches marked the progress of the riders through the depths of the forest. Every animal fled at their approach,—but the toad, that stared at them with his glittering eyes, and the owl, which here, shrouded in a perpetual gloom, pursued them with redoubled hootings.

They left the thicknesses of the forest behind them; and entered a smiling valley, whose sides were clothed with evergreens, lit up with the beams of the noon sun. They passed a neat habitation, before which two lovely children were gambolling. The happy mother sat by the casement, rejoicing in the smiles of her offspring. The king grew sick at heart—he closed his eyes with a shudder. There



were two savage barks, and a scream that would have pierced a demon. "Mine—mine—mine!" The Black laughed louder than before.

The king unclosed his eyes;—he saw the valley no longer. The steeds were tramping over a rough and uneven road, whose only limit was a far off craggy mountain. The poor king grew out of patience; for the road was such that his horse jolted him, villainously,—which, to a man riding after the rate of seventeen English miles an hour, was no light infliction. "Miserable man that I am!" said he, "why did I break my vow! and why—oh, why was I tempted, with this bloody schelm and his butchering dogs!"

The swiftness with which they rode was too great for mortal endurance,—coupled with the fatigue which the Bohemian monarch had, already, experienced. His eyes waxed dim, and the rapid and loud pulsations of the horses' hoofs sank less shrilly and distinctly on his ear. He breathed thickly, and heavily;—his lips were black and parched. He ceased, at length, to see, or to hear;—he ceased even to be sensible to the dismal jolts on the crupper, which had hitherto so much annoyed him. Yet, at intervals, his senses were, for a moment, aroused by the fearful bark of the hounds, and the rushing voice of his companion, reiterating the fatal word, as a new victim was added to his burden.

At length, he was sensible of the cold night breeze whistling around him, and slowly recovered from



his lethargy. His steed moved smoothly along, over a path, which seemed to be of the closest and most even turf. He looked around—the night was dark and chill;—two or three lonely stars seemed shivering mournfully in the sky. The Black was visible by his side, in a dim outline. The load he carried was fearfully increased.

The king mustered up all his courage. “Wretch that thou art!” he exclaimed, “whither are we going, and wherefore?”

“Thou wilt presently know.”

“Tell me, then, who thou art?”

“I have already told thee. I am Reichter Brand;—by some, I am called the Swift Rider—by some, the Red Huntsman—by none aright!”

“Tell me, then, that right name by which I may call thee.”

“For why? Thou seest yon dim stars—yon dimmer hills—dost thou not?”

“The stars I see—the hills, hardly.”

“Enough! The earth we ride on—it is firm, is it not?”

“So it seems;—but what is this to the purpose?”

“Listen!—hearest thou the roar of the cataract?”

“I do;—but, once again—”

“Peace! The stars should drop from yon sky—the hills should be rent—the firm ground be shaken to its original atoms—the cataract should stay in the midst of its fall, to hear—though but in a whisper, too light for thine ears to catch—the name of

him that rides by thee ! Peace !—the Red Huntsman rides with thee. Ply whip and spur,—our course is scarcely half done.”

At every word, the blood of the Bohemian king ran colder and colder. “Would,” said he, “that my vow were unbroken !—and, oh ! would that my saddle were stuffed with somewhat softer material !”

On a sudden, the king discerned, through the gloom, not half a bow-shot from them, a seemingly perpendicular rock. “Stay—stay !” he cried, “we shall be dashed to pieces, against—”

As he spoke, his horse sprung forward, into the solid rock, as if it had been the unresisting air. Two bounds more, and they stopped, with a suddenness that threw the monarch from his seat. He sprung to his feet ;—for a while his eyes were dazzled.

He found himself in a cave of vast dimensions. Its sides and lofty arch were decked with stalactites, that flamed like the diamonds of the east. In the centre of this strange apartment, stood a table, furnished with costly dishes and loads of food. Around it, were placed twenty and one stools—nineteen of which were occupied.

The company were habited in the garb of huntsmen. They rose to receive him, and the president pointed to one of the vacant seats. The king took it ; and his companion, tossing his burden from his left shoulder, sat down on the other.

“Eat !” said the Black, helping the king to a slice of venison, “or drink !”—handing him a flagon.



"It is too new," said the king, as he replaced the vessel on the table.

"Better shall be got," said the president; "we have waited long to fill our number, and shall not grudge the best bin to a welcome comer. But eat!—thou must, perforce, hunger, after such a ride."

"I thirst more," said the king, recurring to the flagon. Then, seizing his hunting knife, he applied himself to the repast. It was delicious; and the king forgot, for a time, all that had passed. At length, his appetite was satisfied. He rose from his seat, and approached a fire, which blazed from a pile of logs,—when his eye rested, for a moment, on the load which Reichter had cast down. He shuddered, and looked, with a horrid suspicion, at the dishes he had quitted.

"Fear nothing," said the president, "thou hast eaten, in truth, the flesh of deer. The game thou loathest so we keep for our betters."

The king was satisfied. But, soon, he grew sad. "What do I here," thought he, "with beings whose natures I dare not guess? Oh, Bohemia!—Oh, palace of Prague!—when shall I revisit ye!"

"Never," said a voice, in a whisper that thrilled through his frame. He started,—turned, and beheld the president standing by him,—a tall, thin man, worn with time, and pale as death.

"How," exclaimed the king, "remain here for ever!"

"For ever. Yet, there is one condition to which



all who come hither are entitled, ere the cavern's walls are sealed for ever."

"What,—what is it, for heaven's—"

"Peace!" interrupted the conjoint voices of all around. "Speak not the word again, or perish!"

"Listen!" continued the president. "Thou shalt mount again;—Reichter Brand, thy friend, shall ride away—thou shalt follow. If, in four and twenty hours, thou canst overtake him,—thou art free."

"I would willingly delay, for a day, this trial," returned the monarch, "especially, if the roads are rough in this country."

"Not an hour!—not a minute!—see, thy friend is mounted!—away, Reichter!—mount thee, king, and follow!"

As he spoke, the Black sprung through the side of the cavern, as they had entered. The king was not slow in mounting;—a moment, and he was, again, galloping in the midst of darkness, tracking Reichter, by the sound of his horse's hoofs. Indeed, the latter seemed disposed to yield him every advantage; for, ever and anon, he laughed aloud, and the laugh directed the pursuer. Sometimes, he turned his head; and the king saw his eyes gleaming, in the night, bluely and fearfully, like sepulchral fires.

Over hill, valley, and plain,—through stream and flood,—the one fled, and the other pursued. Darkness fled, and day broke.—The king found himself in a desert and uncultivated region. Above a mile before him, on the summit of a hill, he saw the

accursed Black. He spurred his steed,—he arrived at the summit of the hill. Beneath him lay the waves of a tranquil sea; in the middle of which he perceived the Black, whose horse bore him, stoutly, through the waters. The king did not hesitate a moment, in following. He plunged into the sea, and urged the pursuit.

Suddenly, the sky darkened; the surface of the water began to crisp into a gentle foam; and the wind arose, with a low moaning voice. The storm was nigh—it came nearer and nearer, till it burst in its rage. The loud laugh of the Black rose above its fury, and directed his pursuer.

A gallant vessel was beaten to and fro by the waves. She stemmed their fury; when a flash of lightning kindled her, in a moment, from prow to stern. The king was near the vessel,—he saw the crew lower a boat, which was instantly filled. In a moment more, he saw the Black, who spurred his horse into the overladen boat. It overturned; and the yell of agony was drowned, again, in the exultation of the destroyer. But, in glutting his appetite for death, Reichter had forgotten his pursuer. The monarch sprung forward, and caught the Black in his gripe: “Mine,—mine,—mine!” shouted the king.

\* \* \* \* \*

“God and St. Martin defend us!” exclaimed the archbishop of Prague; “your majesty, in starting

from your nap, has overset the table, and torn my ears off, as near as may be."

"Peace!" said the king of Bohemia, in a royal tone;—"but what is this?—where am I?—Oh! I have had such a dream!"—and he recounted it to the listening courtiers.

"It is very strange!" said he, on concluding,—it was so like reality;—that hideous voice!—my ears tingle yet."

"So do mine!" said the archbishop of Prague.

"And what is worse," continued his majesty, "I feel, as I think, the effects of that cursed crupper, yet!"



STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY CHEVIOT TICHBURN, ESQ.

WHEN the morning awakes in the valley,  
And the dew in the sun-beam is bright,  
Then, forth, with light foot, let him sally  
Whose heart—like his footstep—is light !

But he whose worn spirit is failing,  
Whose heart but exists as a tomb,—  
Will roam when the mists are prevailing,  
In the cloud-woven veil of the gloom !

For the gloom to his spirit is meeter,  
To the shade of his fortunes more true ;—  
And the scent of night's flowerets is sweeter,  
—Like the last faded hopes that he knew !

## FOUR UNPUBLISHED POEMS.

BY THE LATE JAMES THOMSON,

*Author of "The Seasons."*

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### 1.

In Murdoch's Life of Thomson, mention is made of his being frequently a visitor of Sir WILLIAM BENNET, of Grubbat. The following Lines were written when Thomson was about 14 years of age.

### A POETICAL EPISTLE,

TO

SIR WILLIAM BENNET, OF GRUBBAT, BARONET.

My trembling muse your honour does address !  
That it's a bold attempt most humbly I confess.—  
If you'll encourage her young fagging flight,  
She'll upwards soar and mount Parnassus' height.  
If little things with great may be compared,  
In Rome, it so with divine Virgil fared ;  
The tuneful bard Augustus did inspire,  
Made his great genius flash poetic fire !  
But, if upon my flight your honour frowns,  
The muse folds up her wings and—dying—justice  
owns !

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## HYMN TO GOD'S POWER.

HAIL, power divine ! who, by thy command,  
 From the dark empty space,  
 Made the broad sea and solid land  
 Smile with a heavenly grace !—

Made the high mountain and firm rock,  
 Where bleating cattle stray,  
 And the strong, stately spreading oak  
 That intercepts the day !

The rolling planets thou mad'st move,  
 By thy effective will,  
 And the revolving globes above  
 Their destined course fulfil !

His mighty power, ye thunders ! praise,  
 As through the Heavens you roll,  
 And his great name, ye lightnings ! blaze,  
 Unto the distant pole.

Ye seas ! in your eternal war,  
 His sacred praise proclaim ;  
 While the inactive sluggish shore  
 Re-echoes to the same !



Ye howling winds ! howl out his praise,  
And make the forests bow,  
While through the air, the earth, and seas,  
His solemn praise ye blow !

O, you high harmonious spheres !  
Your powerful Mover sing,  
To him your circling course that steers,  
Your tuneful praises bring !

Ungrateful mortals ! catch the sound,  
And, in your numerous lays,  
To all the listening world around  
The God of nature praise !

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## 3.

## UPON MAY.

AMONG the changing months, May stands confest  
The sweetest, and in fairest colours drest !  
Soft as the breeze that fans the smiling field ;  
Sweet as the breath that opening roses yield ;  
Fair as the colour lavish Nature paints  
On Virgin flowers free from unodorous taints !—  
To rural scenes thou tempt'st the busy crowd,  
Who, in each grove, thy praises sing aloud !

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## THE MORNING IN THE COUNTRY.

WHEN from the opening chambers of the east,  
The morning springs, in thousand luxuries drest,  
The early lark his morning tribute pays,  
And, in shrill note, salutes the blooming day.  
Refreshed fields with pearly dew do shine,  
And tender blades therewith their tops incline.  
Their painted leaves the unblown flowers expand,  
And with their odorous breath perfume the land.  
The crowing cock and chattering hen awakes  
Dull sleepy clowns, who know the morning breaks.  
The herd his plaid around his shoulders throws,  
Grasps his dear crook, calls on his dog, and goes  
Around the fold: he walks with careful pace,  
And fallen clods sets in their wonted place;  
Then opes the door, unfolds his fleecy care,  
And gladly sees them crop their morning fare!

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SONNET.—SUN-RISE.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON, ESQ.

How gloriously yon gorgeous monarch rears  
His bright majestic brow !—His robes of light  
The green hills mantle, and his tresses bright  
Float on the golden clouds ! All nature wears  
A smile of gladness ;—the resplendent tears  
Shed, by the tristful spirits of the night,  
On verdant meadows, vanish from the sight,  
Like rain-drops on the sea ! The warm beam cheers  
The drowsy herd, and thrills the feathered throngs  
Of early minstrels, whose melodious songs  
Are borne upon the breeze. Now, mortals send  
Their orisons above ;—while, shrub and flower  
Perfume and bloom celestial sweetly blend,  
To charm and consecrate the morning hours !



“GO, BEAUTIFUL AND GENTLE DOVE !”\*

*From an unpublished Oratorio.*

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

“Go, beautiful and gentle dove!—  
But whither wilt thou go?  
For, though the sun shines bright above,  
Forlorn and waste is all below!

Nor love nor pity thou shalt find,  
Earth’s dreary circuit o’er;—  
Then hasten to thy mistress kind,  
And she, poor bird! will love thee more!”

The dove flew on, with hopeless flight,—  
Flew on from dawn till dark;  
And then, amid the gloom of night,  
Came weary to the ark.

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\* Mr. Bowles has set to music, and published, some words beginning with the same line, and, also, forming part of the same Oratorio. None of these verses are, however, included in his publication.

394      GO, BEAUTIFUL AND GENTLE DOVE!

“ Oh ! let me in,”—it seemed to say,  
“ For long and lone has been my way ;—  
Oh ! once more, gentle mistress ! let me rest,  
And dry my dripping plumage on thy breast !”

The dove went forth, when morning rose,—  
    But oh ! what transports fill  
Their hearts who mark, at evening's close,  
    A green leaf in its bill !

So, heavenly hope—when pain and grief  
    The sinking soul have tossed,—  
Brings back one token of relief,  
    That says, “ ALL IS NOT LOST !”

## STANZAS.

BY T. HOOD, ESQ.

### 1.

I REMEMBER, I remember  
The house where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun  
Came peeping in, at morn ;  
He never came a wink too soon,  
Nor brought too long a day ;  
But now, I often wish the night  
Had borne my breath away !

### 2.

I remember, I remember  
The roses, red and white,  
The violets, and the lily cups—  
Those flowers made of light ;  
The lilacs, where the robins built,  
And where my brother set



The laburnum, on his birth-day,—  
*The tree* is living yet !

## 3.

I remember, I remember  
Where I was used to swing,  
And thought the air would rush as fresh  
To swallows on the wing ;  
—My spirit flew in feathers, then,  
That is so heavy, now ;  
And summer pools could hardly cool  
The fever on my brow !

## 4.

I remember, I remember  
The fir trees, dark and high ;  
I used to think their slender spires  
Were close against the sky ;  
It was a childish ignorance,—  
But now 'tis little joy  
To know I'm further off from heaven,  
Than when I was a boy !

## THE NEW YEAR.

### 1.

A YEAR—another year—has fled !  
Here let me rest awhile,  
As they who stand around the dead,  
And watch the funeral pile !  
This year, whose breath has past away,  
Once thrilled with life—with hope was gay !

### 2.

But, close as wave is urged on wave,  
Age after age sweeps by ;  
And this is all the gift we have,  
To look around—and die !  
'Twere vain to dream we shall not bend,  
Where all are hasting to an end.

### 3.

What, this new-waking year, may rise,  
As yet, is hid from me ;—  
'Tis well, a veil, which mocks our eyes,  
Spreads o'er the days to be ;—  
Such foresight who, on earth, would crave,  
Where knowledge is not power to save !

## 4.

It may be dark,—a rising storm,  
To blast, with lightning wing,  
The bliss which cheers—the joys that warm!—  
It may be doomed to bring  
The wish which I have reared as mine,  
A victim to an early shrine!

## 5.

But—be it fair, or dark—my breast  
Its hope will not forego;—  
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest  
As on the clouds of woe;  
And, seen with her phosphoric light,  
Even affliction's waves look bright!

## 6.

But I must steer my bark of life  
Towârd a deathless land;  
Nor need it fear the seas of strife,  
May it but reach the strand  
Where all is peace—and angels come,  
To take the outworn wanderer home!

THE END.





